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You Can't Dent An Eddy Pail!

Hit it with a hammer, drop it on the floor—it will come through unscathed, without dent, bulge or leak.

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Ask your dealer for an Eddy Household Pail. He carries a complete stock of Eddy's Fibreware utensils including washtubs, washboards, milk pails, etc.

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VOL-PEEK Mends Cooking utensils, Graniteware, Aluminum, Enamelware, Tin, Copper, Brass, Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required. Ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 25 cents. 25 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol-Peek Co., Box 2024, Montreal, Can. Agents Wanted.

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Headmaster

THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

About the Farm

By A. Campbell

Cont'd from page 33

grasshopper of which group there is but one destructive kind recognized by its small round eyes and larger irregular-sized wing marks which are scattered over the entire surface.

Grasshoppers deposit their eggs in pods just below the surface of the ground, each female depositing two or more of such pods, each pod containing from 6 to 30 eggs. These eggs hatch out in May and injury to vegetation commences early in June.

There are several ways of combating the grasshopper pest but the use of poisoned baits is by far the best. There are several cultural methods, and there is also the method in which the burning of straw is employed. The straw is scattered lightly on the roadside where the insects gather at dark and when this straw is set on fire great numbers of hoppers are destroyed.

The following baits have been found to be effective for field conditions:

Manitoba Bait

Bran and sawdust, half and half... 100 lbs.
Salt 6 lbs.
White arsenic 4 to 5 lbs.
Water about 11 gals.

The "Criddle Mixture"

Paris Green 1 lb.
Salt 2 lbs.
Fresh Horse Droppings 60 lbs.

This latter bait has been found to be very attractive to these insects and they evidently prefer it to the food plants. The baits should be scattered broadcast in bright, sunny, warm days, preferably in the morning. Scatter thinly among the grasshoppers. Do not expect immediate results as the poison may take up to 48 hours to become effective.

In the case of a general outbreak of the hopper pest a community campaign against them is greatly to be recommended. By establishing mixing stations where farmers can drive to obtain immediate supplies of poisoned bait the pest can be controlled in a most effective manner.

In mixing poisoned baits take care not to get the poison into the pores of the skin and refrain from breathing the fumes as much as possible.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from page 40

Dish Washing as an Art

Art of Dish Washing," by James Spottiswoode Taylor. The contributor's column states, James Spottiswoode Taylor is editor of the "Federal Ship Builder," and is connected with the Federal Ship Building Company at Kearny, New York. It seems a far cry from the building of ships to washing dishes, yet James Spottiswoode Taylor quite evidently knows whereof he writes. We gather his introduction to dishwashing came through a servantless household in time of war, when he, in common with scores of others, tried to do their bit by helping in totally unfamiliar ways.

What woman is there who will not say, amen to this "for real revulsion resort to the kitchen, and view the confused clutter of cups, glasses, pans, skillets, graters, colanders in the wake of the meanest hospitality. Disgust is mingled with a humiliating sense of human powerlessness before such an accumulation. And anger foams round the rim of one's cup of woe."

Again he says, "Of course, no life is ever so long, no renunciation so complete, that one can come to love dishwashing."

His conclusion is: "If ever my innate propensities to vice break their bounds and disclose me to my little world as I am, I shall submerge, to seek fortune, without fame, as a certified, if somewhat desultory, scullion."

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."—Tit-Bits.

Is There Anything New Under the Sun?

By Marion Bertha Clarke



IN the midst of our own troubles there is comfort and solace in looking backward to times that were beset with like grievances. It brings the realization that discord and unrest have marched along with progress through the centuries. To wit:

The first strike on record happened more than 3,000 years ago when the masons, who were strongly organized even in the time of Pharaoh refused to continue their building of the Pyramids because pay-days did not come often enough.

In the "School-master," written in 1565, complaint is voiced that people of that time were willing to pay 200 crowns a year for a man to care for their horses but begrudged 200 shillings a year to the teachers of their children. But God rewards them as they should be rewarded, the author continues firmly, "For He suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, and therefore in the end, they find more pleasure in their horses, than comfort in their children."

Even ancient Greece had her share of profiteering landlords and protesting tenants for we read of the ancient law against raising rents in the middle of the year. The peevish tenant to-day who threatens to take to the park when rents are beyond his means, may find comfort in the fact that Diogenes took to his lantern and his barrel for a like reason.

As for high prices, from the translations of ancient tablets dated 301 A.D., we find the decree fixing prices of food-stuff and other commodities with the violator liable to capital punishment. Even these edicts did not check street brawls and riots—thus does history repeat itself.

And lest the ladies be forgotten, the Metropolitan Museum has recently placed on view a vanity box belonging to the period of 1950 B.C.

Much of interest, information and even amusement regarding days that have been lived may be found in poring over old advertisements of almost any period since advertising has been in vogue. Witness these want ads. of 1,700, in the reign of William III. which appeared in an advertising paper of that period.

"I want a negro that is a good house carpenter and singer."

"I want a complete young man that will wear livery, to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play the flute or violin."

"If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter tenor voice I can help him to a place worth 30 pounds a year."

The man who advertises his marital difficulties in the daily papers may take heart from the fact that others have trod the thorny way before him as evidenced by the following advertisement which appeared in a Dublin newspaper early in the 18th century:

RAN AWAY FROM PATRICK McDALLAGH.—Whereas my wife, Mrs. Bridget McDallagh, has gone away with herself and left me with her four small children and her poor blind mother, and nobody else to look after home and house, and I hear has taken up with Tim Gungan, the lame fiddler, the same that was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barty Doody's gamecock, this to give notice that I will not pay for bite or sup on her account to man or mortal and that she had better never show the mark of her ten toes near my home again. PATRICK McDALLAGH.

N.B.—Tim had better keep out of my sight.



JUNE

O June! delicious month of June,
When winds and birds all sing in tune;
When in the meadows swarm the bees
And hum their drowsy melodies;
O June! the month of bluest skies,
Dear to the pilgrim butterflies,
Who seem gay-colored leaves astray,
Blown down the amber tides of day;
O June! the month of merry song,
Of shadow brief, of sunshine long;
All things on earth love you best,
The bird who carols near his nest;
The wind that wakes and singing
blows

The spicy perfume of the rose;
And bee who sounds his muffled horn
To celebrate the dewy morn;
And even all the stars above
At night as happier for love,
As if the mellow notes of mirth
Were wafted to them from the earth.
O June! such music haunts your name,
With you the summer's chorus came.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

While fully sixty years ago an American newspaper carried the following advertisement for a deserting husband, inserted by his Turtle Dove:

\$100 reward for the apprehension of Lewis Turtle, a tall man about fifty years old, has considerable money and a high forehead, long face and lantern jaw, a bad man with a fist like a giant and has often beat me and I want him to end his days in the penitentiary where he belongs and he wears a gray coat with a very large mouth and one blue eye and one blind eye and a hideous looking man and he has gone off and I want him brought slap up in the law with blue pants. He ought to be arrested and he has \$100 of my money and a bald-headed rascal full of flattery and receipt.

NANCY TURTLE.

And we are willing to venture that the following is the strangest advertisement for "Boarders Wanted" seen in some time, yet it appeared in a southern newspaper during the Civil War:

WANTED.—Two or three boarders of decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash and comb their heads before breakfast; when they put on their boots to draw their pants over them and not have them rumpled about the knees, which is the sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantelpiece or on the bureau nor spit in the bread tray, and to pay their board weekly, monthly or quarterly, as may be agreed upon, with a smile upon their faces and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum up a persimmon tree.

THE SCARLET CLOAK

By Curtis May

The moonwhite dahlia hangs asleep
With edges browned by cold,
While summer's embers, blazing keep
Alit the marigold.
But, like a rare and vivid flower
That tropic heats awoke,
There gleams, though gray the clouds may
lower,
A little scarlet cloak.

It flits like some bright butterfly
Across the faded grass,
Or where the painted cup holds high
Her flame to see it pass.
Wherever Laughter winds his horn
Its color shines afar,
As passed, through martial hosts upborne,
The white plume of Navarre.

Leave to the courtly dame her lace,
Her ermine to the queen;
The beauty of a childish face
Is fairer to be seer
As her bright petals suit the rose
And clothe her, fold on fold,
So where the little red cloak goes
It hides a heart of gold.

"ROADS"

If I were a road that lends itself out
To lure tired hearts to the restful wood,
Whose brooks and trees together sing
psalms,
And whose odors are health and drink and
food,
I'd be glad.

If I were that old Damascus road
Where the hate-racked Saul and the white
Christ met,
Where ideals were born, and visions fed,
Where a soul waked to deeds, with purpose
set,
I'd be glad.

If I were some famed historic road,
Where bugle notes were heard to resound,
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of soldier
feet
For a righteous cause had made sacred
ground,
I'd be glad.

If I were the tortuous road of the cross
That led to Calvary's hill one day,
I'd bid the dust and stones cry out,
"Hosanna! Hosanna! The King's high-
way."

And then I'd be glad.

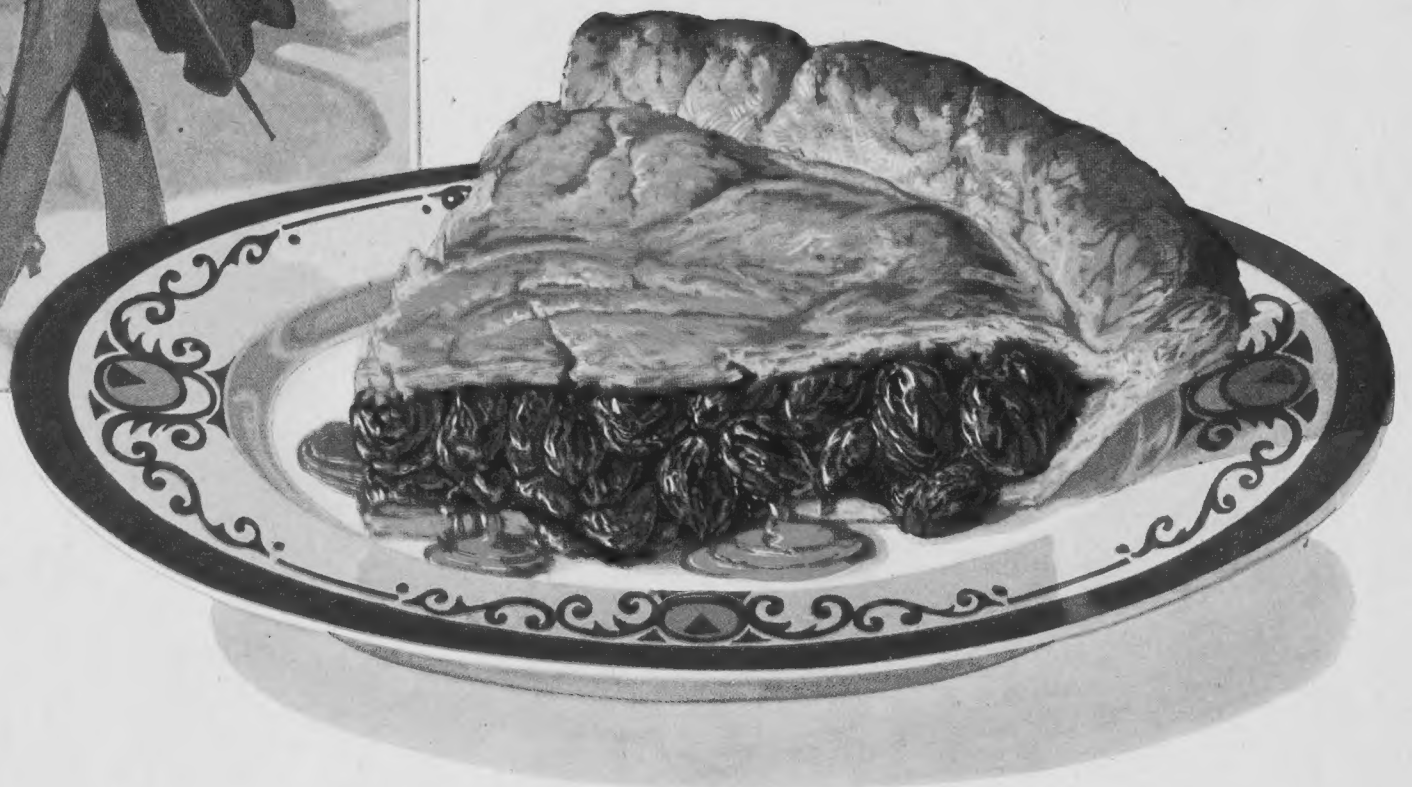
Mary E. Baker.



Raisins—a “Beauty Food”

It is iron in the blood—a tiny supply of it daily—that helps to bring the bloom of youth to women’s and children’s cheeks.

Raisins, rich in immediately assimilable iron, therefore may be called a “beauty food.” Eat raisins daily and be sure that you get all the iron you need.



Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups cold water
1 tablespoon corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cover raisins with one cup water and bring slowly to boiling point. Mix corn starch, salt and sugar with remaining cup water and add to boiling raisins, stirring constantly. Allow to boil ten minutes. Add lemon juice and rind and pour into pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with pastry. Put into very hot oven, decreasing the heat after ten minutes of baking. Bake until brown.

Pie Crust

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour and salt together; add shortening, rub in very lightly with tips of fingers; add a little very cold water, just enough to hold together. The less you handle the dough the better the crust will be, and if made as the recipe tells, it will be a very dry crust.

The Luscious “Energy Dessert”

Serve to tired men at dinner

Try a raisin pie tonight—made according to the recipe at the left.

See how delighted your men folks will be. And note how it “sets them up” in spirit and in strength after a hard day’s work.

They’ll be surprised to feel the energy and

new vigor which are almost immediately imparted through the raisins.

Raisins are nature’s own confection in a pie—sweet, tender and delicious. The juice forms a luscious pie sauce. It’s an epicurean dessert. Try it now. Learn what *real* raisin pie is like. Every first-class baker has this pie.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maids are the *clean, sweet, wholesome* raisins, packed in California, in a great immaculate glass-walled plant. They’re your own American raisins, and you know they’re *good*.

Luscious, tender, juicy, meaty raisins, made from finest table grapes. Always ask for them *and get them*. Use in cakes, pies, cookies, puddings, salads, etc.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). Insist upon the Sun-Maid brand.

Send coupon for free book, “Sun-Maid Recipes.” Learn how to use in many attractive ways.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Membership 13,000 Growers

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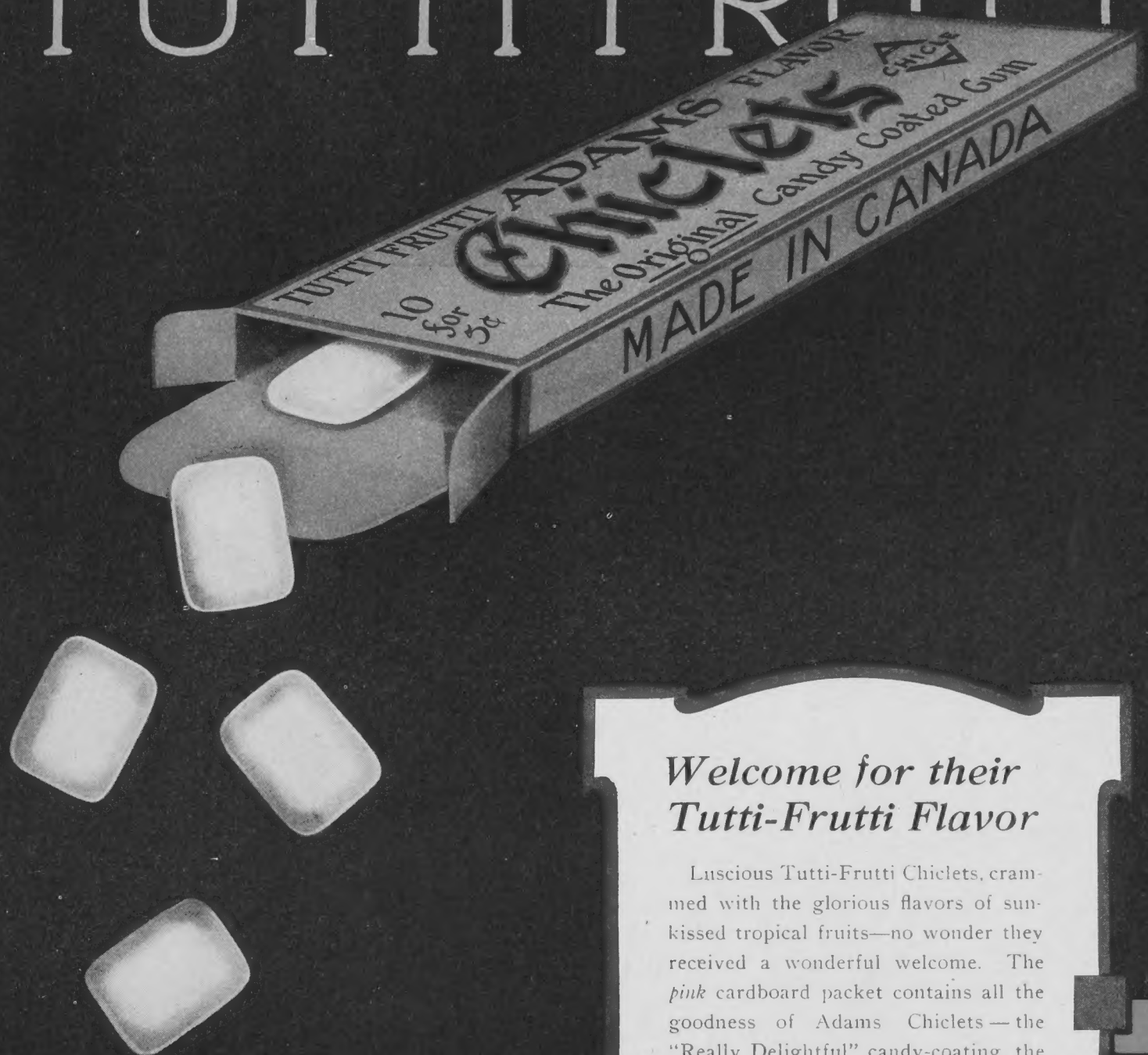
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TUTTI FRUITI



Welcome for their Tutti-Frutti Flavor

Luscious Tutti-Frutti Chiclets, crammed with the glorious flavors of sun-kissed tropical fruits—no wonder they received a wonderful welcome. The pink cardboard packet contains all the goodness of Adams Chiclets—the “Really Delightful” candy-coating, the dainty size and shape, the benefit to teeth and nerves and digestion. If you prefer, you can have Spearmint Chiclets or Peppermint Chiclets. Most stores sell the three flavors in cardboard packets—ten Chiclets for 5c.



---an Adams product, particularly prepared

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15c Per Copy





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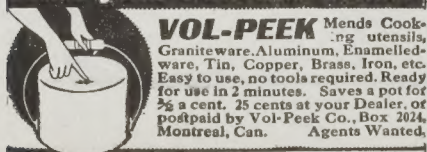
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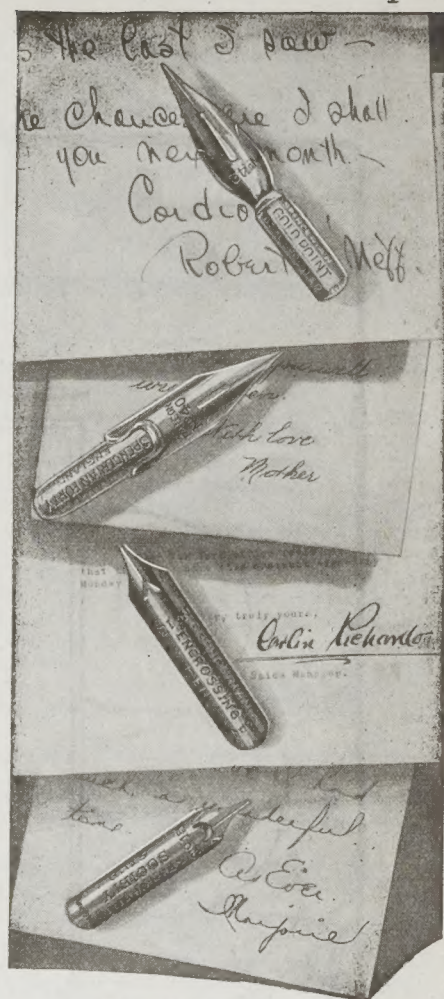
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CANADIAN WEST

Ford Sedan

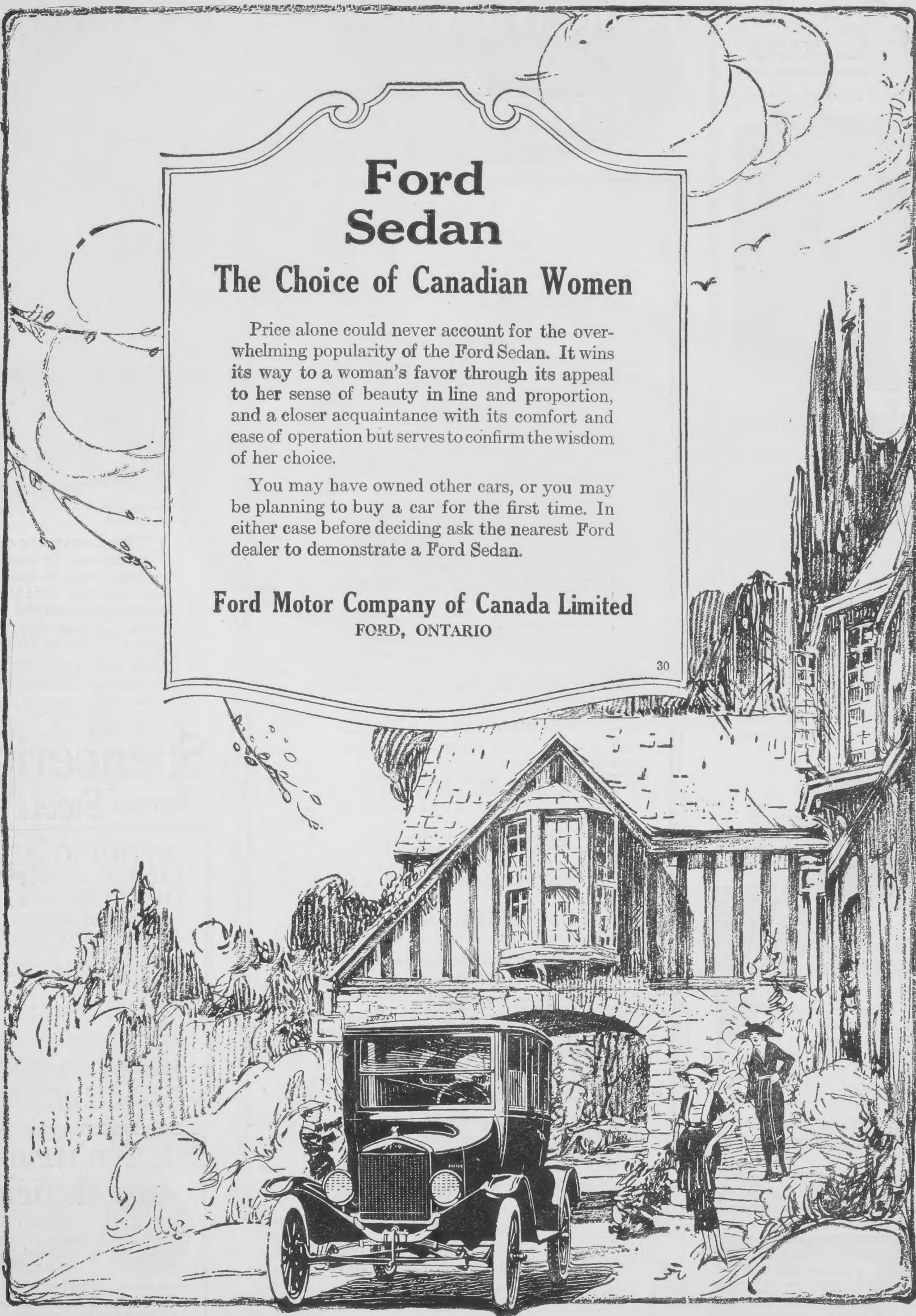
The Choice of Canadian Women

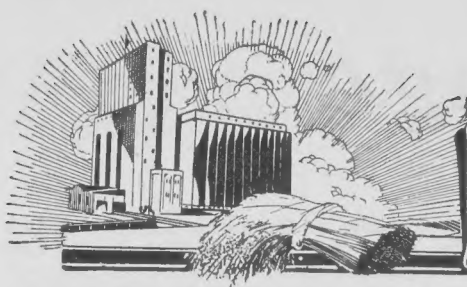
Price alone could never account for the overwhelming popularity of the Ford Sedan. It wins its way to a woman's favor through its appeal to her sense of beauty in line and proportion, and a closer acquaintance with its comfort and ease of operation but serves to confirm the wisdom of her choice.

You may have owned other cars, or you may be planning to buy a car for the first time. In either case before deciding ask the nearest Ford dealer to demonstrate a Ford Sedan.

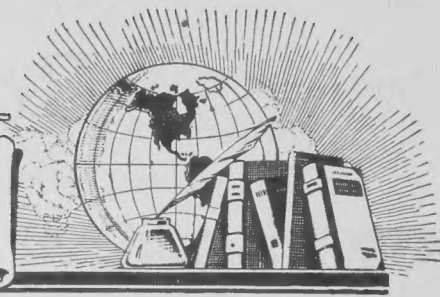
Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited
FORD, ONTARIO

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EDITORIAL



A MENACE TO SOCIETY

All over the continent there is being voiced a protest against the misuse of the moving picture. It is claimed that what might be the greatest educative influence is becoming, and has actually become, the strongest demoralizing force in the land. It is almost in vain that parents, schools, pulpits and press use their influence to inculcate high moral ideals and to insist on right moral practices, when these agencies which so strongly appeal to the eye and which are so fertile in suggestion are daily undermining reverence, respect for authority, the sacredness of marriage, and regard for human life. The protest that is being raised is no idle clamor. It is the honest expression of men and women who have taken time to investigate the facts, who know why pictures of a certain objectionable type are shown, and who know the effects of visiting them upon young people and children everywhere.

The screen actors to-day are the most impressive educators. One comic actor has greater power than a whole army of school teachers, and yet not one of these can enter his work without a license which certifies that he is able to exercise safe leadership. Why should any teacher-actor with low ideals be permitted to run amuck in any community? We have laws against poor reading, against intoxicating drink, but here is something worse than either. There is nothing worse than setting up wrong ideals, suggesting improper human relationships and deriding goodness.

The worst feature of all, perhaps, is the advertisement. For bill-board displays there is no excuse. They are not only misrepresentations of what is being shown, but they poison the minds of children who are fortunately not able to visit the shows themselves.

It is satisfactory to know that something of a constructive nature is being done, to offset the evils of the commercialized moving-picture houses. The teachers, alarmed at present conditions, are organizing a crusade of education. It may ultimately mean the opening of free shows in the schools and it will certainly mean the instruction of pupils so that they will be able to discriminate between the true and the false, the worthy and the unworthy, the artistic and the grossly improper.

By recent legislation the censors in Manitoba have had their powers extended and there is some hope in this. It will require, however, more than wise censorship to set things right. Home, school, and every other agency that is working for righteousness must combine to remedy the wrong that has already been done and to work for a better future.

Those who have charge of film production tell us they are guided by popular demand. Right from the beginning they have been responsible for the development of appetite, and they alone are at fault if the appetite at the present time is depraved. Just as one who lives on highly-seasoned food dislikes to return to simple diet, so the moving-picture spectators, having been feasted on the spectacular, the abnormally sensational, and the improperly suggestive, are no longer willing to witness the simple, the truthful, or the pure. The protest against present conditions is not because of what is feared, but because of what actually exists.

Occasionally one may see a good wholesome play but it is usually spoiled by one or two unnecessary scenes, or it is followed by a coarse cartoon or low comedy that fills a clean mind with disgust. Children often laugh at coarseness but that does not justify it. Certain grown people are never so happy as when religion is reviled or constancy attacked, but that is no reason why the "common sense of most" should be insulted.

The greatest corporations that control film production are composed of men of no nation. Their only God is money, their only thought self-interest.

MORE THAN THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR

If there is one thing above all others that has angered the people of Western Canada, it has been the actions and rulings of the Railway Commission. The chairman has been called everything from tyrant to special pleader for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and he has been called overbearing, insolent and ungracious. How much or how little he deserved the names hurled at him by press and public it is not for this paper to judge, but recent events have given all his rulings, and likewise the demands of the public, an entirely new significance. As a result of increases in freight and passenger rates,

business has fallen off tremendously, and the income of the railways instead of increasing has diminished. In other words, the roads are charging more than the traffic will bear. Whatever adjustment has to be made as between east and west, the one fact remains that trade is impossible unless rates are reduced. To begin with, farming is impossible. It does not pay to raise oats and barley and rye. It is just a question whether it will pay to sow wheat. And as for fruit raising in the Okanagan district, it might just about as well cease if the Prairie Provinces are to be the market. Whether increased carrying and decreased rates would help matters is worth consideration. As things are just now, trade is languishing and the country suffering in every way.

Now, this is but one illustration of a general principle. There are others than railways who are charging more than the traffic will bear. Ask the railways and they will tell you that it is impossible to operate for less than they receive because of the wages they are compelled to pay. Whether this is true or not, only a thorough investigation would demonstrate, but it is quite true in many callings that the cost of production, owing to wage scale, is lessening output most seriously, so that there is not enough work to go around. A price for painting

The Independent Fellow

He was the sort of man
Who does not like to hear about Insurance,
Being dead sure
He could invest his money better
Than any Company could do for him!
In fact it peeved him quite beyond endurance
When Agents called and hinted
They had policies they would like to show him!
At such times
His words were few, his manner cold and scornful,
And when one man got eloquent and said
It was not fair to let
His wife and children take the chance
When there were Companies prepared to do it—
He would not even speak
But rose, and pointed to the door!
He was an independent fellow in his ways
No doubt of that!

But one day—
It must have been a big surprise to him,
It was to all of us! He died!
And when the hearse came back
And all the people had gone home,
His widow found
That she had sixty dollars in the bank,
And still owed something on the furniture.
His pay went on for three months—
'Twas all the company could do!
And now the Public Welfare Board makes monthly dole,
And Sunshine does its best at Christmas time,
The Women's Institute got up a little dance
Last week, and got the children summer clothes!
He was an independent fellow—while he lived,
No doubt of that!

NELLIE L. McCLUNG.

a house was given a few years ago at one hundred and seventy dollars. To-day the price asked is three hundred and seventy dollars. The painter says that the difference is almost altogether owing to the increase in the wage scale. As a result many houses are going unpainted and some painters are out of work. This same condition prevails in other trades and industries. The traffic will not bear it, and so work is lessened. It is wonderful to note how many people are doing their own repairs in painting, carpentering and decorating, and how many women are making over old clothes—all because they cannot pay the increasing cost.

Nor is it different if one goes into the stores. Hundreds of good people are patronizing second-hand establishments in order to get reasonable values for their money. They cannot afford to pay the combined profits of all the middlemen between manufacturer and producer. The profit is more than the traffic will bear. So, too, in the case of farm products. The scale of profits is too great and so

people are cultivating garden lots, or making special arrangements for direct purchase.

The payment that is demanded in food, clothing, shelter and luxuries is greater than output in work and honest effort justifies. Whatever may be said as to comparative remuneration for work in various callings, or men and women in the same calling, it is quite certain that hundreds of people are demanding more for their services than they are entitled to receive. And this is the cause of all our financial and economic worries. People are living above their class. There are automobiles where there should be street car service, and there is street car service at seven cents when it would pay better to have increased numbers riding at six cents. There is always a limit to people's ability to pay.

And because some know no limit to their demands, others are not to be outdone and raise prices to match. Thus the war goes on, and will go on until all business ceases and men have to make a fresh start.

Isn't it time to call a halt? Above all is it not time to call a halt in the making of articles that serve no good purpose? It is necessary, for example, to give up the making of armaments. If they are used the race will perish by destruction. If they are not used the race will die because of non-ability to produce the necessities of life. On every side we can read "that the world is charging more than the traffic will bear." Bankruptcies, failures in business, home indebtedness, civic mismanagement, national financial embarrassment are all owing to inability to keep expenditure within income. Never before were the virtues of thrift, honesty and moderation so necessary. It will be well for us if through our distresses we attain to wisdom.

A NEW SOURCE OF POWER

Those who are depending upon the water-power in the rivers as the hope of manufacture in Canada might concede that other nations not so blessed in natural resources are looking elsewhere. "The Telegraph," London, has this story of France:

"France will soon be able to draw on a new and inexhaustible source of power if the promises held out by M. Yves le Troquer, Minister of Public Works, are not unexpectedly disappointed. The Minister informed the Senate that the problem of harnessing the tides is on the point of solution. Asking for credits of 2,500,000f. for the construction of State works, he stated that for two years a commission had been studying the question of utilising the force of the tides, and added, 'The problem is on the point of being solved.'

Explaining that one of the main difficulties had been the finding of a turbine that would work in sea water and resist the effects, he declared that a French firm had at last obtained success in this direction. He also explained how the original idea of single reservoirs had been abandoned in favor of a chain of basins constructed on the coast which, acting as regulators, permitted inventors to obtain at every period of rise or fall of water an amount of energy that was practically constant. In a subsequent interview M. le Troquer gave greater details. He stated: 'At the mouth of the Rance near Dinan industrialists are making soundings for the construction of works which are calculated to obtain energy to the value of from 30,000 to 40,000 horse-power.'

GOING TO COLLEGE

From every side comes new evidence of the continuing force of the rush of students to the colleges. Everywhere colleges are seeking ways and means to limit the number of those who come to something like the reasonable capacity of the institutions. The rush is not likely to cease for some time. Between 1890 and 1918 the number of college students in American universities increased twice as rapidly as the total population, and the attendance during the last year has broken all records. In other words, higher education is fast becoming a common necessity, and not the privilege of the few. In the West the university is quite rightly looked upon as an extension of the public school system. The trouble is that while some provision is made for elementary education and university education, little is being done for secondary schools, and they are after all the most necessary of all in a country like ours. Probably the way out is to add two years to the high school course, and thus make them virtually junior colleges.

Borrowed Plumage

By EDITH G. BAYNE

YOU don't know how to pull the ropes, dearie," observed Miss Barbara Norton as she applied carmine to her lips and then dusted her face with Jazz Queen pink rice-powder. "But you can learn."

"Pull the ropes!" echoed little Nan Rossitt, smothering a yawn. "Whatcha mean pull the ropes?"

"That's lowbrow for being a diplomat." Barbara laughed back, spraying herself with La France Rose.

"Do you mean I could learn to be popular—as popular as you? I thought you had to be born that way,"—and Nan's tone was very wistful.

"Dearie, listen! You gimme a pain in the neck, honest you do! Of course you could learn! But first you gotta lose them Quaker ideas of yours. Gotta get some pep into your system. Don't be a bromide. How does my new platinum necklet look, hon? Some swell, eh? I'll say it does! Bill sure ain't no tightwad—I'll tell the world!"

Barbara stepped back from the mirror, regarded her elegant reflection critically, head first on one side and then on the other and began to paw about on the littered dressing table. Having located her rings she pushed them on hurriedly.

"My third dance since Sunday and the week's still young," she remarked, lightly. "How do I look?"

"Fine," answered Nan as in duty bound but absently. She was thinking of what the other had said about pulling the ropes. Babs was past mistress in slang.

"Yeh—feel fine, too," said Barbara. "It's just as I'm always saying kid—you don't be a bit more fagged going out and having a good time than you do sticking in this dump darnin' your stockings, and hitting the hay at nine o'clock like a farmer's daughter. If only you'd —"

The speaker broke off inconsequentially in order to look for her evening gloves. But Nan Rossitt, her room-mate, suddenly sat up straight. She had been lounging across her little iron cot swinging her feet idly and regarding Barbara with somber, almost envious eyes—quiet velvet-brown eyes they were, like unstirred trout-pools under shaded green banks. Now however a flash lightened them, like the glow of summer lightning on dark waters.

"I am a farmer's daughter," she said. Barbara smiled good-naturedly as she began to draw a fur-lined cloak about her shoulders. She pretended to be surprised.

"That so? Honest, no one'd ever guess! Well—we all got our shady pasts. I used to sling hash in a cheap beanery once. And look at me now—manicure queen at the swellest hotel in the city! But goodness, I ain't snobbish, and I take in tips every day as much as I had to work a week for at the caffay. You needn't say anything about what I've told you, though. Nobody round here knows. 'Tain't that I care, myself but you gotta have the respect of the public in a position like what I got . . . Gee! I wonder what's keeping Bill!"

"Your hair looks nice," volunteered Nan.

"It'd need to! Blew a two-spot on it—not counting the shampoo. Been watching the sky all day—fear it'd rain and spoil these dinky curls at the sides."

"Being popular must be heavenly," sighed Nan.

"Oh it kinda comes natural to me," said Barbara, complacently. "I kid the men, dearie, but I don't allow none of them to get a string on me—see? Ever since I was a mere flapper I could get anyone I wanted. Oh men! Gee! I know 'em from the ground up!"

"Want me to put your head-scarf on for you?"

"Please, hon. . . Wish you were coming." "I haven't anything I could wear. Besides, I'm tired."

"Can it! Give that the raspberry! Haven't I told you a hundred times you're welcome to anything I've got? That rose charmeuse, now. You look like a whole beauty chorus in it. That skin of yours like peaches-and-cream and with your hair done right—you got swell hair dearie, three times what I got, but you never take pains to show it off. Oh, you keep it glossy and all that but I mean—"

"Here's your fan."

"Oh, ta-ta. Nearly forgot that. You don't look tired, dearie. Say, what do you like? You never go any place at all. Act like a flossy old-maid settlement-worker! You that ain't twenty yet!"

"What do I like?" repeated Nan, dreamily.

"Yeh, what? You don't know you're living kid!" and Barbara fixed a searching glance on her friend.

"I like silk stockings," said Nan slowly, "and breakfast in bed, and grand opera and ninety-cent candy, and orchids, and uncut magazines, and—and sheer, satiny things and unlimited leisure and—oh, everything that any girl likes, Babs! Don't look at me like that—as though I were a specimen from the zoo or something!" she added passionately.

"You're a queer little thing. Hand me a fresh hankie dearie. Now if only Bill'd come—"

"I like all those things," Nan repeated her mind intent on what she had just listed as her desires. "I like them but I can't have them—that's all."

"You can too!"

"I can't."

"You can, I tell you!"

"How?" and Nan's eyes widened in wonder. "How can I have them,—honestly, I mean?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk like that, of course—"

and Miss Norton sniffed in delicate disgust. "Say, if

"Aw, don't go!"

"Well—I ought to let some other girl get a chance," and she smiled demurely down.

"I don't want any other girl. I could sit here all night—with you," declared Rodney Lynn.

you don't get any enterprise hon, you'll end up as the wife of a cheap clerk and spend your days cooking and minding kids in a four-roomed flat! You got no more ambish than a sick cootie!" she added forcefully.

The distant peal of a doorbell here broke in on the conversation.

"There's Bill at last," said Barbara rustling silkily to the door, glad to escape, too, from the look in Nan's honest eyes. "Little simp!" was her thought as she whisked down the hall to the stairs.

"Been up from the sticks six months and hasn't shook all the hayseed out of her hair yet!"

Nan, left alone, continued to stare unseeing at the door through which the vision in peacock-blue taffeta and silver tissue had just vanished. Was it true—all that Babs had said? Was that the reason Romance kept persistently aloof? That sophisticated young peroxide princess ought to know! Nan didn't use this description in connection with her friend.

There were many things about Miss Norton and her ethics that might have disturbed Nan had she known,—not that Babs wasn't a "good" girl in the sense commonly inferred as decent—but she only saw in her an exceedingly smart young woman with a shrewd eye out for number one. Vaguely she admired her. Life for little Nan was a humdrum affair. It was made up of long hours behind a glove-counter, three hurried meals, an hour or two of uneventful evening and then bed.

She rose suddenly and wandered over to the untidy dressing-table. A great

array of rouge-pots, cold-cream jars, lip-sticks, eyebrow pencils, swansdown puffs and ivory brushes lay scattered over it in company with an unattended glove, some handkerchiefs, a torn collar and little heaps of spilled pink powder. Nan began listlessly to set things straight. The whole room required setting to rights after Babs had dressed for the evening. Over every chair and on the beds lay soiled or discarded garments; one white shoe was by the dressing-table and its mate in a far corner; a limp silk stocking dangled over the radiator, the other not anywhere in sight; three hats lay about on chairs; a novel was turned upside down on the floor and a bronze boot kept it company. Orange-peel was scattered on the worn rug by the bed.

"I won't tidy up after her! I just won't!" declared Nan as she swept a despairing glance round.

She scooped up a bit of rouge on the end of one finger and rubbed it on her cheek. The change was magical. She rubbed a little on the other. She had lost nearly all her fresh country color in these



long grey months in town, but this—this! Why it was like bringing it back!

"No wonder Babs sets such store by this stuff," she murmured. "Whoopee! I'm a beauty if I do say it! I believe I could do my hair like she said, too!"

Her eyes sparkled. Eagerly she let down her heavy taffy-colored hair, and with swift deft fingers arranged it on her head in the prevailing smart mode. She fastened one of Barbara's rhinestone bands over it, the ornament in front adding a degree of dignity and four inches to her height. Skipping across the room she seized on the shimmery rose frock Babs had turned down in favor of the blue to-night, and with trembling fingers held it up to her. The skirt was extremely short on its owner but on herself would be just right, according to her own idea. Nan donned the frock and also her friend's pink silk hose and the satin shoes to match. Everything was a fairly good fit on the whole, though the footwear was a shade too roomy, possibly. After a moment's inspection of her glowing image she had to admit to herself that there was something in apparel after all. She was another creature. She fastened a slim string of pearls about her throat—tiny, rich-looking imitations that Miss Norton had bought or had had as a gift only last week. (Babs was always bringing home some new bauble). Hurriedly rummaging in drawers and boxes Nan produced a feather fan in shades of pink varying from faintest flesh color to deepest rose, and a pair of long white gloves. Over her left wrist she fastened Bab's bracelet-watch. To the dazzling

creature in the mirror she swept a bow. Then she laughed. Her heart beat tumultuously.

"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh, you lovely thing! Miss Narcissus—that's me!" she added, blushing. "But oh, if only—if only—"

She passed a powder-puff over her face and neck.

"But there's no Fairy Prince!" she almost wailed.

She had pushed out a red underlip and was pouting at herself prettily when all of a sudden an idea struck her. She caught the lip between her teeth, straightened up and then flew across the room to where her handbag lay. She counted its contents.

"I'll do it!" she said aloud. "Only enough for a taxi but—I'll do it!"

A swift glance at her tiny clock on the table (for Bab's watch wasn't going—a permanent state with that dainty trifle) told her that it was yet only a quarter of nine. Nan pulled her big plaid coat on, turned the collar up and wound one of Miss Norton's gauzy scarves about her head, and emptying her money into a pocket (the bag was too shabby to carry) whisked from the room. At a booth in the corner drug-store she telephoned for a taxi, and stood on the curb outside awaiting it. As she watched it turn in from a side street, very suddenly she made a decision. On the point of following good-natured Babs to the dance at Dearborn Hall, she now changed her mind. She would court adventure independently. Where to go, what to do,—she knew not as yet.

"Drive on, drive anywhere at all," Nan directed as she stepped into the cab. "Just drive till—I tell you to stop," she added, her hand excitedly playing with her six silver quarters in the big coat pocket.

"Very good, Miss," returned the driver shutting the door.

Nan leaned back and sighed blissfully. The cab swung out into a wider street and then, presently, debouched upon a broad avenue. It was whirling her away to the port of adventure!

"Babs almost accused me of lack of imagination," she reflected, "but I'll show her!"

She gave a wicked little chuckle, as she peered out on either side through the half-open windows. Big globular street lights shed an orange glow at even distances, the trees were thick and verdant and met occasionally overhead, the fragrant air of evening blew in gently. She thought it must be heavenly to live on an avenue like this. It was so hushed and fragrant and so very withdrawn.

"I'm an impostor—a bird in borrowed plumage," she told herself with a feeling of exultation. "But I just don't care. Not for once. I'm going to be silly and frivolous and vain and extravagant and useless—dollish all I like for this one night. So there! On a dollar-and-a-half! . . . One good time if I never have another . . . If good times don't come your way go after 'em!"

They were gliding silently down the avenue—such a dream of a street and so long! She smiled happily. She could have gone on like this forever. But suddenly as they turned into an intersecting street a blaze like noonday rained on her. At the same moment the cab slowed down and began to crawl.

"Big jam ahead here, Miss," the driver called down. "I shouldn't have turned in. Maybe we can get through though."

She recognized the street as an important artery of the theatre district.

"Never mind. Wait till the block clears a little," she directed. "What's that big white stone building with all the red lights?"

"That's the Criterion, Miss. Big ball on to-night."

"Drive slowly on and wait as near to it as you can."

"I'll try, Miss."

What a treat it would be to watch the gay butterflies going in! Already they were thronging into the great caravan-serie by the dozens and it was with extreme difficulty that Nan's taxi managed to ease its way along through the lines of limousines, (Continued on page 13)

Fort Norman Oil Fields *Only a Big Man's Game*

Camp cook has a few hints for benefit of prospective stampeders to Mackenzie River District

By E. M. CUPPAGE



1.—Arrival of Hudson's Bay steamer Fort McMurray, at Fort Fitzgerald, the most northerly town in Alberta, and northern headquarters for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. 2.—Scows at Peace River Crossing, Edmonton. Dungeness and British Columbia Railway bridge is seen in the background. 3.—Imperial Oil Company's scow going over the rapids at Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River. The man in the foreground is holding on to a rope attached to the scow. 4.—Deadman's Island, Great Slave Lake. Along the foreshore may be seen canoes erected by Roman Catholic priests over the graves of Indians. There are several weird native legends concerning this island of the northland. 5.—These furious rapids at Fort Smith necessitate a 16 mile portage from Fitzgerald. There is a drop in the river of 180 feet between these two places.

WITH visions of the frozen north as a land of liquid gold the world is turning covetous eyes to the newly discovered oil fields of the Mackenzie River district. Every one thinking of joining in the early summer stampede is making plans and assembling equipment. Some of the more hasty spirits are already on their way by the hazardous land journey while others are preparing for the lake and river route available toward the middle or end of June. All are dreaming of fabulous wealth in oil, though not all realize the distance and difficulties of a stampede into the great Arctic wilderness.

From Edmonton down to Vancouver, or across the prairies to the populous centres of the East every one who has been into the new oil fields is being importuned for first hand information. There are more than a few who have vivid recollections of the Calgary oil boom of a few years ago, and while there will doubtless be more or less of a stampede of the reckless and adventurous into the new Eldorado, the majority of would-be oil seekers are eager for authentic information about the country from every angle.

"What chance has the small man to get in on this thing?" That is the question agitating thousands of the masses who

are forever casting about for a means of release from the treadmill of the average salaried worker. It is the small man who is most likely to get caught in the oil fever, and it is the small man who runs the danger of being shut out to starve in the great northland.

It was in a busy office of an oil drilling company in Vancouver that I met Mr T. W. Jones, proud to be one of the small men who has actually been far into the Mackenzie country. He hasn't come out with a fortune or a bunch of claims that he'll never get a chance to develop, but he has been able to live comfortably in the city all winter. He is going back because of the lure of the Arctic summer the long hours of daylight, the northern wild flowers and the glorious tonic air.

Oil at Fort Norman is merely an incident to "T. W.", as his friends designate him. Not that he isn't interested in it, but he knows it is only a big man's game, and the little fellow hasn't a chance except by a fluke. A thousand miles from the end of steel in the great wilderness beyond the Slave Lakes, the biggest game of chance the world has ever seen. That is the way "T. W." sees it, and he has been there.

I admired "T. W." because he had such a clear vision of this oil game. He went

into the far country to enjoy its beauties, and do his bit in its development, knowing that the fortunes being made were not likely to come his way, just because it was a big man's game. "T. W." hasn't even the physique of the pioneer, but he has the heart of the explorer. "T. W." has never been able to get a job on the heavy end of things, so he turned to cooking for a livelihood, and in this capacity he is just as indispensable as any one of the boys in the camp of the Imperial Oil Company.

"I'm signing on again this spring because I want to get back into that country," said my new found friend, "and the only way for the average person to go into that country is to get in with a job. That is unless you have a couple of thousand dollars to blow in on the trip."

To substantiate his theory that one needs the cash, "T. W." told me of one man who went into the Mackenzie River country last year thinking he was well fixed with a few hundred dollars. But he might have starved had it not been for the assistance of parties going out.

It was difficult to get supplies, for they were short at the trading posts and wouldn't sell. Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrols returning to Dawson early this spring reported northern posts to be

without flour, lard, or clothing, showing that no chances can be taken in the great North. Even in summer time the great distance and expense will be an insuperable barrier to many a would-be stamper, say those who have had some experience.

As for the climate and the sort of country near Fort Norman, "T. W." is fairly enthusiastic, though he thinks it will be a long time before conditions make it possible to develop the agricultural land which lies round Fort Vermilion, and other points in the Mackenzie River country.

The climate round Fort Norman itself seems to be the most favorable of any part of the district. Garden produce thrives, for vegetation and flowers spring up almost overnight, or as in summer it is almost continual daylight, it would be more correct to say in a day, for it is the long hours of sunshine that promotes this phenomenal growth. Though the gardens round the trading posts, at the Mission Schools and those round the homes of a settler here and there, are wonderful. For the most part the country is covered with hardy trees, and much clearing would have to be done to raise the wheat that has been grown. (Cont'd on page 12)



1.—Here is Mr. T. W. Jones (on the right), who supplied the first-hand information contained in this article, clothed in his garb of office, and evidently taking a well-earned rest. His companion and another man have been at Windy Point, about 500 miles from Fort Norman, on Great Slave Lake, all the winter. They took in a line of traps, and expect some good returns for their long and lonely sojourn. Their nearest settlement is Hay River Mission, 140 miles away and which can only be reached by crossing the ice on Great Slave Lake. They will only get one mail this winter by dog team from Fort McMurray. 2.—Roman Catholic Mission saw mill, near Fort Resolution. The brothers run the mill themselves and cultivate the land. They do not cut their hair or shave. At Fort Smith the brothers grow a large quantity of grain. 3.—Peace River Crossing, where the oil seekers start off on their long journey by river and lake to the far north. There are good stores where outfitting for journey can be completed. 4.—Waterfront at Fitzgerald, the most northerly town in Alberta. 5.—Imperial Oil Company's "cafeteria" in camp at end of steel, Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, 16 miles from Fort McMurray. As there was only the cook house and no dining-room, the hot food was passed out on to this improvised dining table by the hero of this story, and the men came along and got what they wanted in approved cafeteria style. 6.—Anglican Mission and school at Hay River. Among interesting residents there this winter were Mrs. Storker Storkerson, the wife of explorer Steffanson's companion, and her two children. Four women and one man teach in this school, under supervision of Rev. and Mrs. Vail. Note splendid potato patch in front of building. Splendid garden produce can be grown in the country.

You Go Out to Catch a Sprat and You Catch a Whale!

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

THE herring nets had been set off lower Port Joli Bay and we refilled with the shapely shining fish.

"Them big Horse Mackerel have been here again last night," said Zebedee. "See where the twine is torn, guess they must a been feeding right outen the net."

The "fleet" of nets was set the night before and there had been a tremendous run as the captured herring hung from almost every mesh. The fishermen had been very much bothered with some huge "thing" which was using their nets as a hunting ground.

"I've got me dart aboard!" said Zebedee to Peter, "an I'll give him a taste of somethin' else than herrin' if I see him near enouf!"

"Let's haul this one!" said Peter, and the 25-foot motor boat slowed down and the men began to drag the net aboard.

"It's a wonder it didn't sink! it's that full," said Zebedee as he "picked" the big fat herring from the mesh. "A few barr'ls more at market price won't go amiss!"

The wind, what there was of it, was off shore and the sea water was as clear as a great green glass.

"Haul an' pick! Haul an' pick!" laughed Zebedee as he threw the fish inboard—just then a herring slipped from his fingers and slid down through the clear water.

"Gosh! What was that? Saw a thing as big as a whale slip in an' nip up that thar herrin'! Look, Peter! I'll drop another", and down slid a slivery curving fish, half alive after an all night's clutch of twine.

"See him! See him! Gosh! May I never skin another cod he's bigger nor the boat—give me that dart an' I'll tickle him up a bit!"

Whether the fish understood N.S. fisherman's lingo or not it disappeared and the two men continued hauling in the twine and picking out the big fat herring. Zebedee stopped to light his pipe—and he carefully laid his dart and the long pole into which the head of the dart is set, and out of which it jerks the moment the fish works hard enough after it is hit. He laid the line and the little white barrel float there all ready for the monster—and then the men hauled and picked again.

"All right Mr. Big Fish! you come up a bit!" said Zebedee between his clenched teeth. "Cod liver an' lights thars 'nother of them! three! four an' all big as the boat! big ones!"—and he continued hauling.

A herring slid from his big tarry fingers and curved down; another followed it—another, a huge indistinct shape engulfed the first, rose a bit for the next, came still nearer for the third and was almost fully disclosed for the last. The young fisherman froze to attention, his face the color of a fall russet with the wind and his blue eyes popping out, then his hand slid back and the twelve-foot pole and the long dart with the line fastened midway passed through his big nervous fingers—back, back went the arms as the mighty dark blue body still rose. "Sh—s—s!" the dart's point and the pole ripped the clear water—aimed well ahead of the passing fish—into the firm blue back the dart entered and instantly there was confusion worse confounded. Zebedee simply threw the float and line overboard—intent only on securing his catch of herring and later—perhaps, attending to the monster which now made seaward with the white barrel bobbing in his wake.

It is odd to find the shank of a spear set into a wooden socket and the line fastened to the shank here in N.S. just in the

manner the coast Indians of B.C. do when they set a huge mussel shell into spruce gum on a spruce pole and wind it in hot with sealion sinews—and the shank leaps out of its wooden socket the instant the whale pulls on the line, just as this mighty Tuna swept the dart from out the wooden socket; but the six-inch dart here is a narrower stabbing weapon than the wide dull mussel shell. There was no doubt in our minds that it was a Tuna speeding seaward with the fisherman's barrel fantastically attached to his long trim body.

Odd! the mighty size of this fish—and we have caught them young in the Straits of Juan de Fuca weighing not more than six pounds and there called "Horse Mackerel." This is the Spanish mackerel's biggest cousin, called the Tuna or Tunny or Great Albacore.

surf a distant neighbor of ours (who photographed the fish) and who's son was lucky enough to come along at this interesting moment in a high speed launch, and the fisherman told him he could have the fish on the end of that line and barrel—if he could catch it.

"Catch it!" this was just incentive enough to make the men wheel the boat about instant for the distant float which could now be seen splashing and frothing its way along in the big slow sullen sea running.

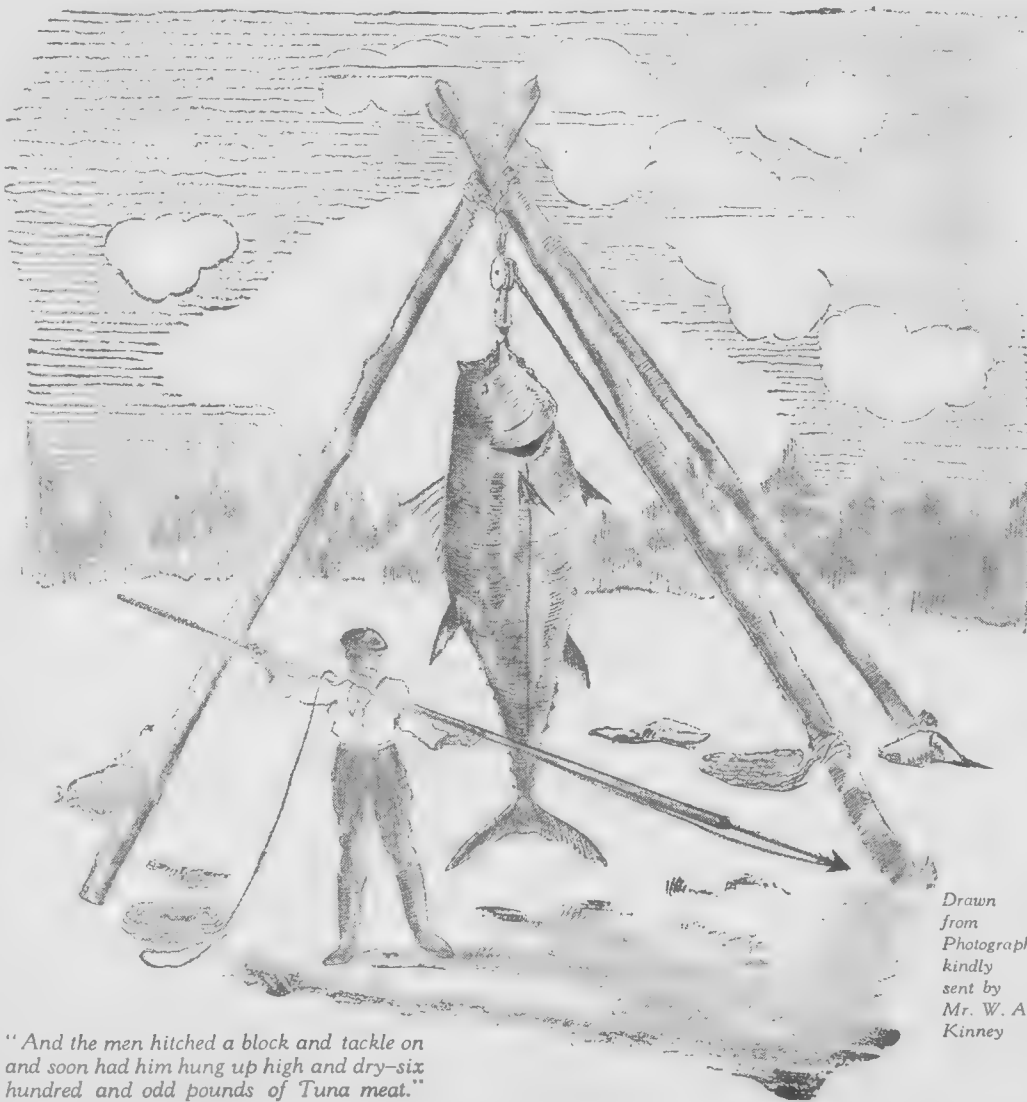
There needs be a clever hand at the wheel—as undoubtedly there was a clever fish at the other end of that buoyed-up line, and time after time the swift boat dashed up just too late to catch that bobbing barrel—at last a long arm shot out, a dark body stretched perilously overboard and clutched the white barrel

afterwards it was still good enough for fish bait. These Nova Scotians do not as a rule eat of the Tuna. These big fish are also caught in traps which leave them flopping when the tide runs out. All that are marketed are sent to Boston as food for the Latin peoples. They buy them at a low price and seem to enjoy the red meaty looking fish food. I know the fishermen develop quite a left-handed skill in throwing the dart ahead of these mighty fish—just as we duckshooters shoot a bit ahead of our bird.

There are times and men and fish when the Tuna are played from the boat after the dart enters the shrinking flesh—for fish feel and suffer intensely from the wounds we sons-of-men inflict. In this case the fisherman had a long heavy line attached to his dart. It was in a Nova Scotia Bay and the day was a bit rough with windchop blown off the tops of an "old sea" when he spied a school of big dark shapes gliding along below past his "fleet." Instantly the boy leaped on the deck with his dad's old dart pole in his hand and he set it firmly into a big dark blue shape—just aft of the gills—and he at once began to sit down faster in that boat than he had ever sat down before. Without using a drop of gas he was beating the best time of the squadron of fishing boats which anchored in the bay. Suddenly he was brought up to the fact that he was on the far end of destruction by the huge fish making a sharp turn and evidently heading for the summer hotel on the shore. He was sure he would cut the corner of the long government wharf and spoil it—when the fish turned again seaward, evidently bound now for distant South Africa. Still the tackle held and still he tried to steer behind this eccentric motive power. Dinner passed without any dinner and supper did the same thing and he was wondering if this free transportation was good for all night when it suddenly ceased and his wee motor boat ran right ker-chuck into the dying struggles of four hundred pounds of Tuna. The big boy, for he was but a hobble-de-hoy, lashed his knife to an oar and took a hand in the mimic war going on about his bow. Soon the struggles became less and just at sunrise a tired but triumphant fisher boy arrived home with his odd catch in tow. "Most thirty dollars that," he said.

There are times when the man is boss and again there are times when the fish is the boss. Job Codkedge was out at his nets one day when he noticed one of these huge fish dodging about below his "fleet."

Casualty he took his long-poled dart in his hand, not intending to set it into the fish but just playfully proposing to prod it a bit. You see, Job, like many another Nova Scotia fisherman could not swim a stroke, and he was in a smallish bit of a boat, too—one not much longer it seemed to his startled gaze than the monster fish which surged and darted below. Job made a pass at a big Tuna as it darted for the herring he dropped, then he fed it another and tried to prod it a bit; another herring flopped down—all this time unperceived by Job, who's innate sporting passion was rising. Again the Tuna gobbled a herring and instantly Job threw the dart with all his might and strength and set it firmly into the broad blue back of the monster; then he essayed to throw out his line and barrel but the rope fouled him and he sped overboard like a dark flash. Once in the water he was actually rolled out of the coil of the rope, and there he was with his little motor boat blowing away rapidly from him and only a small herring barrel buoy to cling to. The Tuna evidently thought the man had too much (Cont'd on page 9)



Drawn from Photograph kindly sent by Mr. W. A. Kinney

"And the men hitched a block and tackle on and soon had him hung up high and dry—six hundred and odd pounds of Tuna meat."

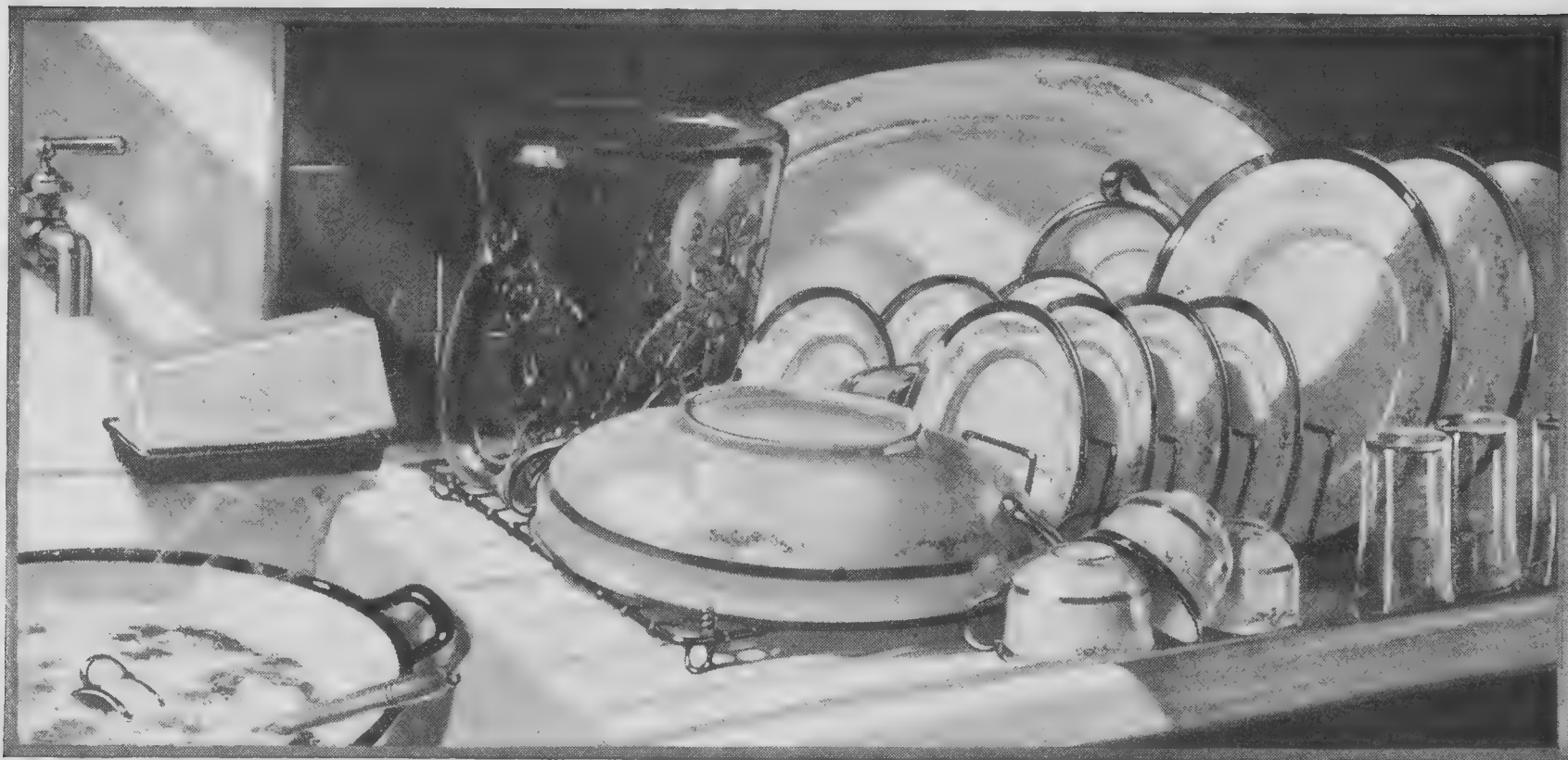
If we were down off the lower coast of sunny California we would see many boats, light gasoline or naphtha launches, slowly working up and down off Santa Catalina with a man, or often a woman, in the stern with a rod and line just about heavy enough to land a good big hard fighting maskalonge. They were using greenheart rods—just scant seven feet long—or split bamboo—and a 21-strand line, usually Cuttyhunk, to strike these monsters with and their bait was a shapely flying fish—and even though it took from one to three hours to subdue the Pacific Tuna they are but minnows beside these Atlantic fish; but, at times a seven foot, 200-lb. Tuna there has kept the fishermen extremely busy for a full ten hours.

In the Atlantic this great mackerel goes to fifteen feet in length and runs up closely toward the 1000 pound mark. So there was likely to be a nice little movement on that line and barrel when the busy fishermen got time to try a hand with Mr. Tuna.

There lives on the edge of this shore in a big bungalow which fronts the wide sweep of sandy shored bay and huge breaking

and dragged it aboard—this just seemed to add interest to the game for the fish; it decided that now as it really had something to tow it would tow its darndest. Up and down the long smooth roll it took that high powered boat just as if it was but another float attached to the line. It worked deep and steadily, at times using the tarpon dodge of breaking water (I wonder if fish do this just to see what they have at the other end of the line!) Still it is not in fish and blood to tow a huge hull about all day, and the fish began to weary of the game an hour before the two delighted occupants of the launch thought it was half time. Now the boat begins to tow the fish—again the fish tows the boat, but only half-heartedly, and soon it is in tow, sulking along, for the distant beach. Here the fickle tide soon left the mighty fish stranded and helpless and the men hitched a block and tackle on and soon had him hung up high and dry—six hundred and odd pounds of Tuna meat now.

It was remarkable how the flesh of the huge fish suspended there kept sweet and fresh in the summer sea air. Weeks



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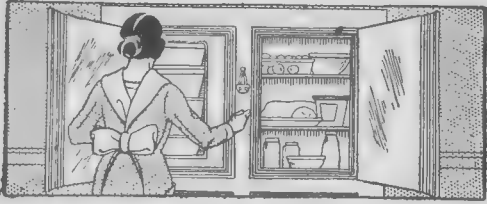


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27

Silas Benjamin Potter, D.P.M.

By Gordon Redmond

JIM HAINES, editor et al of the Dutton Weekly Signal, was perched on a high stool setting his own type when a stout elderly man with whiskers came puffing in, mopping his neck inside his collar with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"Hello, Jim."

"Morning Mr. Potter."

"Pretty hot, ain't it?"

"Middling."

"How's everything?"

"Pretty fair."

"Business good?"

"Good as usual."

"Glad to hear it. I've got something for you, Jim; got a scoop, got a news item that'll make this old town sit up and take notice. Fact is, I've discovered perpetual motion. How does that strike you?"

It struck Jim pretty much of a heap.

"Yes, sir, perpetual motion has been discovered right here in Dutton, or will be in a very short time; just one little cog-wheel missing. Soon as I get that, away she goes, our fortune is made, and Dutton gets a place on the map."

"I wish you'd run me off some letter-heads right away. Say three or four thousand to start with. Make 'em simple—just Silas Benjamin Potter, D.P.M."

"D.P.M.?"

"Discoverer of Perpetual Motion."

"Oh, I see."

"Of course, this other is only advance information. Jim. You needn't let it go any further, not for a while yet. I'm only telling you ahead in case you want to plan for an extra edition, or anything like that. But for the present, mum's the word."

Jim being thus cautioned, proceeded to spread the news around privately among his own particular cronies. He told them that mum was the word, and they thought it was such a good word that they passed it on to their friends, and so the wonder grew.

Old Bill Henderson, the village constable, was discovered one morning tramping up and down in front of the straw shed at the end of Potter's barn with a double-barrelled shotgun on his shoulder.

A crowd soon gathered. "It's in there," they told one another, and they gazed at the walls as if to pierce them. Presently the great inventor himself strode through the crowd.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sentinel.

"A friend," replied the great one.

"Advance fren' 'n give the password."

Mr. Potter whispered briefly in the other's ear.

"Pass fren' 'n all's well."

Mr. Potter disappeared into the shed, from which there issued presently the tink-tink of a hammer on metal.

"He's workin' at it," they told one another, in awed tones.

At noon a special constable was sworn in to relieve old Bill, and the password changed. A double guard was set for the night.

Mr. Potter sat up late that night reading the life of Thomas A. Edison. He went to bed at ten o'clock.

At 3 a.m. Mrs. Potter was awakened by noises in the kitchen. Her husband was not at her side.

"He must be sick," she thought, and dragged herself out of bed. Throwing on an old wrapper, she hurried downstairs, to find Mr. Potter poking at the kitchen range.

"What's the matter, Si?"

"Nothing that I know of. Why?"

"Why, getting up at this time of night. Don't you feel well?"

"Never felt better in my life. I'm going to work."

"Work?"

"On the machine."

A sudden fear seized Mrs. Potter; the invention had gone to his head. She had heard about that kind of thing.

"You've been working too hard on that machine, Si. If I was you I'd take a rest—go out to the farm for awhile, or some place."

Mr. Potter snorted.

"I see what you're driving at, woman; you think I'm crazy—ouch!" In his excitement he had dropped a stove lid on his toe.

"Crazy, eh? Doggone it, woman!—I beg your pardon, Martha; that stove lid upset me. A man can't drop a stove lid on his toe and remain calm, at least, an ordinary man can't. I doubt if Edison himself could do it."

"You see, it's like this, Martha. We inventors don't require as much sleep as an ordinary man. Something about the work itself sustains us. It's all right for an average man to put in eight or nine hours of the twenty-four in bed. He needs that much. But five is enough for Edison and me."

Long before dinner time Mr. Potter was feeling what he called "giant". He ate a hearty dinner, and then flung himself on the sofa for the half-hour of inaction that the man who conducts his life scientifically ought to have after every meal. When supper was ready Mrs. Potter came and woke him up.

Next morning he rose at his usual hour, and Mrs. Potter breathed a sigh of relief.

She was premature. That evening he had another session with the life of Edison.

Early the following morning Mrs. Potter heard a bumping and scraping on the stairs, a crash in the hall, a trailing sound in the living-room, followed by a noise such as bric-a-brac knocked from a centre table would make, and her perspiring spouse appeared in the kitchen dragging an antiquated stretcher by the leg.

"Taking it out to the laboratory," he explained, in answer to the look on Mrs. Potter's face.

"You're not going to sleep in that lab—that straw shed, and you with your rheumatism as bad as it is."

"In the interests of science, Martha. I am obliged to do it. I've got to sleep beside my work. Edison does it—"

"Don't Edison me. Drat that man! I wish he was dead."

Mr. Potter got out of the kitchen without any further argument. But he slept in the straw shed that night, at least he tried to sleep. There were mice in that shed, the active kind of mice, and they gambolled up and down the stretcher and over the prostrate form of the inventor with shameless audacity. There were just enough mosquitoes in there to keep a man from getting careless and dozing off to sleep. Then for variety there were spiders, and cockroaches, and other creeping things, harmless enough in their way, but of no great value to a man who loves a quiet life.

In spite of these distractions, however, Mr. Potter did doze off at last, only to be awakened about midnight by a loud clap of thunder. The straw shed roof was a single ply of boards, and Mr. Potter looking up through the cracks could see the black clouds scudding across the sky.

For a moment he was tempted to desert his post, but only for a moment. Then the inventor in him came to the surface.

"Edison wouldn't do it," he told himself, "he'd drawn first," and he stuck to his guns; and his mice and mosquitoes and things.

The storm, when it came, was a cloud-burst, and the straw shed roof was no better than a sieve. There was a tarpaulin covering over the machine, that Mr. Potter could have reached by stretching out his hand, but he scorned to do it. With your true inventor the machine comes first. If you're going to be a martyr to the cause of science, be a martyr.

Mrs. Potter at the house was making mustard plasters, making them good and hot, too.

"He brung it on himself," she muttered, as she ladled in extra mustard.

The great inventor limped into the kitchen at 2 a.m., with his teeth chattering briskly and every stitch on him soaked through. Mrs. Potter had him sizzling in bed in less than seven minutes. When those plasters came off, large patches of Mr. Potter's hide came with them.

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"I hope you're cured," his helpmate told him grimly, when he was able to hobble about by the aid of a cane and crutch. Mr. Potter had no way of knowing whether she meant of the rheumatism or the—the other.

If the latter, her hopes were vain. Mr. Potter continued his search for the missing cog-wheel.

Early one morning Mr. Potter was awakened by the sound of gun shots; then came a hurried knocking at the kitchen door, and the voice of old Bill Henderson:

"Si, for the love of God, get up; she's running away."

"Who's running away?" cried Mr. Potter, sticking his head out of an upstairs window, fearing for the moment that his daughter Effie must be eloping with young Mitchell.

"That perpetual motion cadeevus you've got down there. About two minutes ago I sticks my head in the door, just to see if everything is O.K., and by jing! if she isn't tearing it off in chunks—churnin' away like sixty."

Mr. Potter was down the stairs in two jumps, and out through the dewy garden to the straw shed, his rheumatism forgotten, his bare feet pattering the moist earth, his night draperies fluttering in the wind.

The machine was purring away, exactly as old Bill had reported. Mr. Potter weakened at the knees, partly from rheumatism and partly from emotion, and clutched at his companion for support.

"The goal of my dreams, the height of my ambition," he murmured feebly. "That last cog-wheel done it, Bill. I thought it would."

"We'll keep open house now, Bill," he announced a moment later; "let the citizens see it from the door, but don't let any of 'em inside. We can't afford to take chances until she's patented."

The citizens, attracted by the shooting, were already on the ground, in every stage of undress. Mr. Potter, now that the first flush of excitement was over, became suddenly aware of the scantiness of his attire, and hobbled back to the house to break the news to Mrs. Potter.

Immediately after breakfast he got out his cane and crutch and started down town. He would have gone before breakfast if Mrs. Potter hadn't put her foot down on the performance. He went straight to the printing office and ordered a thousand invitations to be sent to the great and learned of the earth, requesting their presence in Dutton on a certain day to witness a monster demonstration of the newly discovered principle of perpetual motion.

The Premier of Manitoba got one. So did the King of England. So did Thomas A. Edison.

The machine stopped about four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Potter was not present at the time, but the trusty William came running with the news. The great inventor hastened to the laboratory.

"Give her a spin by hand," he said. William spun her. No response.

Then the great man himself laid hold of her, and spun and spun till he was dizzy, with the same result.

"It's that cog-wheel," he declared finally; "it's wore enough to throw her out of true. I've got to use a harder material there. Leave her alone until to-morrow."

Next morning at the same hour the machine was humming away as merrily as ever. News reported by William Henderson.

"Bill," said Mr. Potter impressively to his henchman, "there's a great natural law at work here, one that has never yet been discovered; an equal at least to the law of gravitation and the survival of the fittest. To hunt down a specimen like that would be something worth while. What is it to discover perpetual motion? Nothing at all; anybody could do it. But unperpetual motion, that is something like it. If I can find why that machine runs only during certain hours of the day, I can take my place along with Edison and the man who invented the folding bed."

He did discover that very thing on the day that the machine was moved from the straw shed to the big demonstration pavilion that he had built on the fair grounds. What he discovered was a pair of slender wires running

from the interior of the machine to a storage battery in an old stable nearby.

"No wonder," yelled Mr. Potter; "no wonder she wouldn't run, with somebody stealing the power, and storing it up. If I ketch them, I bet I make them pay for it."

He sat up all night with the machine at the fair grounds and as morning drew near he watched intently for the first signs of life in the mechanism. From time to time he gave the wheels an encouraging spin, but outside of that they spun not. At ten a.m. he went home to consult his authority.

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Potter.

"Have you seen my Life of Edison anywhere?"

"Not lately."

Which was quite true. She hadn't seen it since the day she put it in the stove.

Mr. Potter searched for it diligently for half an hour, and then curled up on the sofa and went to sleep.

The machine never turned another wheel. Mr. Potter went down to the Signal office to stop the invitations, but they had already been mailed, according to instructions, directly from that office.

"Then the king will be here on the 17th," said Mrs. Potter, who had been enquiring around privately among the neighbors the kind of food a king eats.

"Yes, let him come," replied Mr. Potter gloomily, "I want to let him know the kind of skunks he has for subjects in this town."

The 17th came, but not the king.

"Somebody's told him," Mr. Potter opined.

And that same day there came from the Signal office a bundle of four thousand letterheads, with this legend blazoned across the top: "Silas Benjamin Potter, D.P.M."

"Open the stove!" roared Mr. Potter.

"Hold on," rejoined his thrifty spouse; "D.P.M.—you're Dutton Police Magistrate, ain't you?"

"I never thought of that," admitted Mr. Potter.

You Go Out to Catch a Sprat and You Get a Whale!

By B. Dale

Cont'd from page 6

chance altogether, as he instantly tore the barrel away from Job. Now comes the fool luck some of these men play in. (I know another case where the fisherman, a neighbor of mine, was washed over on "the Banks" and his oilskins did just the same thing.) When Job returned to full knowledge of the fact that he was out one barrel and it the only one he had at that, he noticed that he was not trying to swim; his oilskins were nicely filled with air and were keeping him afloat easily. Job has a brother called Eustice. "Useless" is the way neighbors say it. Anyhow this brother spied Job's plunge from the boat and came rowing out from the shore, and, unfortunately decided to save that bally barrel first. Job tells me that the instant Eustice landed it the fish started off for distant places in the ocean and Eustice went with it. At last he decided to let the barrel "go hang" and save the motor boat, and off he rowed, and poor Job bobbing there in his oilskins felt that he surely did come third. Well! Eustice got into the motor and found he could not turn it over and just then Job began to take note that the water was beginning to intrude into his mouth in a very nasty manner—so he opened it and yelled to the brother—and the mouth promptly filled up and now down went Job. Eustice did the first right thing of the day—he jumped into the dory and rowed for all he was worth after Job and he just managed to get a clutch of him by his long hair and dragged him into the dory—just managing by an inch or two to escape upsetting it. As soon as he got sufficient water out of Job they rowed out to sea and got the motor boat and then chug-chugged off after that elusive white barrel. Job tells me it took two hours hard fighting to tire out the big Tuna and kill it and two more to tow it ashore, and now he asks his brother if twenty cork floats were adrift and one Job just when that Job would be picked up!

"Here's another book on 'How to Get into the Movies'"

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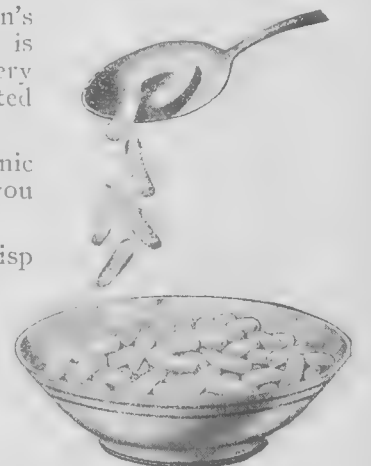
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BY E. L. CHICANOT

Author of "A Strenuous Wooing," "An Episode in Hope," "Da-qui-Mona," etc.

PHILANTHROPY was Tom Braden's middle name. Altruism with him was a mania, a dominant inherent passion, the zest of existence, the capital L in life. What other men extracted from sport, or drink, or love, Tom drew in ridding himself of funds on the objects of his benevolent attention. Being comfortably situated in regard to this world's goods he was able to enjoy himself thoroughly. The money-burdened man must seek to divest himself in some manner of his superfluous wealth, and instead of the accepted methods of a new car per day, freak feedings, and flashing females, Tom gave huge sums to this or that institution, or when he was out for a regular debauch blew himself to a whole new charity. He had a finger in every eleemosynary pie, was revered founder of the Home for Inspid Inebriates, and Grand-past-something-or-other of the Benevolent Society of Belated Bellboys. Also he was a trustee of a deaf and dumb asylum, and thereby suspends this tale.

On a certain morning Bill Gibson was wending his way along the main street of the town when he perceived Tom on the same thoroughfare coming towards him. Now, Tom is the sort of friend you might love with all your heart and yet not want to meet too often, especially when you come from drawing your pay-check. His powers of extraction are second only to the flag-day vendors and fully equal to a church bazaar booth. Bill took a tight grip on his pocket-book and prepared a dissertation on the slump in real estate. Tom descended upon him in a particularly breezy manner.

"Bill, by all that's lucky! The very fellow I wanted to see."

Bill's heart sank and he cleared his throat.

"If it's the Inspid—"

"But it isn't. Not a cent this time. It's not your money I want, but you."

"Thank heaven! I breathe easier. That, of course, is a mere trifle. Are you going to build some kind of a home round me?"

"Do let me talk. I want you to come up tomorrow and spend a pleasant little evening with us."

"Go on," said Bill. "Where's the catch? Who's we?"

"It's at the deaf and dumb asylum at Knightsbridge. We're going to give the inmates a little informal dance and I want you to help out and give them as good a time as possible. Several that promised are—er—are unable to come."

"And I already have—"

"No, you haven't. Not this time. I know I can prevail upon you to help out in such a good cause. I taught you the deaf and dumb alphabet once (his idea of helping a chum over the flu), so you ought to make out all right. You'll come, eh?"

"Oh, sure I'll come. I would have committed highway robbery or bigamy for you, but I never thought—Oh, I'll come."

Tom laughed in his hearty manner and slapped his friend on the back.

"Good! I knew you wouldn't fail me. The evening train will land you in Knightsbridge about nine o'clock and you'll find me on hand. This ticket will admit you." And he sailed off to accost some other wretch cursed with the name of friend.

The ensuing day was a busy one for Bill, and the promise he had made had neither time nor occasion to recur to his mind until the evening when, in turning out his pockets, he came across the card Tom had given him. Resolved to do his best in a good cause he got out the deaf and dumb alphabet and found himself very rusty in its never perfected usage. He went over it several times, perfected the conventions, mastered the "May I have the pleasure," which is really much longer on the fingers when you can't mumble it, and essayed a trite platitude or two anent the weather, choosing remarks which would be equally appropriate in sunshine or blizzard. The test of friendship would stand no more, and wishing

Tom and his money and charities far, he went to bed.

Nine o'clock the next evening found him alighted from the train and approaching the asylum, a large grey building, conspicuously placed. It seems ridiculous to say he felt a little nervous—perhaps it was a premonition—but to be perfectly veracious it must be done. To his surprise when rounding the first corner he cannonaded into Tom still apparently in the rush of yesterday. He readjusted his glasses and beamed.

"So you've come, Bill! The only one of all to stand the test."

"And I'm thinking—"

"Then stop it. Go right on ahead. You'll have the time of your life."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"Tut, man, don't be absurd. Go right on. I'm fearfully sorry I can't be there for the beginning. There's some trouble up at the Inebriates and I must go up and see to it. I'm afraid there'll be nobody there you know, but go up and do your duty by the poor girls. You'll find all the inmates on one side of the hall. Everything is quite informal, and it's been arranged to dispense with introductions, which would be embarrassing and—er—cumbersome. It's all understood, so just wade in and enjoy yourself. I think I'll be back before it's all over. So long!"

And Bill was left lamenting—that he had not followed the course of the other friends.

He moved inside and gave up his ticket, coat and hat. Everything was awfully quiet. No sound but the inevitable tuning of a violin by one of the musicians. None of the light chatter, the banter, the cheery laughter one associates with the popular interpretation of the terpsichorean art. There was not a whisper. He took a seat feeling much as if attending the obsequies of somebody or something, and convinced that everyone in the room had his eyes upon him. When he became more composed he made a leisurely survey of the motley array opposite. Quite ordinary, he thought; very average; much the class of society one meets at a perfectly regular dance. Their misfortunes did not detract from their physical appearance. Indeed, Nature, who is more just than often credited with being, and recompenses those she maims in some particular by a generous bestowal in others, had made some of them exceedingly good to look upon. One maiden, especially, beautiful, sylvan, glorious! Once his eyes in running down the line rested upon her he saw nothing else and remained unconsciously feasting upon her charms. He was finding here what his heart had looked for, his soul sighed for all his life—all the virtues in one supremely beautiful being.

The announcement of a waltz, and the simultaneous burst of melody from the orchestra set him upon his feet, and though in a state of trepidation, some power impelled him over to where the goddess sat. He was just sufficiently rational to limber up his fingers as he went.

Proximity revealed new beauties, eyes like limpid pools at midnight and other charms warranting like extravagant similes. He essayed to ask the pleasure of the dance on his fingers, and got hopelessly mixed up. She smiled comprehendingly, made some utterly unintelligible remark on her fingers and rose. He clasped her waist and they waltzed off.

A beautiful girl is not necessarily an able dancer; often the perfections are far apart. Bill here, however, found the combination and the dance was perfect. Talk being impossible, the conversational apparatus doing other duty, he was able to give up all the time, and every faculty to the enjoyment of the beautiful rhythm, and the contemplation of his partner's charms. He did both and each moment rose higher in Elysium.

All too soon the conclusion of the dance brought him back to earth and he took the girl back to her place. She thanked him with another lovely smile and something on the fingers. He went

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away regretfully, but returned after a couple of dances with less charming and accomplished inmates. Again he asked for a dance, and received a dexterous acceptance. Every moment he was falling deeper and deeper in the abyss of his new found joy, chiding himself for his stupidity, yet unable to stay away. He almost wished he too were so afflicted that there might be some bond between them. He ventured to sit down beside her and tried out one of his prepared remarks on the weather. It worked out all right except that he failed to get the combination of her digits' response, but he sat enthralled watching the quick movements of her delicate little hands.

He had to acknowledge it to himself—he was in love. He had laughed when others told him of love at first sight, and here he had done it in a remarkably easy manner—and with a dummy. The idea of marriage turned him hot and cold, and left him shivering. Could such a union turn out practicably? "Certainly," he said as he looked at her. "Decidedly not," he was forced to admit when he turned away from her presence. He began to wonder if he could ever become sufficiently adroit with his fingers to make the proposal in a reasonable period of time. He commenced to finger it. He went further, venturing on the difficulties that would confront married bliss. At breakfast she would be seated opposite him, beautiful, serene and perfect. He successfully got through asking her to pass the toast, but fell down on the second cup of coffee. He gazed disconsolately at his feet and decided that it was impossible. He wished that he had never come, to have the memory of that evening to blight all his future life. He cursed Tom, all his institutions, and the man who wrote "It is better to have loved and lost."

Then jealously he perceived a curly-haired youth approach and stop before the girl.

"Don't you think it's time you gave me a dance," he said. "You're not going to adopt this Johnny here, are you?"

The girl laughed and spoke—actually spoke—words of liquid gold, but oh, what did she say?

"No, but I think he'd like to adopt me. He's awfully attentive, and such a nice fellow. It's a pity to think he's a dummy."

Moving away, she threw a smile of farewell at him sitting there red and open-mouthed. He prayed for annihilation, quick and easy. As this did not appear to be forthcoming sufficiently speedily he decided to try the open-air treatment and made a bee line for the door, disturbing the equilibrium of four couples in transit. In the doorway he collided with some soft, yielding body, which turned out to be Tom returning.

"Hullo, hullo! Why the rush? Having a good time?"

"I thought I was but—Come in here and save a soul."

He dragged his friend inside and pointed to the whirling mass upon the floor.

"Who's that girl?" he asked, as the divinity swept by with the curly-haired youth.

Tom slapped him on the back.

"Ha-ha! So you're smitten also! I'm told she's the most sought-after girl in her home town. Apparently the fellows there have good taste."

"For the love of heaven, who is she?"

"That's Ella Whitely from Leithead. She's in town for a few days stopping with my sister, and was kind enough to come down and help this evening. 'I forgot to tell you she was coming.'"

"Then she's not a—er—dummy?"

"A dummy! You mean an inmate of this institution? Certainly not. Whatever put that into your head?"

Bill, feeling weak, sat down upon the first thing ready to receive him—a basket of rather delicate edibles—and explained matters. Tom laughed heartily, and had to hang on to the table to prevent more serious damage to the supper supplies. But Bill was mortified and angry.

"Why on earth did she pretend all evening to be a dummy? I've blistered two fingers with this conversational stunt."

Tom roared the louder until his spectacles fell forward on his nose. "Don't you see it yet?"

"I do not. Perhaps when your unseemly mirth has subsided you will enlighten me."

Tom clutched him by the collar.

"Come, tell me, where did you sit when you came in?"

"Why, here, on the side nearest the door."

"Exactly. That was the side reserved for the inmates. She's thought all the evening that you were deaf and dumb. Ho, ho, what a mix-up!"

Bill reclined deeper in the basket.

"Lord, what a chump! Whatever am I going to do?"

"Come along and be introduced. Ella's a fine girl."

"I know it, but it'll be fearfully embarrassing. She said some things audibly about me you know. Just give me a minute or two to recover. And, by the way, who is the curly-haired chap she's so familiar with?"

But Tom did not hear him as he led the way back to the hall.

Bill was led up to where the girl was seated carrying on an animated conversation with the youth of the waving looks.

"Ella, I want to introduce an old friend of mine. It seems—"

"Well, I guess I have, Tom," she interrupted, smiling sweetly at poor Bill. "He's one of your special protégés, is he? We've had several dances this evening. An awfully nice fellow. Such a pity that—"

Tom didn't seem to be making much headway possibly on account of throaty spasms which seemed to attack him at every few words. Bill cursed his circumambuity, as he stood there unlike the proverbial sheep only in as much as slaughter did not seem so very undesirable. He decided to be facetious as the best way of breaking in upon what was bound to prove embarrassing later.

"You see, Miss Whitely, I am not a dummy, I—"

She looked up quickly in astonishment, and Bill could get no farther in his explanations. Astonishment gave place to vexation, this to embarrassment. The blood suffused her face and neck rendering her doubly beautiful, Bill thought. Then Tom came to the rescue and stated the case very well if somewhat verbosely. Soon the girl was laughing heartily at the episode.

The music struck up again and out of the corner of his eye Bill saw the curly-haired one approaching.

"Can I have this one?" he asked quickly.

She smiled assent. "If you'll talk to me this time. But you must meet my brother first. Tom, you haven't met Dick either, have you? I persuaded him to come down tonight." And Bill found himself pumping the hand of the youth who had broken in so rudely upon his dreams. Then the girl turned to him once again, and they waltzed away into the mass of whirling figures on the floor.

"Won't you interpret all the conversation you were making this evening?" she said very close to his ear, "I really didn't catch a word."

Bill did, and lots else beside.

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I will tune my own heart with the bird on high
To-day;

I will walk with the trees and converse with flowers,
I will seek a new life from the leafy bowers
At play.

I will go to the world with a heart of hope,
I will sing the same song that old nature spoke
To me;

I will sing, I will pray, I will work to-day,
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—Rufus Webb.



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Oil at Fort Norman

By E. M. Cuppige

Cont'd from page 5

Round Fort Norman last summer there were about 200 settlers, mostly Indians, half-breeds and Esquimos. The population of the North is almost entirely centred round the trading companies' posts and the church missions. The Catholic and Anglican churches have established excellent boarding schools, principally for the natives and half-breeds. Mr. Jones was quite impressed with these schools which are an important factor in fostering an educated, law-abiding population. The gardens at the missions were wonderful, and the potato patch at the Anglican school especially was a revelation, says Mr. Jones. The greater part of this northern country is under the administration of the Dominion Government, and law and order is maintained by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

After listening to a recital of the advantages, and attractions of the country, I invited "T. W." to tell me something of the other side of the story. "How about mosquitoes?" I enquired.

"Well, now, you have asked something," was the reply. "They are simply terrors, and mosquito netting is a very essential part of one's equipment. There is also a very energetic species of bull fly which has a nasty habit of taking chunks out of anything he can get a bite at. It is almost impossible to work horses except at night. In the day time they would be driven crazy by the pests, and must be kept in a cool dark shed."

From what "T. W." knows about the price of dogs, a good string of hardy mongrels might be worth taking in as an investment.

"I was offered \$60 for a mangy pup I took in myself," he told me. "I picked the little fellow up when he was so mangy and disreputable that we called him Rags. Unfortunately he got left behind crossing a lake one day, and so I lost both my money and my dog."

A couple of boys left Edmonton last fall with a bunch of about 200 dogs they'd rounded up as a good speculation, but I haven't heard how they made out yet. They feed the animals on fish up north. An Indian dog's ration is one fish a day, no more and no less, that is in summer, or when they are not working.

It is not only to Fort Norman that prospective oil seekers are turning their attention. Mr. Jones is thinking of going with the Mackenzie River Drilling and Petroleum Company into Windy Point on Great Slave Lake. The Imperial Oil Company were drilling there last summer, and it is understood will continue operations this season. Geological reports state that indications of oil at Windy Point are just as good as Fort Norman itself, and a big rush is expected in there this summer.

The Pouce Coupe district situated in the Dominion Government's two and a half million acre block in the Peace River country is particularly promising, and is attracting a great deal of attention from Pacific coast oil enthusiasts.

A peculiar indication of oil described by a resident of the district is a natural cup in the shale formation of a canyon from which a stream of petroleum gushes at intervals with the regularity of a heart beat. There are many other queer stories told of remarkable indications of oil noticed by settlers in this still but little known country.

It is recognized of course that transportation is the key to the opening up of the great Northland. Power to build railroads into the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions to serve the oil country with transportation facilities is being sought by the new Slave River Company. It is also certain that in the natural course of events the C.P.R., which is now operating the Edmonton, Dunvegan and B.C. Railway, will extend that line north from the end of steel at Peace River Crossing. It has been suggested that the line be built northerly to Fort Providence or Fort Simpson, 500 or 600 miles, cutting out the belated ice obstruction on Great Slave Lake. This would mean the opening up of free navigation on the Mackenzie River to Fort Norman and the far north at least a month earlier each year, and extending it a month later. On account of the ice in the lakes, which is later breaking than in the rivers, it is generally toward the middle or end of June before the steamers can start on their annual round trips to the Arctic. The oil seeker

counting on doing only spring and summer travelling will need an outdoor living and sleeping equipment. Supplies can be obtained at Edmonton, Peace River Crossing and even at Fort McMurray, where there are good stores.

The traveller has the choice of two routes to the north from Edmonton. He can go in by the lake and river route from Peace River Crossing, down the Peace and Slave Lakes to Fort Smith, head of steamboat navigation to the Mackenzie River. The alternative journey is by the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway to Lac La Biche and on to Fort McMurray to which the track, it is understood, will be extended this summer. From Fort McMurray the water route is taken down the Athabasca River, through Lake Athabasca to the Slave River, then down to Fitzgerald, portaging 16 miles to Fort Smith.

Naturally the greatest interest as far as transportation is concerned is in the proposed air route. Again, this will be for the big man only, but it plays a big part in the romance associated with the new oil lands. The Imperial Oil Company has advanced plans to use this mode of transportation. A syndicate of Vancouver business men also has plans for using sea boats which could make a landing anywhere in a country honeycombed with rivers, lakes and streams. It has been pointed out that while their freight carrying capacity would be limited the planes would have a big value for transporting experts for oil prospecting purposes.

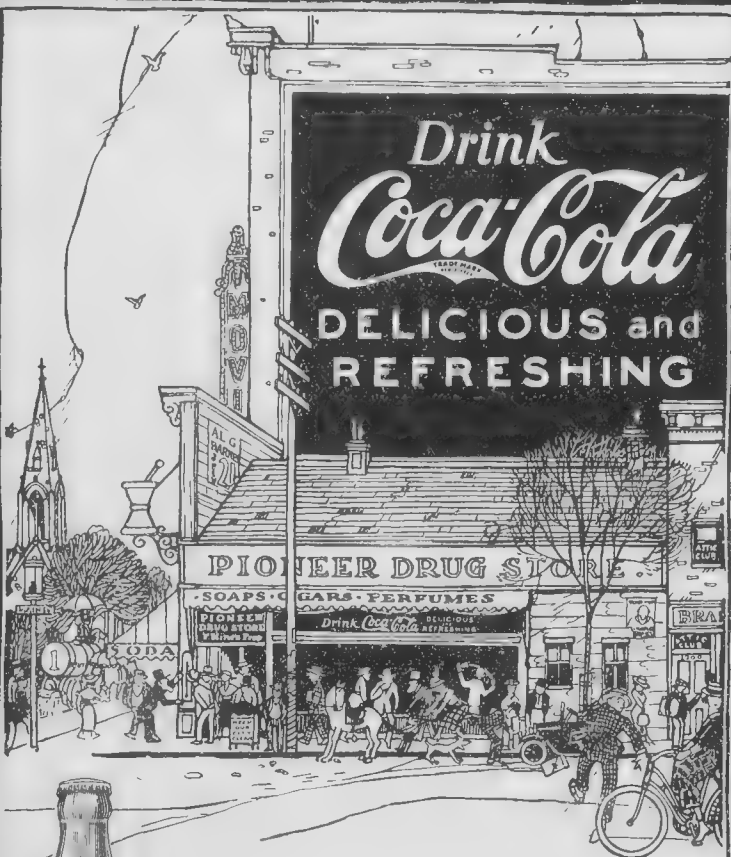
A big Porte 3 flying boat has been tested out at the Jericho Seaplane station at Vancouver with a view to its use in the Fort Norman oil fields. The machine is 102 feet wide from wing to wing, and her hull is over 40 feet long. She is the largest plane ever operated on the coast. During a trial trip she took up ten people.

Coming to the question of the extent of the great new oil fields, no definite estimate has so far been possible. It is said that oil experts have estimated the potential oil area as high as 300,000 square miles. Comparing it with the United States proven oil lands the potential area to be developed in Canada is immense.

A leading oil expert who has been over the oil fields of note in the United States and Mexico, and has also visited the Mackenzie River district, believes that the discovery of oil in the Fort Norman area may within ten years time change Canada's present debit account with the United States into a substantial credit balance. It is thought possible that within a period of from 10 to 20 years the value of the northern oil yields may equal the entire agricultural and commercial production of the whole of Canada, figured in dollars and cents.

How to get the oil out in the most economical way is one of the big problems facing commercial development. The pipe line is thought to be feasible. There are pipe lines of enormous distance in the United States. One Imperial Oil Company expert is reported to have said that there is no reason why a pipe line should not be a solution. It is presumed that this line would be from Fort Norman to Vancouver. As to the frost in the cold season making piping impossible for several months out of the year it has been suggested that pipes of twice the capacity be used so that double the normal supply could be carried in the warm months. There is the great cost of the line to be considered, so that in spite of the Imperial Oil Company's gusher, and all the brightest prospects for a huge oil yield, it seems as if it would be some time before the situation resolved itself into a commercially profitable proposition. That is why people who see things in a sane light as Mr. Jones does, know that it is only a big man's game.

Great thoughts come out of great character and only out of that. They will come even if you have little learning and none of the graces which attract the eye. But you must have a character that is ever speaking even when your lips are silent. It must show in your life and fill the spaces between your words. It will help you to choose and charge them with the love of great things that carry conviction. Webster said in the Knap trial: "There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded."—Ella Corey Benson.



They all go to the corner drug store, where Coca-Cola is the perfect answer to thirst.

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Borrowed Plumage

By E. G. Bayne

Cont'd from page 4

motor-broughams and taxis that filled the parking places. It was more than a quarter of an hour before they drew up before the brilliant portico. The driver had sprung down and was holding the door open.

"Did you wish to get out here?" he inquired, politely.

"No, no, I—" Nan had commenced to say when a vagrant impulse held her back.

It seemed as though some sprite of her childhood was controlling the destinies of this one evening for her! She hadn't been so daring since barefoot days.

"Very well. I'll get out," she said, doing so. "How much—"

"Dollar and a half," said the man, with a casual glance at the meter.

She didn't even watch the cab move off. She was walking deliberately up the first terrace of steps and along the bricked walk in the wake of a large party. An ornate attendant, dazzling in green-and-gold livery darted to meet her. He beckoned and led the way up another broad flight of steps, past two giant pillars swathed in gay bunting, past clipped trees in green tubs, through an immense lobby, and then turned her over to another lackey. With swiftly beating heart she found herself at length before a perspiring but pleasant-looking, bald-headed gentleman in evening clothes. The strains of an orchestra came faintly from within, and laughter too and a constant hum of voices.

"Your card?" said the gentleman beaming upon her, and extending his left hand.

"I beg—"

"Card of invitation, you know. Ah, you've forgotten it I see. Never mind then. You're only the seventh absent-minded one,"—and he smiled and shook his head.

This was a contingency she hadn't taken into account!

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I—I'm alone, too."

"Pass in," he said, waving his hand and then turning to meet a group who were just arriving.

"Fortunate escape number one!" breathed Nan, devoutly.

Up thickly-carpeted stairs led by a trim maid, then into the ladies' dressing-rooms which were filled with a chattering throng. Nan stood a moment on the threshold of the first, then grew timid and passed to the next. It too was crowded. The third was a little less formidable so she entered. She had difficulty in keeping from staring, gazing spellbound at the scene about her. Women and girls flitted to and fro like great butterflies—pink, lavender, primrose, black-and-gold, ivory white, blue, golden, flame-colored! Diamonds glistened, pearls shed lustre, rubies flashed from necks, arms, hands, coiffures. The heavy scent of hothouse flowers filled the air. A dowager in grey satin with skirt nearly to her knees swept past Nan guiding two debutante daughters out.

"Oh dearie, help me won't you?" Nan heard a voice saying at her elbow. She wheeled, dazedly.

"It's my skirt," said the owner of the voice, a dark-haired girl in Nile green satin who was stooping over a torn hem. "Look! Just caught it, on the way upstairs I think. Lend me a pin, do."

Nan produced the aid required.

"The maids are all busy," apologized the stranger, as Nan bent over and gathered the tear neatly together with several tiny pins. "Did you come alone?"

"Yes," said Nan, smiling up ingenuously.

"How funny! So did I . . . There! That'll do nicely. You're a dear. Let's go down together."

"Do you like these leap-year dances?" inquired Miss Nicholl, after she had introduced herself and Nan had done likewise and they were descending to the ballroom.

"Do you?" Nan hedged.

"I don't know. To-night every second number is a leap-year one—first, third, fifth and so on. It's all right if you know lots of men. We're supposed to go round and ask the men for those dances. Everything reversed you know."

Nan nodded. But misgiving assailed her.

"I—I don't know one man here to-night," she confessed. "I go out so little."

"Oh you can ask any man, dear. Only it's nicer if you know them."

"It'll be heaps of fun." Nan agreed readily.

Her confidence was returning. She asked herself what Barbara would do and smiled broadly. That self-possessed damsel would "pull the ropes" right, no doubt of that. She'd have dances with all the best-looking men in the room.

"This isn't the regular society gang," explained Miss Nicholl. "It's a regular metropolitan—no, I mean cosmopolitan crowd. Oh, there's a man I think I know! See? The slim, fair one smiling over at us."

"I see a number of men smiling at us!" "But the two by the pillar."

"Oh yes! The dark one's awfully nice-looking."

"I dare you to ask him for a dance!"

"I'll take the dare," said Nan, staunchly. "B—but suppose he's engaged?"

"He doesn't look it. He acts like a stranger. And I'm sure that's Mr. Paulson with him."

The card for dance number one went up. The orchestra swung into a fox-trot. The two girls crossed over to the young men by the pillar, and with exaggerated bows and extreme gravity of countenance—though Nan wanted to giggle—requested the pleasure of a dance.

"This is a great piece of luck for me," said the dark young man to Nan, flushing boyishly. "I—I can't dance like V. Castle but I'll try not to walk on your feet. My name is Lynn—Rodney Lynn."

Nan murmured her own name. They swung off after Mr. Paulson and Miss Nicholl. When the next number came there was an exchange of partner and Nan and Mr. Lynn sat out the third in a charming little nook off the palm room, while the other two did the same somewhere else.

"I must go and do my duty by some other man now," Nan said, rising. "It's the fifth next."

"Aw, don't go!"

"Well—I ought to let some other girl get a chance," and she smiled demurely down.

"I don't want any other girl. I could sit here all night—with you," declared Rodney Lynn.

But Mr. Paulson now brought up some young men and a couple of girls and there was a general shake-up of partners. After that Nan became wholly at ease. Every soul in the room had been a stranger till this evening, but all whom she met were exceedingly friendly and time sped, the hours like so many minutes. Little Cinderella was getting away with it, midnight and all! Her eyes shone. Never in all her life had she enjoyed herself so completely. Never had she been part of such a gay frolic. She laughed out like a happy little child more than once and several times she overheard someone asking who "that pretty girl in the rose frock" was. She liked to fancy herself the re-incarnated spirit of some bygone belle. As she danced, with half-shut dreamy eyes, the brilliant scene sometimes seemed a mere figment of imagination and she caught herself wondering what it would feel like to wake up. In moments like this the throbbing lilt of the orchestra came to her like dream music, faintly and from a vast distance. Yes, she was a belle come back to revisit the scene of past triumphs. She wasn't Nan Rossitt at all—poor little Nan who must shortly arise to the tune of an alarm clock!

She had wanted to seek a mirror early in the evening and stealthily wipe off the rouge on her cheeks, but noticing that many other women were "made up" more flagrantly and with not half the care and artistry she had herself bestowed on the rite she let her applied art remain, and as a matter of fact passed as innocent. Her own country color had been richer in hue. Mr. Lynn came to her to take her to supper. In his eloquent blue eyes there lingered that warm light which, interpreted, means "I could eat you right up."

"Thank goodness," said Nan to herself, "he doesn't know I'm a nine-dollar-per shop girl!"

Such a supper! To half-starved Nan the food was nectar and ambrosia. The long candelabra-lit table dazzled her; she found a knot of violets at her place and pressed them to her lips and then flushed as she caught Rodney Lynn smiling at her, a tall vase of deep-pink carnations just across vying with her cheeks and failing.

(Continued on page 14)

Nature knows best

If malt, flour, or starch were necessary for your Baby's proper growth, they would be in Nature's proper food for Baby—his mother's milk. But such things are not in mother's milk—therefore we do not put them in Glaxo.

Glaxo is all milk—pure, full-cream milk, by the Glaxo Process made safe and suitable for Baby, and as readily digestible as his mother's milk. Glaxo contains nothing whatever foreign to milk.

Nature knows best—and Nature's food for a young Baby is milk and milk only. Therefore, if Baby cannot have his mother's milk, let him have Glaxo, the milk which, like his mother's milk,

contains everything necessary to build strong bones, firm flesh, sound teeth, steady nerves and brain, and also that reserve of vitality which enables Baby to resist successfully the ailments common to childhood.

With Glaxo you know you are giving your Baby "the best possible chance," whether you take it yourself to improve your own milk—or give it to Baby, either in turn with the breast, or as the sole food from birth.

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Glaxo is sold by Druggists throughout Canada



Send 50 cents for the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book

For 50 cents we will send you the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book and a Glaxo Weight Chart. In addition we will send to Expectant Mothers who state the month Baby is expected, our Booklet "Before Baby Comes" and a Special Recipe Book. If you do not think the Glaxo Baby Book alone worth many times 50 cents we will willingly refund your money.

Write today to our Agents below

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Glaxo, write to the Sole Agents for Canada:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED

10 McCaul Street, Toronto

IN THE STRIPED PACKAGE



TRY THEM TODAY

THE NORTH-WEST BISCUIT COMPANY LTD
EDMONTON, ALTA.

COOKERY PROBLEMS or other home-making problems. Ask Miss Dutton, your editress. Miss Dutton says: "My chief object in life is to try to make home-making easier and more pleasant for those doing it, and to encourage the eating of proper foods." Miss Dutton knows the women of the West, and her broad experience is at the disposal of every Western Home Monthly reader.

A Better Table Drink

INSTANT POSTUM



Made instantly in the cup by adding hot water — no delay and no waste. Delightful and satisfying in flavor, with none of the harm that sometimes comes from tea or coffee.

“There's a Reason”
Sold by grocers everywhere!

CHEVROLET

“For Economical Transportation”

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET “Four - Ninety”

Model when delivered to a purchaser is a complete car — nothing to buy to make it serviceable or convenient.

Standard equipment includes every essential found in higher-priced cars.

Compare the power and equipment of this model with other cars selling for more money.

Chevrolet “Four-Ninety” value becomes more apparent through comparison with other automobiles.

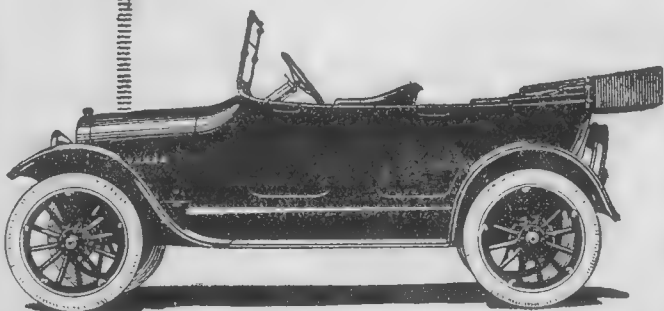
Here are some of the “Four-Ninety” features:

Transmission:	Electric lamps
Selective type	Demountable rims
hand control	License holder
Three speeds — forward and reverse	Electric horn
Electric starter	Complete tool equipment
Speedometer	Extra rim
Tire carrier	One-man top, top cover
Side curtains	

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED

Oshawa, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Dealers Everywhere



Borrowed Plumage

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 13

Was this the same Nan who had besought Barbara Norton, just a few hours ago for a recipe for popularity? About two o'clock after some more dancing, Nan and Mr. Lynn found themselves saying good-night.

“But you haven't told me a thing about yourself!” protested the handsome young knight, when he had coaxed her in vain to have another ice.

“Myself? Oh—I—I'm—”

“Do you live in the city?”

“Yes.”

“Would I know anyone you know, I wonder?”

“I—hardly think so,” and so low and restrained was her tone, he thought she was a little stiff and formal. All evening she had avoided personalities. He looked at her searchingly, a smile playing round his lips.

“Did you run away on mamma to-night? Is that it? Or did you escape from boarding-school?”

“I—I'm a runaway I guess, all right.”

“Good little girl to ‘fess up!’”

“B-but you mustn't ask me anything more,” she said, hurriedly, choking back a sob while she half turned away to hide a telltale mist of tears.

“Very well, maid of mystery. But I don't promise not to think of you and to—”

“Good-bye,” and she gave him her hand which he pressed to his lips, bending over it in true gallant fashion.

“Wait a moment,” he said releasing the hand very reluctantly. “I just wanted to say that you don't know what this evening has meant to me. It—it's been idyllic,” he said earnestly.

“It was too good to last.”

“I mean my meeting you. You're the very girl I've dreamed about. . . . Oh hang it, I always was a duffer at expressing myself! But you get me, don't you?”

She smiled and dropped her eyes. They were standing at the foot of the great stairs.

“Tell me,” he pursued, “why we can't meet again?”

Nan swallowed.

“We—we move in different circles I guess,” she said, somewhat stiffly and not meaning to in the least.

“Oh! Well,—I never thought of that. No doubt we do,” he rejoined, a hurt look in his eyes.

“Thank you for a delightful evening,” said Nan, glibly, afraid she had already revealed too much.

He flushed painfully, but said in his simple direct way that his had been the pleasure. Then she flew up the stairs. At the turn she looked down and saw him picking up the knot of violets she had dropped.

Miss Nicholl came to Nan's aid once more by offering her a lift home in her car, and poor Nan, who had forgotten till that moment that she hadn't the price of carfare left, gratefully accepted. She was put down by request at her corner drug-store.

Barbara Norton, heavy-eyed with sleep, rose on her elbow, as Nan lighted the gas.

“Well! You little old evening rambler!” she murmured in drowsy surprise.

“Where you been, hon?”

“I—I've been pulling the ropes,” said Nan with a short little laugh.

“My soul!”

“And I took you at your word, Babs. See all my borrowed feathers? Even the most of the underclothes—”

“S'all right I'm sure. Didn't I tell you you'd look perfectly scrummy in that pink? But where you been, for the luva Mike?”

“I'll never do it again. Never.”

“Come across, kid. What you stalling for?”

Nan told her all—leaving out only Rodney Lynn. Somehow she just couldn't speak of him—to Babs. The latter was loud in praise of the new departure.

“Just what you needed to put a little go in you, hon! That's what I call a good start. It just took that little scolding I gave you. Now to-morrow night—I mean to-night—let's you and me and Bill—”

“No,” said Nan, firmly. “Never again!”

“Silly! But Gee! What a nerve you got—to butt in at the Criterion of all places!”

“This is heaven—or as near to it as I'll ever be in this world,” she breathed, but silently. Aloud she affected a wordly-wise air that quite deceived.

Was this the same Nan who had besought Barbara Norton, just a few hours ago for a recipe for popularity? About two o'clock after some more dancing, Nan and Mr. Lynn found themselves saying good-night.

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“Silly! But Gee! What a nerve you got—to butt in at the Criterion of all places!”

“I realize that—now.”

“Wanted to aim high, eh?” yawned Babs.

“I feel like—like a thief. I created a false impression with—some awfully nice people.”

“Aw, you'll never meet the same ones again.”

“No, I'm afraid not,” sighed Nan, as she switched her now braided hair back and turned the gas out.

For a time Nan's life contained a certain zest. The drab was colored with gold—the gold of hope. Her long day lost much of its commonplaceness and the hours behind the glove-counter were filled with delightful speculations, fascinating little day-dreams, fears, hopes, tremors—that is, whenever there wasn't a bargain sale on. For there was always the possibility that the Fairy Prince might pass by, that he might recognize her. Fairy Princes always came. The fairytales of her childhood never failed in this. So Nan sold gloves and waited and watched and hoped—and perhaps, even prayed a little too. If she could just see him once more, hear his voice, look into his merry eyes!

She searched the sea of faces in the street. She eyed the throngs that hurried past her counter. But the particular face and form for which she was ever on the alert failed to materialize. Spring waned and summer was at hand. If he did come he would likely be dressed in outing flannels or natty tweeds, she reflected, her mind dwelling on this aspect of him with persistency and—alas!—a little pain. He was not of her world. How handsome he had been in evening clothes—the very mould of fashion! Oh it was all so absurd, for what if she did see him again? He would probably not glance her way or if he did would never recognize her. It was silly to watch for him on the street or in the trolley. People like him rode in motors, spent their afternoons at golf or polo, went abroad, married girls of their own class.

But stubbornly she went on dreaming. Some day he'd come and ask to see the very best quality cape-leather gloves. She rehearsed the scene to herself—the start on both sides, the quick recognition in his eyes, next the polite inquiries about herself—and all the while a gradual withdrawing from her, a reserve born of shock that he should find her here—finally a very courteous good-bye. At the end of these “private rehearsals” Nan's eyes would usually fill with bitter tears. Perhaps—perhaps it were as well he didn't come, she would decide.

When autumn with its shortening days arrived paradoxically the hours at the store became longer, duller, more leaden. Business became slack, after a long period of prosperity. People tightened up their purses and wisely saved for the real necessities of life. The great era of extravagant living had given place to one of semi-penury. The world had had its lesson.

The glove-counter was one of the first departments to institute economy. The various store “heads” began to “lay-off hands” and the glove manager was under the necessity of parting with four of his girls. Nan was one. She found a blue slip in her pay envelope one Thursday night. On Saturday she was to go. And, as though in sympathy with the situation Saturday was rainy.

The umbrella department next to the gloves did a land-office business. So, the glove manager like the wily old campaigner he was announced a wash-glove sale and hurried reduced-price cards up all around the circle. Miss Hutton and Miss Cresswell and Miss Lane were indignant. To spring a sale on on their final day and get all the labor he could out of them!

“The old geezer knew what he was doing! all right, all right!” grumbled Olive Hutton to Nan. “Knows he's got us here till six.”

“We're getting paid for the extra two days,” Nan said, trying to smile bravely.

“We're fools, that's what!” Olive stormed on, neither lowering her voice nor mincing her words. “I'm that rushed my head's buzzin'—an' what thanks do I get? . . . Dearie, where are the eight-button tan kids?”

“Lower drawer just behind you.”

“J'ever see sich a jam? Honest, I'm dead already! Look at that dame tryin' on the three-dollar white chamois! Ain't she got a nerve? But let her stretch 'em all. I don't care.”

Miss Hutton had jerked out some boxes and slammed them down on the counter. "Look at them overflow crowds from the umbrellas surging three-deep round us," she remarked feelingly. "I was just sayin' to Mabel—no, madam, the size six in this line's all sold out—I was tellin' Mabel—"

"Number twenty-three!" sang out a voice.

"Oh darn it!" Miss Hutton observed, "why don't he get a megaphone! . . . Coming!"

A haughty floor-walker patrolling the adjacent area had stopped to guide a customer to the gloves.

"Show this man—" he commenced.

"I can't. I'm busy putting away stock now." Miss Hutton snapped. "Take him to Miss Rossitt. Oh, Miss Rossitt—number nineteen?"

Nan looked up alertly.

"Go to that little girl with the honest-to-Gawd Pickford hair." Miss Hutton directed the customer, a man in greasy overalls. "She's got all kinds of patience, but me—I'll blow up if anybody says another word to me!"

The man grinned sympathetically and passed on, looking searchingly for the clerk with the queenly hirsute adornment. He was a slim young chap who walked with a light, graceful tread but his hands and face were soiled with the grime and oil of his job, which it was very apparent was not of the white-collar order. Nan, had just concluded negotiations with two bargain-fiends who had pawed over a dozen boxes and gone away without buying anything but a tin of cleaner. She was folding a heterogeneous lot of gloves back into some semblance of order when a voice accosted her thus:

"I want a pair of machinist's gloves, size ten—canvas. I see you have a sale—"

The sudden halt was directly due to the fact that just then Nan looked brightly up. Brown eyes gazed into blue for one long entranced moment.

"You!" cried the man, softly.

"You!" breathed the girl, a rich flush rising in her cheeks.

"I've found her! Whoopee! Oh girl, girl,—is it really you—really Nan?"

Nan nodded, wordless. After a moment he went on:

"I've searched the city for you! I've moved heaven and earth and now—now I've found you! All by accident, too. If I hadn't seen this sale advertised—"

"Searched for me you say?" she murmured half-incredulously, her voice trembling.

He took a long breath. Then swiftly he reached for her hand, and wrung it till it pained her.

"Lord, if I ever thought when I came in here—a dog's day like this—and the get-up of me!"—and he cast a rueful look at his overalls, his hands, his thick cotton shirt partly open at the neck.

"I thought—" Nan began and stopped.

"That I led a life of gilded ease? Well—I thought the same of you!"—and he grinned happily.

"I—I was only a bird in borrowed plumage!"

"Same here."

"You? How? Weren't you a regular guest, either?"

"Went to that ball on a dare! Paulson and I are pals and he loaned me the soup-and-fish. That's all. Say, if I humbly and climb into some decent rags will you—could you—would you come to dinner to-night somewhere?"

Nan looked up demurely from under her curling lashes.

"I kind of like you just the way you are," she said, softly.

MY DEAR

By Grace G. Bostwick

My dear she is a simple girl,
A simple dear is she.
She'd rather cook our dainty meals
Than dine with royalty.

She'd rather fuss about the house
And keep it fine within,
Than dwell in august palaces
Mid all their stir and din.

She'd rather sport an apron fair
Than all the silken gowns
That haughty high-born ladies wear
Along with weary frowns.

She'd rather smile—that girl of mine—
Than anything I know.
She'd rather—there! I almost told
Why I adore her so!

IF I CAN LIVE

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to
give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing
by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and
fair
To us on earth, will not have been in
vain.
The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, and far from earth's
alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and
shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of
thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



WAITING FOR THE HARNESS

The accompanying photo, that of Athabasca Falls in Jasper Park, Alta., illustrates one concrete example of waste in waterpower. How many millions of horse power annually disappears into this foaming chasm no one will know until such time when some enterprising corporation harnesses the falls and measures its power-producing capacity. Verily it is but one example as the whole north-west drainage system, including the Athabasca, Peace, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers contain hundreds of locations where power plants could be established. And in the meantime, as in countless ages past, they are waiting for the harness.—Raymond Thompson.

Assured

"I have come to get my wife photographed," said the determined-looking man as he entered the studio, followed by a meek-looking woman.

"You can make people look all right, sir, can't you?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the photographer. "That is part of my business, you know."

"Well, Maria here fell out of the window last year and injured her nose. You can straighten it out, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"And can you push in Maria's ears so that she won't look so much like a rabbit?"

"Oh, I think so."

"And what about the squint in her left eye?"

"Oh, I can touch it out in the negative."

"And the freckles?"

"They won't appear in the picture at all."

"And will the hair be red?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you can go ahead. Sit down there, Maria, and try to look pleasant."

Guaranteed!

NOT only did the proprietors of Rubberset Company originate and perfect the process of gripping brush bristles everlastingly in hard vulcanized rubber, but they originated the policy of guaranteeing brushes against bristle shedding, to the end that the manufacturer and not the individual brush buyer must bear the cost of any shortcomings in their goods.

That trade and public might identify the brushes so made and so guaranteed, the manufacturers adopted, many years ago, the trade name "RUBBERSET" and affixed it prominently and permanently upon every brush they made.

"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!" is not an advertising slogan. It is a straightforward statement of the principle which made and maintains RUBBERSET brushes as the world's standard article of their kind.

Imitations of the process, the trademark, or the principle, can be viewed only as an attempt on the part of those practising such imitations to profit by the standing and esteem accruing rightfully to the originators of all three.

Identify the brushes made by this company by the presence of the trade name RUBBERSET as shown below.

RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.

FACTORIES

TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA

"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"

Be guided
by our
trade mark

Be guarded
by our
guarantee

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Brushes bearing
this trade mark

Are made in
CANADA

every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

New and Easy Way to Learn Music

Learn to Play or Sing—Every Step Made Simple as A B C

Entire Cost only a Few Cents a Lesson—
and Nothing Unless Satisfied



How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing.

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission, "I can't sing," or, "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music—in your spare time at home—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons explain every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C.

My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no make-shifts of any kind.

I call my method "new" simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time-tried and proven. Over 250,000 successful pupils—from boys and girls of seven and eight to men and women of seventy—are the proof.

To prove what I say, you can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with this course, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything else included. When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my method. It shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

MR. DAVID F. KEMP, President
U. S. School of Music, 126 Brunswick Bldg.,
New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer.

Name
Address
City Province

The Passing of the Country Cousin

By ANNIE E. MELLISH

Do you ever notice the present day cordial greeting between the city and country acquaintance? No longer do we hear half sneering remarks about a "country cousin" or "Townie" among a certain class of people. The change was becoming evident during the industrial slump in 1913. Then the war was a great "mixer" followed by this reconstruction period, with its high cost of living on one side and its unemployed problem on the other. People have now a broader viewpoint of life and a deeper appreciation of the struggle to earn a livelihood, whether it be to till the soil or sell silk stockings "special" over a counter.

The day of "thrills" is past. No longer is the boy or girl from the country filled with breathless admiration at any of the wonders of the great city. No indeed: "Why Dad runs all his machines by motor power"—"We had a shower bath spray put in our bath-room too"—"Oh, let us go to another show, I saw those pictures at the hall back home last week"—so the little rural visitor tells her city cousin. Then the city lad visits Grandpa and gives a vivid description of how he keeps chickens, grows potatoes and climbs his neighbor's apple trees. So the city and the country are becoming more closely allied to each other. Yet, in spite of these miniature farms, the city, with its variety of school colleges, libraries and many other standard advantages, has not changed in so apparent a

different lines of work that amazed us. Two boys, aged ten and twelve years respectively, could manage a gasoline launch, and go on a business trip of trust in their boat like men. In the evening the family gathered in a large living room. The mother and father read the papers and told any items of interest to the family; the eldest daughter worked on a dainty table centre while others played chess and dominoes. Here was an ideal family scene, such as we often hear deplored as passing out of our modern homes. A beautiful piano stood at one end of the room, and the evening closed with music and singing. "Our children are very fond of music," said the mother. "Last year we bought a Victrola for them; we selected records of the old artists as well as more modern ones, for we think it is wise as we are so far out in the country to have the best music and best books for the children."

This is another instance where the country has a modern method of education. Yet, while music and literature are an asset to a rural home, it is the produce of the soil that counts with the farmer. During the past few years the truth of the theory that the farmer is the one man independent in regard to the rise or fall of the price of food has been most apparent. While the average city family has been living practically on the bare necessities of life, the farmer has not only provided these necessities in quantity and quality for



Don't move dirt with brooms

Remove it with a
BISSELL'S
Carpet Sweeper

Daily sweeping becomes a quick, easy, pleasant task, causing no commotion or discomfort. No dust cloud to menace health and settle on curtains and furniture. No stooping, no back-breaking, nerve-racking drudgery. Run a Bissell about with one hand. It's done. Only a Bissell has the famous smooth-running "Cyco" Ball Bearings. A Bissell lasts for ten years and more and soon pays for itself in the cost of brooms.

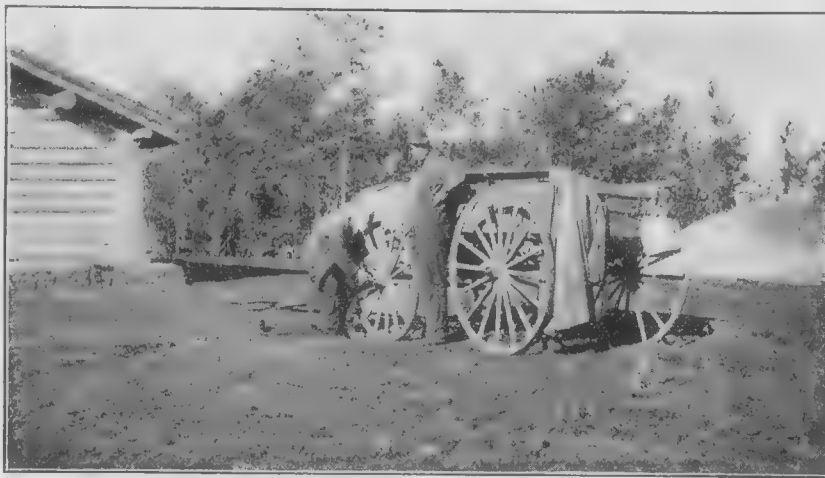
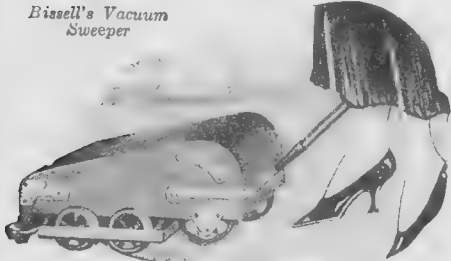
Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper, too, has more suction than any other non-electric, even more than some electrics, at a quarter their cost.

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Sweeper



The old mail carrier en route from The Crossing to Dunvegan. A famous old character.

manner as the country during the past few years.

For instance, a new invention comes along; it is accepted as a good thing and at once submerged into the activities of city life and seemingly forgotten. In the country that same invention is the means of changing conditions to such an extent that the farmer realizes that he has at his own door an equipment or an advantage that puts him on the same level, in a certain line as the man who lives in the city.

For instance, the farmers in all localities, have their automobiles and with their families enjoy motor trips to many distant points. Their homes are modern, with the conveniences up to date, such as electric light, telephone, laundry and vacuum cleaners of all descriptions. The women follow the fads of fashion in a manner that is not possible for their city cousin to do. A tailored suit, for winter and summer wear, is the regulation costume for a woman in the city. She knows comparatively few people as she moves to and fro amid the busy throng, but the maiden in a rural district recognizes an acquaintance in everyone she meets.

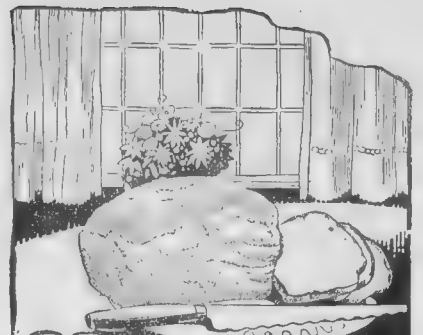
In regard to education, graded schools are now established even in remote localities. The same examination for entrance into High School is given throughout the province.

Last summer, when on a holiday trip in the country with a friend, we boarded in a home where it seemed the children would surely grow up without educational advantages. We soon saw our mistake. Not only were the children as advanced as other children of their age, but they had a general knowledge of

his table, but he has received such a high price for his surplus produce that enabled him to supply luxuries for his children far beyond the possibility of a city father. Nor is the farmer in these days always an individual salesman. He may become a member of a "combination" that has recently been formed in his district. This combination increases the power of the farmer in controlling the price of his produce. This naturally affects the city markets. In fact, the success or failure of the wheat crop, which is the greatest asset to a Western farm, is felt in financial circles throughout Canada.

The greatest pride of the country, however, is even beyond wheat. It lies in the long list of men, leaders of our nation, who have been brought up on a farm. They have been able to develop their brain in quiet thought and reading, undisturbed by distractions of city life.

These same distractions that are fatal to deep thinking and profound study are essential to developing the brain in another line. Take, for instance, a city man. He has been trained to be alert, quick in action and thought; to be ready at a moment's notice to grapple with big problems; to close a deal over a five thousand mile telephone wire, or cope with a detailed business transaction. He lives up to the motto on his desk: "Concentrate. Do it now." He is always courteous and at times is known to smile, even to collectors. At the close of the day this busy man brings the cover of his desk down with a jerk—rushes to the elevator—dashes out of the building—jumps into his car



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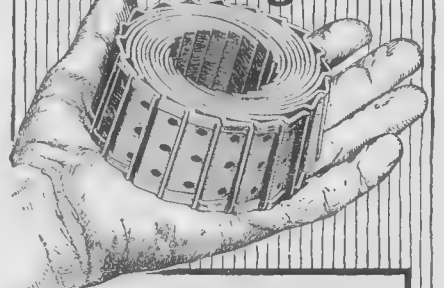
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and strains every nerve to avoid a smash up amid the stream of speeding motors.

A story is told of William Allan White, of Emporia, Kansas. He was offered great inducements to live in New York. Mr. White replied: "There is nothing in New York that can compensate me for the loss of the pleasure of watering my own front lawn every evening." This would not be a drawback to Mr. White living in a Canadian city. The lawn is "thrown in" with the house, over here and it is quite a common sight, on a summer evening, to see the head of the house, in his shirt sleeves, spraying his lawn. It is another connecting link with rural life; the city man knows the true worth of the farmer. In the place of the expression, "My country cousin", we hear in these days, "My relative, who controls land interests." While the "relative" now appreciates the strenuous work of "Townie", and now refers to him as an "aggressive business man".

MAIL DAY

By Geo. L. Rotherham

It is mail day. A motley crowd has gathered at the post office, the Hudson's Bay Company's store, to await the coming of the mail driver with his load of precious freight.

Two counters are placed down the length of the store. Against these lounge all sorts and conditions of men and women, while a few of the boldest are sitting on the counters, dangling their legs. Here is the mounted police constable in his uniform of scarlet and blue, there a homesteader clad in overalls, grimy with the dust from the land. Over there a cowboy, wearing a Stetson hat, a knotted red silk handkerchief and a pair of "chaps" and spurs, is chatting with a prairie belle. In the far corner stands an Indian, stolid and indifferent to his surroundings. Looking up at him stands a youngster of eight years of age who has escaped from the protecting arms of his fond mother, who is busily engaged attending to the wants of her numerous offspring.

The mail driver is in sight and soon draws his team up at the door of the store, having made a journey of thirty-five miles since morning. He has many willing hands to help him unload the bulky red bags. The postmaster sorts the mail and soon it is ready for distribution.

What a varied effect has the receipt of the mail to the different individuals? To some it brings threats, sadness and heartrendings while to others it brings gracious promises, joy and tidings of love. Little does the mail driver realize how precious are the bags he carries. He forms the connecting link between the wilderness and civilization.

A SOLUTION FOR LEGAL TROUBLE

A new edition of the well-known publication, known as Anger's Digest of Mercantile Laws, has recently been published. It has been re-written from cover to cover and enlarged. It will be found to be an economic and useful guide to any business man. It is reported to have saved one man \$1,500 by imparting information in relation to a will. The index at the end of the publication is particularly well arranged and any matter on which information is required can be readily located. Price \$3.50, post free. Western agent, J. H. Thompson, 306 Ryan Commercial Bldg., Winnipeg.

EDMONTON EXHIBITION

The prize list for the Edmonton Exhibition is to hand, and is as usual, up-to-date in all classes. Northern Alberta is essentially a mixed farming country, and no section of the country has made greater strides in the live stock industry than the territory tributary to Edmonton, particularly in the last five years. A few years ago the best stock exhibited at the Edmonton Summer Exhibition was brought in by Easterners or Americans, or from the southern part of the province, which has been many more years in the live stock game than Northern Alberta. A visit to the spring shows and summer fairs at Edmonton now, however, will reveal a different condition of affairs. The

local breeders are there, each with his own particular favorite breed of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and they give the outsider a "run for their money" in almost every class judged. Not only are they breeding the best themselves, but they are also buying the choicest individuals they can locate to build up their herds and flocks, and many carloads of good live stock are sold at the Edmonton Exhibition yearly by the older and more experienced breeders of other sections. This means that the Alberta farmer is "coming into his own" and is not afraid to try his chances in the show ring with the more experienced live stock men. The exhibition management, of course, encourages the local breeder to exhibit, with special classes for Alberta-bred stock, and the result is as stated above, that Northern Alberta is rapidly assuming its destined

position as the base of supplies for the live stock markets of the world. The entries for the Edmonton Exhibition close on June 24th. The exhibition is slated for the period of July 8th to 16th, and reduced rates have been secured on all railways.

THE PRICE

Whatever of freedom we own,
Somebody has striven and tried for it.
By war through the years it has grown,
By strength of the men who have died for it.
Each stone in the structure of truth—
Someone has made ready and right for it.
Someone has spent heart's blood and youth,
Someone has been willing to fight for it.

Not always has blood been the pay,
But always a price has been paid for it,

The worth of achievement to-day
Is gauged by the struggle we've made for it;
There need not be rancor or hate,
Nor bitterness, terror and blight for it,
But nothing is worthy or great
Unless you are willing to fight for it.

You cannot progress with gold
(You get but the emptiest shell of it),
But to win it and earn it and hold
You must go through the heat and the toil of it.
You must suffer the sweat and the pain,
You must toil all the day and the night for it,
For nothing worth while you can gain
Unless you are willing to fight for it.

Berton Braley.

Misplaced switches have wrecked more
trains than they have children.



How Wise the Hippopotamus Would be if Weight were a Measure of Intelligence—

It is just as foolish and futile to attempt to determine gasoline quality by a gravity test as it would be to try to gauge the intelligence of the hippopotamus or any other animal by weighing it. Gravity is no indication of gasoline quality.

Imperial Premier Gasoline is a straight-distilled, all-refinery fuel. It is the product of our five modern, fully equipped Canadian refining plants. It is the best gasoline that can be made by employing scientific, up-to-date methods, skilled workmen and the best of modern gasoline equipment. When better gasoline can be made, Imperial Oil Limited will make it.

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For the fourteenth successive year the company stands first for Canadian Business—showing the wide approval of The Great-West Policies. High interest earnings, low expense rates and a favorable mortality continue to be outstanding features—and lead to high returns to Policyholders.

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BETWEEN the wheat on our prairie and the daily bread of the people of this country and of distant lands runs a long chain of operations, each link of which is strengthened by banking services.

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CANADA'S BALANCE SHEET

Sir Henry Drayton has presented Canada's balance sheet and budget to the people of Canada. The speech which he made when presenting his financial statement to the House of Commons should be carefully studied by every Canadian.

From the point of view of the average man the increase in the sales tax of 50 per cent is the most interesting feature of the budget, because Mr. Average Citizen is the man who will pay this tax in the long run. There is no general tariff revision provided for in the budget and the suggested turnover tax has not been included in the proposals. All luxury taxes have now been abolished and the business profits war tax has been allowed to drop out of existence. No change has been made in the income tax, but customs duties have been adjusted to prevent dumping of foreign goods on the Canadian market.

One of the changes suggested by Sir Henry in his budget speech may have a far reaching effect. In the past, it has been the practice to some extent to sell goods to the Canadian people, leading them to believe that these goods came from some country other than the one they really came from originally. British manufacturers have persistently complained that goods were being sold in Canada as British made, when as a matter of fact many of them had never seen Britain and others were merely collected there and forwarded to Canada. It is now proposed that all goods imported to Canada shall as far as is possible bear some mark showing where they were manufactured.

Changes in Customs Valuations

Sir Henry Drayton pointed out that much of the unemployment at present existing in Canada is due to unfair foreign competition, and the dumping of foreign goods on the Canadian market. To correct this, two changes are suggested in connection with the charging of customs duties. The first deals with the dumping problem. When a country produces more than it can sell of a certain class of goods under ordinary conditions the natural result is that there is a slump in the price of the goods—because the supply exceeds the ordinary demand. The remedy sometimes adopted under these circumstances is to "dump" a large quantity of these goods in a foreign market and undersell competitors in that market. Any losses sustained by this dumping process are balanced to some extent by the increased price secured in the home market—because the withdrawal of the surplus of goods in the home markets readjusts the available supply to the demands of those markets. But these manipulations result in rather marked changes in values and the basis on which customs duties are imposed in Canada on imported goods is the fair market value of those goods in the country which they come from. There already exist certain provisions against dumping but Sir Henry Drayton suggests that in order to effectively deal with temporary fluctuations which result from overproduction, goods should be valued for customs purposes not at forced sale prices justified by temporary quotations in foreign markets but having regard to the regular standard value in that market and to cost of production and a reasonable profit thereon.

Offsetting the Effect of Exchange Fluctuations

The extraordinary exchange rates which have existed for quite a lengthy period, have added to the difficulties of the customs department. The minister of finance hopes to overcome these difficulties and offset the effect of these exchange fluctuations by providing that any depreciation of a foreign currency greater than 50 per cent shall be dis-

regarded, and that the lowest valuation which can be made will be arrived at by a depreciation of 50 per cent. Where the rate of exchange is against Canada the value of imports for customs purposes will be the actual value in Canadian money at the date of the shipment of the goods.

As illustrations of the foregoing the following examples are given: Suppose you buy an article from a New York firm the price of which is \$100 in New York, and which is subject to 30 per cent duty. On the day this article is shipped United States money is at a premium of 10 per cent in Canada, in other words you will have to pay \$110 in Canadian money to buy a draft for \$100 payable in New York. The customs duty will be charged on \$110, the actual cost in Canadian money of your purchase, and the duty will amount to \$33. But if you are buying German goods conditions are reversed. The face value of the German mark is approximately 24 cents, but German marks are actually worth less than two cents each to-day in Canada. So an article which cost 100 marks in Germany to-day would cost in Canadian money about \$2, but for customs purposes the value will be placed at not less than 50 per cent of the face value of 100 marks, namely \$12.

Our Trade with the United States and Great Britain

Sir Henry is not at all satisfied with our trade with the United States, for he asserts that if Canada is to continue to buy as much as she now does in the United States she ought to sell a great deal more in that market. But he does not view the future with much confidence for he plainly says that the emergency tariff bill of the United States will practically shut off the American markets to many Canadian agricultural commodities to the extent of \$168,000,000 of exports yearly.

Of our total trade last year 57 per cent was with the United States. Our neighbors to the south sold us \$856,593,470 of goods out of our total imports valued at \$1,240,125,056—practically 70 per cent. In return they bought from us goods to the value of \$560,683,798—resulting in an unfavorable trade balance of \$295,909,672. This unfavorable balance is very materially increased by the continually increasing payments which Canada is making by way of interest on moneys borrowed in the United States and income on investments in Canada held by residents in the United States.

Our trade with Great Britain is in a much more satisfactory condition, although the trade balance in our favor decreased considerably during the past year. Our exports to Great Britain last year totalled \$495,960,118, while our imports from the Motherland amounted to \$126,359,249, leaving a trade balance in our favor of \$369,600,869. This year our exports dropped to \$314,226,348, while our imports increased to \$213,930,946, and as a result the trade balance was reduced to \$100,295,402. When the heavy payments for interest and earnings on British investments in Canadian securities and enterprises are taken into consideration this balance is practically wiped out.

Our National Income and Expenditure

Revenues received by the Dominion government for the last fiscal year totalled \$432,000,000, the chief sources of revenue being as follows:

Customs	\$163,000,000
Excise	37,200,000
Post office	26,000,000
Business profits tax	40,000,000
Income tax	46,500,000
Inland revenue war tax	79,050,000

Expenditures for the year amount to \$533,368,077—equal to approximately \$70 for every man, (Cont'd on page 28)

Music and the Home

THIS CANADIAN MOTHER APPRECIATES VALUE OF MUSIC

A fond Canadian mother of several happy children has this to say with regard to the influence of music in the home:

"I have found that music has exercised a wonderful influence in the lives of my children. It has not only been a source of culture, but a great aid in developing character. To me music is the language of the heart, and I know of nothing that is so much loved and so largely understood by children as music. Every day my children sing, dance, romp and play to the strains of the piano. They fill their little minds and hearts so full of the wonder and love of music that it becomes a part of their every day existence. Week in and week out there is always sometime when I help the children to have a good time with the piano. There is no doubt in my mind but that planting the love and appreciation of good music in my children when they were very young has been altogether responsible for their finding entertainment and diversion in music now."

ELEVATING PUBLIC TASTE

Throughout all modern musical history there has been an endless striving to elevate the public taste to where the works of the serious minded musician would be appreciated. So long as composers remain true to their inspirations and tell us in their language, the great stories of the human heart, that long will they find followers thirsty for the best they can produce and eager to interpret their gospel of good music to those who have enjoyed lesser advantages; and in the fore ranks of these musical missionaries is that great army of earnest conscientious teachers who are once and all the time devoting their energies to the improvement of the musical taste of their respective communities.

To these teachers frequently comes in some form the question: "Can all learn to enjoy or appreciate classical music?" Interpreted, this is equivalent to: "Can everybody learn to appreciate good music?" For, to the untutored mind whatever rises above the popular "slush" with which the market is flooded, is tagged as "classical" regardless of the nice distinctions of the initiated as to the classic, romantic and so-called futuristic schools of music.

BLIND MAY READ MUSIC

By means of the "octophone," an invention of a Frenchman, Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Abbe, the blind may hope to read music. This "octophone" translates print into musical sounds. The blind reader has first to master a sound code and wears ear receivers like a telephone operator.

A piece of selenium is the soul of the instrument. Selenium conducts more or less electricity according to the amount of light that falls on it. The different letters send out varying light pulsations which set the telephonic mechanism working and the reader hears the book pages sing.

CHILDREN MAKE A MUSICAL NATION

The future of music on this continent was discussed recently by Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, and he has a definite formula for its cultivation. "To make Canada and the United States have true musical instinct, we must begin," he says, "with our young children"; and in this connection he instances Germany: "That nation is not a musical one—certainly not as musical as America." Mr. Edison continues:

"Brahms, of all their great composers, is really the only one we may count as a German. Beethoven, a Dutchman; Wagner, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer—all Jews. Yet Germany has developed a vast love of music among the people for the simple reason that almost every child is taught some instrument. In a family, every youngster is given some instrument to learn, and in the home there is cultivated a love of art which proves more alluring than our moving pictures, and how much more inspiring!"

"That is what we must do here in this new world. It is not the schools or the teachers, that have in their power the making of a musical nation, but the mothers. Newspapers and individuals

should preach the gospel of teaching music to our youth in their homes, a different instrument to each child, then all our musical difficulties would solve themselves. Do this and a noble musical future is assured our coming generations."

HOW A SCOTTISH FIDDLER COLLECTED HIS FEES

There is a well known story of Niel Gow, the Scottish itinerant fiddler, who used to tramp the country in order to play at the country houses of the gentry.

Coming to a river over which a party of workmen had just finished building a handsome brick bridge, Gow, on one occasion, asked them to pay him a trifle, in return for which he would play to them while they ate their dinner. They uncivilly refused, whereupon he threatened to "fiddle the bridge down." The workmen scoffed at Gow's threat, but when, seating himself beneath the arch, he found on his instrument the note to which it responded, he sawed away rhythmically at that note till the bridge actually seemed to tremble and a few pieces of mortar fell. The alarmed workmen hastily whipped up the sum demanded and were only too glad to pay Gow and allow him to depart.

FREEDOM IN EXPRESSION

Shall a young girl or a young man, just because they are musical and are studying music, be denied the fruits of a refined education, which certainly includes a certain curbing and repression in the outward show of our feelings when they are caused by annoyance, anger, repulsion or even by joy? Should they be encouraged to loudly thump the table, while shouting with laughter in a public place, just because they are preparing themselves for a musical career? The answer is evident.

It is not, however, in the general education and the acquisition of deportment that lack of expression in both men and women is found, but in the fact that the principles which govern deportment and general behavior are carried to the study room, to the piano on which we are asked not to repress, but to express ourselves. Here full freedom should be granted.

Thus the gift and power of expression without detriment to personal refinement will be cultivated and allowed to grow in early childhood and in youth—that is to say in the years when character is formed, when impressions are strongest, and when, consequently, the power of expression, if cultivated, will soon be rooted deeply, bringing forth in after years, the fragrant flower of personal charm, when interpreting on our beloved instrument the wondrous message left to us by the great masters in music.

MUSIC DEVELOPS THE CHILD

Music is one of the principal factors in the development of the child which needs only the touch of opportunity to manifest itself in some form.

The child is soothed in its sorrow, disappointment or distress, by a song. Every child should be given the chance to sing and be taught what, and how, to sing. He is entitled to be taught instrumental music at public expense if, after trial, he reveals aptitude.

Music in the school means music in the home and better music in the church. Nothing adds more to social efficiency and happiness than music.

HOW "RULE BRITANNIA" BECAME POPULAR

"The singing of 'Rule Britannia,'" says Dr. Russell Wells, an English musical authority, "was one of the biggest factors in rousing Englishmen of the early days of last century to the menace of Napoleon's designs on British shores; though, but for the musical discrimination and appreciation of the Irish people, there might have been no 'Rule Britannia' for Englishmen to sing. The song was first tried on the English people in 1741, when Dr. Arne composed it for some Hanoverian Accession celebrations. It fell flat and would have been forgotten. A few years later, however, Dr. Arne went to Dublin and introduced it in musical circles there. It became an instantaneous success, and subsequently found its way back to London to begin its long career as one of the most popular patriotic songs ever produced in any country."

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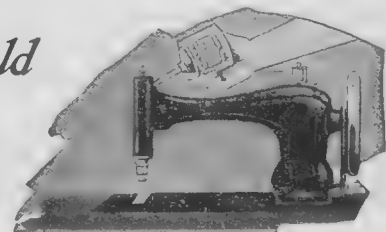
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WOMEN like this tidy, convenient can that's so brimful of beauty for furniture and woodwork.

Imperial Ioco Liquid Gloss contains no acid or grit to injure the highest finish. It cleans as it polishes and leaves no trace of stains. It softens and preserves varnish—does not catch dust. It is easily applied. A very little on a moistened cloth goes a long way and gives best results.

Ask for Imperial Ioco Liquid Gloss at furniture, hardware and department stores.

Another Household Convenience ~
The Right Oil and the Right Amount on the Right Spot



You'll find a new need every day for Imperial Household Lubricant. The phonograph, the sewing machine, the vacuum cleaner—all run better after an application of this clean mineral oil. It kills every squeak and prevents rust. Will not gum or evaporate.

The handy oiler with the long nozzle reaches hard-to-get-at places easily. Flow can be accurately controlled whether one drop or several is needed. No waste and no muss with Imperial Household Lubricant. Hardware, departmental and similar stores sell it.

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Mouth Organs from 25c, Hohner Mouth Organs from 50c, Hohner Accordions \$12.50, Auto Harps from \$5.25, Ukuleles from \$5.75, Cornets from \$25.00, Guitars from \$11.00, Mandolin Round Back from \$9.00, Mandolin Flat Back \$11.75

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EDMONTON EXHIBITION

JULY 8-16, 1921

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GET IN LINE WITH PROGRESS—Fit your stock for the Edmonton Exhibition—where foregather the ambitious settler and the successful farmer. Let your name stand for "quality breeding" NOW.

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ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 24th.

REDUCED RATES ON ALL RAILWAYS.

A. R. McLENNAN, President

W. J. STARK, Manager.

CANADIAN POETS

In our study of Canadian poets we must rank E. Pauline Johnson (Tekonhionwake) as the poet who is more purely Canadian than any other. Her father was Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, and her mother was a lady of pure English parentage—her birthplace being Bristol, England. Pauline was born on her father's reserve, twelve miles south of Brantford, Ontario. Her father was of the Mohawk tribe—a scion of one of fifty noble Indian families which composed the historical confederation formed by Hiawatha over four hundred years ago. These Indians, afterwards known as the Iroquois, have been famed for their loyalty to the British Crown. They fought for the British Crown and in return were granted the lands in the county of Brant, Ontario. The biographical sketch in "Flint and Feathers," from which I have gleaned the above facts, states that Pauline must have inherited her loyalty to Britain and Britain's flag from her Indian ancestors, as well as from her English mother. This loyalty breathes marked sincerity in both her prose and poetry. She loved poetry from early childhood. When she was a child of four a friend asked her what he should bring her from the city. Her reply was, "Verses, please."

Before she was twelve years old she had read every line of Scott's poems, every line of Longfellow, much of Byron. Shakespeare and such books as Addison's "Spectator," Foster's Essays and Owen Meredith's poems.

I remember with admiration her charming sense of gratitude in a letter she wrote me six months before her death. She was suffering then from the disease that resulted in her death, but in her pain she wrote this letter, expressing her appreciation of an appeal I had made to the boys and girls of a children's department in a magazine, in which I urged them to buy Pauline Johnson's Legends of Vancouver. Her manager told me that it was a genuine pleasure to her to open the letters from the children and read their kind messages of love that accompanied their orders for the book. She would exclaim: "Here are some more letters from those dear children!"

Pauline Johnson died March 7, 1913 and at her own request was buried in Stanley Park, Vancouver. A rustic fence surrounds her grave and the word "Pauline" is carved on a simple stone—but in time this will be regarded as one of Canada's most famous literary shrines.

Her poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings," is the best known—I need not quote it. Our readers are familiar with it. But I do want to quote her poem, "Canadian Born." I trust every reader of this page will memorize it:

"Canadian Born"

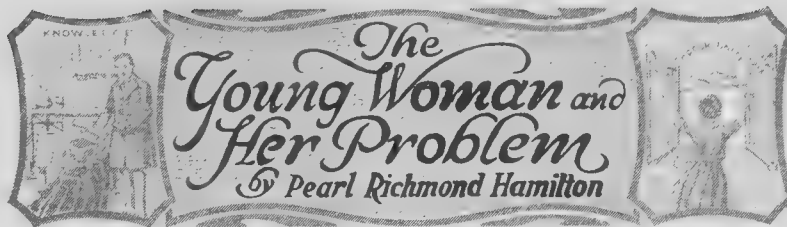
E. Pauline Johnson

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly birth.
But few are vagabonds or rogues of doubtful name and worth;
And all have one credential that entitles us to brag—
That we were born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame.
But we have gold and glory in our clean, colonial name;
And every man's a millionaire, if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

No title and no coronet is half so proudly worn
As that which we inherited as men Canadian born.
We count no man so noble as the one who makes the brag
That he was born in Canada, beneath the British flag.



The Dutch may have their Holland, the Spaniard have his Spain,
The Yankee to the south of us must south of us remain;
For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag
That they were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

BIG MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS GIRL

A business girl to me means any girl engaged in the business of life. She may work for a salary or wages, she may be a school girl or one working in her own home.

Big moments that come into the life of a girl or woman who works for her living may come into the life of any girl. Women and girls complain that they do not get enough for their needs.

What are our needs?

What are our wants?

Do we confuse the two?

We need wholesome food at regular hours, not cream puffs, afternoon cakes, boxes of rich chocolates and after-theatre lunches.

We need neat, comfortable clothing—not indecent thin garments that invite sickness and dare the morals of men. We need clean shelter, fresh air and exercise.

We need recreation—not dissipation. We need spiritual guidance, intellectual knowledge and good health.

Plants and animals grow from internal and external nourishment. Too much sun blights the life of a plant. Too much pleasure blights the life of a girl. She needs work, exercise and difficulties.

There is a magnificent big house on the Fort Garry Drive, Winnipeg. It is not a home for it has been empty ever since it was built—seven or eight years ago. All the efforts have been spent on the outside of the structure. It was built for a home but it is of no use to the community as a home.

On the same drive is a neat little cottage. Flowers at the windows and children playing about indicate a home gilded with love. This little home is a blessing to the community.

How many girls spend more time and effort on external decoration than interior beauty?

How often do I see a girl whose face is decorated with artificial dyes who would pretend to the public that she means to be a girl. But she is not a real girl. All her efforts are spent on exterior decoration. Her inner self is empty.

The moment a girl recognizes the need of inner beauty—the moment she recognizes the value of spiritual need is the first real big moment in her life for in that moment a vision opens to her the door of opportunity to life's big purposes.

When Mary, the mother of Jesus had a vision of her calling to motherhood she exclaimed: "My soul doth magnify the Lord—for He hath regarded the low estate of His hand maiden."

I think this is a vital passage of scripture for girls. When Mary saw the vision of her calling she prepared to make herself worthy of it.

This is another big moment in a girl's life—the time she decides on the kind of preparation for her work. The moment she decides what she will be.

A position is not of much value if it does not require years of preparation. We must enjoy the experience of accomplishment. If we do our lives are filled with big moments. Do you know, I believe the girl in Canada has greater opportunities than any other girl in the world. This means every one of you. Why? Because our environment is big.

Our prairies are rich in the promise of production—but men must plow and cultivate if they would enjoy its wealth. Our mountains are valuable mines of minerals but men must dig for them.

Our forests and streams are alive with game, but men must hunt. The very air we breathe is charged with vital ozone.

Then Canada is second to no country in scenic beauty and grandeur. Even the skies above us give more generously of their beauty of coloring than elsewhere.

We have so much room to grow and work here. Where much is given much is expected.

The letters in our contests from pioneer men and women in Canada reveal to us the marvelous character of manhood and womanhood that blazed the way for us. That is the reason I wanted this contest in our department for young women.

Peter MacArthur in his verse "The Pioneer," emphasizes the vision and opportunities that are ours to-day through their foresight and bravery:

"Our fathers toiled, but in a glorious fight,
The God of nations led them by the hand.
With pillared smoke by day and fire by night
They wrought like heroes in their promised land.
The wilderness was conquered by their might.
They made for God the marvel He had planned.
A land of homes where toil could make men free.
The final masterpiece of destiny."

After a girl recognizes her first big moment, others come in quick succession—gratitude for opportunity, thoughtfulness of preparation and sacrifice.

The girl who sees big moments is convinced of the necessity of a clean mind and a strong body.

How does our recreation affect us? Does it invigorate us or fatigue us? Our choice of the type of recreation is a big moment in our life.

Temptations will come—we must develop strength of character to be able to detect and resist them. Then we shall come out of the temptations stronger.

A man loses his respect for a girl the moment she yields to any temptation that will weaken her character.

That is one of the biggest temptations in a girl's life. It is a big moment when a girl will not yield. How many girls spend a lifetime of regret because they failed to see the importance of a decision of one big moment.

The time a girl spends to develop strength and purity of character will enable her to handle the big moments of life when they come.

Physical, intellectual, religious and social development create a personality such as no artificial exterior decoration can ever hope to attain.

Spiritual vision opens before a girl a great future of opportunity. Big moments are times when we must answer "I will," or "I will not."

* Our choice of reading matter is a big moment. Intellectual training that comes from helpful reading creates clean vision. Cloudy vision dims our sight and makes us too blind to see the big moments. If our mind is dirty we can never hope for clear visions.

My little girl lost her ball. It was only three feet away—but she was crying so hard she could not see it. That is the reason some of us can not see our opportunities.

Those are big moments when we make our choice of friends.

Lonely moments are big moments. They may lead to temptations or splendid visions of opportunities.

Crowds do not see visions.

When we see our opportunity let us measure its success according to its value to the community. The full pay envelope with an opportunity to spend all for satisfaction of self is not a vision that will be of much use. I fear the pay envelope too frequently blinds our vision to the real opportunity before us. There are big moments in the life of every girl.

"To every girl there openeth
The high way and the low,
And the high soul climbs the high way
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift too and fro.
To every girl there openeth
The high way and the low,
And every one decideth
The way that she will go."

Service

Plans to help others are carried out. Community responsibility is emphasized in ways that require the service of girls.

The C.G.I.T. thus hopes to develop our Canadian girls into useful women and we trust hearty co-operation will unite this organization into a service rendering power. Miss Helen Davison, 205 Huron & Erie Building, Winnipeg, is the young woman secretary of the organization in the western provinces. She, herself, is an ideal young woman—capable, ambitious and an inspiration to girls.

A PIONEER GRANDFATHER

To the Memory of Grandpa.

Grandpa came to Manitoba in the days when Winnipeg was only a village. He was a native of Scotland. He brought with him not much money, just enough to make a little start on one hundred and sixty acres of land. But he brought with him in his heart something of more value than money, something that would last on through all eternity.

I will tell the readers of The Western Home Monthly how Grandpa carried it out in his life as he helped in the up-building of the country. As he toiled on the land, clearing it and breaking it—making what was once forest into fields. Oh, he was so happy while the sunshine shone about him. He drove the cows to the pasture field in the early morning. There he met the sun, just rising. Oh, the beauty of those sunrises. There are no mountains in Manitoba to dim the sunrise. And as the beautiful wheat fields waved and murmured in the breeze, Grandpa would look up to heaven and say, "God is at the back of that, God made that."

(Continued on p. 31)

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Come, Let Us Read Awhile

By the Western Home Monthly Librarian

Confidences at the Start



WEEK or so ago I was answering a letter from a friend who lives on a farm in Manitoba. Her letter to me had been filled with interesting news about conditions on her farm, the increase in her stock, the number of hens she had, and what poultry she intended to raise this year. With my pen poised, I wondered what on earth I could tell my friend that would interest her. City life seemed so drab and meaningless after reading about her rich and varied experiences on that busy seething, fruitful farm of hers. I picked up her letter again, and there tucked away in the corner of the closely written page were these words: "Be sure to tell me in your next letter about the books you've been reading."

How stupid of me! Of course, I had much to tell her. For this friend of mine is always as keenly interested in my work—the reading of books and the writing about them, as I am in hers—the growing of grain, of fruit, of vegetables and the raising of cattle and poultry.

For years I have been in the habit of giving her a short account of the new books, boiled down plots I have called them, and gaily she has replied, always thanking me for introducing her to the newest heroes and heroines!

Why We Love Reading

May I not extend this service to more friends than one through the pages of *The Western Home Monthly*? May I introduce to you the heroes and heroines of June? Come, let us read awhile! Books are such dear, dear friends. What joy after the day's work is done to take up a well written novel and lose one's self in a world so entirely different from that in which we live. It is not discontent this pleasure of stepping outside our daily sphere. How many of us, for instance, really want to be an actress, but isn't it fun to imagine just for an hour or two that we are! And because imagination plays such an enormous part in our lives we are able to derive such intense pleasure from the reading of a novel. The youth who works amid the golden wheat of the West finds relaxation in reading a sea-adventure. For the time being he is a pirate, or a captain bold. The sedate school teacher wielding such enormous influence in her school room day by day as she sews, not western wheat, but western ideals into the fruitful soil of the young mind, finds relaxation in a thrilling romance. It amuses her to put herself in the place, let us say, of Marise Sorrel.

Vision House

Marise Sorrel, a spoilt darling of Dame Fortune, a lovely little actress, believes that the world was created solely for her pleasure. She is selfishness personified, and has not the slightest scruple in using a human being for her own ends. What does it matter to her that she wrecks the life of a very fine young man? So she marries Garth, not because she loves him, but because she wished to hurt another man who has jilted her.

Garth takes her to "Vision House," the house he built for the wife of his dreams. For many months Garth's dreams are more like nightmares, but before we close this book we have the pleasure of seeing the selfish, proud Marise come to her senses. She has a rude awakening. She sees herself as others see her. And then at last she appreciates the vision that went into the building of "Vision House."

Have You a Daughter.

If so, you'll just love "Missy," by Dana Gatlin. This charming novel is written in the form of a diary, and "Missy" is the author of it. She tells us all her thoughts, her feelings, her joys and troubles from the time she is a little girl wearing a crisp pinafore until she is a "young lady," society reporter, for the local newspaper. Many a mother will smile and sigh as she reads this quaint book, for she will recognize in funny little "Missy" her own precious daughter. And I shouldn't be at all

surprised to hear a mother say that Dana Gatlin had helped her to understand why daughter acted so contrary like at times, and was so angelic at others! Dana Gatlin, seems to me, was a very knowing person indeed!

The Prairie Mother

It is always a pleasure to welcome home-products when they're exceptionally good. We like novels by Arthur Stringer, not only because they are so "homely" and so real, but because Arthur Stringer is a son of Canada, who lives for six months in the year in a rustic retreat on the shore of Lake Erie. He has also lived much in the far West, and it was doubtless while there that he thought of writing "The Prairie Wife" and later "The Prairie Mother."

Those who read "The Prairie Wife"—and thousands in the West did—will welcome "The Prairie Mother," for the same characters crop up and we see how life has been treating them since last we met.

The story opens with the birth of twins, and on the horizon there is a cloud. "Dinky-Dunk," as the prairie mother calls her husband, is not quite the idol she had thought him. The tiny cloud spreads, darkens and bursts into a storm. But like all storms the atmosphere is cleared, and the prairie mother takes up life again with the prairie father, and the human prairie flowers, in a spirit of better understanding.

Our Friend Locke Again

If a laurel wreath were presented to the best beloved novelist, surely it would go to W. J. Locke. Is there any other writer who has given us so many delightful stories, stories that are as lovely as wild flowers, as refreshing as water from a spring, and as rare in plot—design as a four-leafed clover?

I think I enjoyed his latest—"The Mountebank"—more than any of them.

It was such an odd idea of Locke's to make his hero a travelling circus clown, who became a general in the Great War. Can't you picture what a scene of horror it was to the lovely fastidious titled English girl to be confronted suddenly by her lover—whom she knew as General Lackaday—acting the clown, dressed in hideous green and white and red pantaloons, his face chalked, and his lips painted red.

Lady Auriol thought she had loved him, but how could she love that grotesque, grinning creature, acting the fool, and twisting himself into horrid shapes to the delight of hundreds and hundreds of French holiday-makers.

Love is a curious little being. He will so often fly out of the windows of palaces and enter the doors of huts. He will so often desert kings and queens, and abide with peasants. Trust our friend Locke to know just what love will do. Love blind? Nonsense. Lady Auriol was, for a while, until with Love's eyes she saw the nobility of the man beneath the clown's garb. Then, of course, everything was as happy as a fairy tale.

Two Books for the Kiddies

Read the biographies of great men and women, and note what emphasis they all put upon the books they had when young. A home without books is like a house without windows. Children must have fresh air for the development of their lungs and books for the development of their minds. And wise parents will see to it that however few the books may be, they'll not only be well written as regards the ideas they contain, but well printed and well illustrated, so that little eyes are not strained by pouring over poor print. As for good illustrations, they are of immense value in developing a child's love of beauty, beauty of line and beauty of color.

Luckily for the children of Canada, our Canadian publishers are giving great attention to juvenile literature. Last Christmas, not many minutes walk from where *The Western Home Monthly* is published, there were displays of children's books so lovely that one felt as if one had stepped right into fairyland, and might any moment come face to face with Cinderella's godmother.

This month I will mention two books for children that I have had great pleasure in reading a short while ago.

All out-of-doors belongs to childhood. And even if children have only a nodding acquaintance with some furry little friend scampering across the prairies, or dancing about in the woods, they want to know his name and learn something out of his habits. "The Burgess Animal Book," a very handsome volume indeed, will stand as an introduction between animal and child. On rainy days, and during early-dark evenings, kiddies and grown-ups too, will pore with delight over the magnificently colored pictures in this book, and will read with great interest all that Mr. Burgess has to say about the animals, big and little, that are found on this continent. Mr. Burgess is of bed-time story fame, and known wherever happy little children have the joy of books. This animal book however is not for nursery-age children. Children from ten years of age to a hundred will love it!

Magis and fairies and wonderful adventures fill the pages of the newest fairy book, "The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter." Each chapter is a separate incident in the life of a boy and a girl. This arrangement makes this book particularly suitable for reading aloud, because one can stop at the end of each chapter, and yet interest is sustained throughout the volume. I have heard already of one teacher who has read a chapter as a Friday treat to well-behaved children, all of whom voted "The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter" just the loveliest fairy book that ever came their way.

(Continued on page 28)

The Royal Bank of Canada



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THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

ENGINEERING

V. L. M., of Prince Albert, one of the widespread army of readers of The Western Home Monthly, is interested in engineering branches, and writes concerning the relative merits of a course in surveying and one in civil engineering. In part, he writes: "Which will be the best method to follow? Are there correspondence schools of a recognized standing, or could you in some cities follow an evening course in a technical school or university?"

As to the merits of the two courses, the writer is not technically qualified to discuss them. After all, the problem is one that a man must largely decide for himself. The literature issued by the extension department of Queen's University of Toronto, and McGill University of Montreal, would be of assistance, and correspondence with leading members of the profession would prove valuable. An inquiry addressed to the Surveyor-General, Ottawa, would no doubt secure authoritative data on surveying opportunities.

Considerable practical engineering is offered by the various agricultural colleges, and letters to the Departments of Engineering, Agricultural College, Saskatoon and Agricultural College, St. Vital, Manitoba, would secure information. Evening courses are provided in the public schools of Regina, possibly at Saskatoon, and at the Institute of Technology, Calgary. Several engineering courses are offered in the technical evening departments of Winnipeg schools. There are several reliable correspondence schools offering courses in these subjects and many western men have benefited by them. It is not possible to secure a degree solely through the media of these courses, however, and the work must be supplemented by university or agricultural college instruction if the student desire degree recognition.

As to the opportunities of the two professions, advocates will be found on both sides. I once heard a Dominion land surveyor complain that his work was limited in scope to Canadian practice, and that when surveying was not extensively undertaken the surveyor suffered accordingly. On the other hand, he intimated that an engineer of proper qualifications had no lack of opportunities the world over. The Canadian Almanac, available for reference at public libraries, or procurable through book stores, contains considerable information concerning many forms of technical instruction offered in various official Canadian institutions of learning.

SUCCEEDING WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

Charles M. Schwab, well known for his connection with the steel industry, has written a book entitled "Succeeding With What You Have." Mr. Schwab believes in any man making the most of the endowment that the Creator has given him, and says of many men who have achieved success that "They won out by using normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty."

On the selection of men for posts of importance, he tells the following anecdote:

Captain Bill knew men. He picked high-grade assistants with marvelous surety.

"Which one of your draftsmen shall we send up to Scotia?" he asked a superintendent.

"Why, any of them will fill the bill, Captain."

"But there must be one more capable than the others," commented Captain Bill. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," the superintendent shook his head. "They are all bright, hustling youngsters."

Captain Bill stood in thought as his keen eyes ran down the red lines of furnaces.

At last he said, "Tell every man to stick on the job until seven o'clock. I'll pick out Scotia's chief for you."

The order was a surprise. It was the slack season, when the draftsmen were not pressed to get through their work in regular hours. But they all kept on cheerfully.

As seven o'clock drew near, Captain Bill noticed that the men kept looking up to see how much more time they had to put in. All save one! Over in the corner a young man was so absorbed that he seemed to have forgotten there was a clock in the room. When the hour finally came, the others hustled for their coats and hats. This chap was still bending over his desk. He was the man whom Captain Bill sent up to Scotia. One hardly needs to add that later he became a most valued engineer, a high-salaried man.

THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA

It often happens that a man may have an idea that concerns the production and distribution of an

article or service for a limited class of people, but that unforeseen conditions subsequently render possible a much wider range of influence.

An interesting case in point is the thermos bottle. When the bottle was first put on the market the promoter's idea was that this novelty would be a great accessory to the picnics of the wealthy. As it developed, a tremendous market existed among the factory workers who wanted to take a warm drink to work with them for use at the noon hour. This discovery gave a wholly different aspect to the marketing problem. Instead of the prospects being a comparative handful of wealthy people, the circle of possible buyers included millions of wage-earners. As a result, the entire advertising methods underwent a transformation. Increased demand brought increased production, which made it possible to lower the price so as to bring it within reach of the greatest possible number of buyers.

WHAT IS AN ENTERPRISE?

A bulletin on the technical subject of Overhead Expense, as the Americans term it, or Oncost, as the British speak of it, has been issued recently by the Chamber of Commerce at Washington. As regards a manufacturing enterprise, it consists in its simplest terms, according to this bulletin, of:

1. A place to work.
2. Machines to work with.
3. Men to do the work.
4. Material to work upon.
5. Management to co-ordinate the whole.

This is a five-fold statement which is easily remembered, and which, although it relates specifically to manufacturing enterprises, is not a bad statement of the case, for most of the occupations in which most of us are engaged. The farmer, the storekeeper and even the teacher will find elements of agreement on all five points.

AN ASSOCIATION OF AUTHORS

An organization which should prove an additional factor of much influence in Canadian national life, is the newly-formed Canadian Authors' Association, which had its inception in the East, but which has a national membership and is gathering in many Western writers. At a dinner in Winnipeg, as part of the inaugural work in the West, Manitoba citizens were addressed by Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, president, Capt. Vernon Mackenzie, and Mr. Arthur Stringer. Many problems peculiar to Canadian writers were discussed, and one of the speakers emphasized an important point when he quoted from Disraeli to the effect that "Individuals can form communities, but institutions are necessary to create great nations."

Within the past few years the thoughtful observer must have been impressed by the great number of organizations for many purposes that have been formed throughout the Dominion. Some of these are nation wide in their functions, others have a provincial membership, and still others have a membership limited to city and village areas. It is probable that all of these movements are a part of the very encouraging movement to reach a real national status and to overcome the feature of isolation which is an unavoidable thing in the settlement of a country of large areas. Fortunately, Canada, with her splendid systems of railways and telegraphs, has avoided of late years many of the hardships of isolation which were more common in earlier days.

The Canadian Authors' Association, with its Dominion wide membership should prove a real factor in uniting to advantage the many literary interests of the country. In addition to certain economic features of the organization, emphasis is put upon the necessity for the development of a truly Canadian literature. As a means of encouragement to the reading of more Canadian books, a Canadian book week will be held throughout the Dominion some time next fall.

The membership comprises three classes, the principal one being covered by the clause that "Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other creator of copyrightable literary material, of recognized position in his or her profession as author may be admitted at the discretion of the executive committee as a regular member."

Professor W. T. Allison, of the University of Manitoba, is vice-president for the Manitoba district, and inquiries directed to him will receive prompt attention, or information may be secured by addressing the editor of this page.

GETTING ALONG

Elsewhere on this page, if the editor has not blue-pencilled it, I have a paragraph on "Succeeding With What You Have." A new version of this problem is related by Dr. Ellis T. Powell, a British writer, formerly editor of the Financial News.

A very distinguished American actress lost a pearl at a rehearsal. A stage hand found it and returned it to the prima donna.

"I will give you a kiss or \$20. Which?" asked the lady.

"I'd like the kiss," answered the stage hand, "but I'll take the twenty."

The singer told the story to Andrew Carnegie a little later.

"That young man will get along," said Carnegie. He knows that if he gets the dollars the kisses will take care of themselves."

Dr. Powell adds "As this magazine possesses a multitude of readers among business women I must ask their attention to the fact that the cynical comment on this otherwise romantic record is that of Carnegie. It is not mine. As a lifelong admirer of the fair sex, I would no more dare to hint at such a thing than I would to endorse Douglas Jerrold's avowal that a wife at forty should be exchangeable, like a bank note, for two twenties."

BOOK REVIEWS

One of the speakers at the first meeting in the West of the Canadian Authors' Association stated that out of an English speaking population of about 5,000,000, only 50,000 could be counted on at present as habitual book readers. The author must have a market, and as a means of doubling the 50,000 readers one solution was to get 5,000,000 more of a population in the hope that another 50,000 readers might be secured. This, however, would prove a very slow process, and in the interval the association will use every effort to induce greater reading habits on the part of Canadians.

In furtherance of this object, I propose from month to month to introduce to my readers a number of the books that generous publishers are good enough to send me occasionally. Canadian and English books will be listed as often as possible, but the best American publications will not be overlooked. All books reviewed will, of course, be in keeping with the purpose of this page—the solution of the problems of the young man.

THE ENGLISH OF COMMERCE

This is the title of the most recent technical publication of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is a substantial volume of 435 pages, well bound and freely illustrated. The author, John B. Opdycke, is an experienced teacher, and has searched actively in business fields for his illustrative material.

The book deals in detail with such subjects as The Business Word, The Business Letter, The Newspaper and Magazine, Advertising, Business Reports, and Sales Literature. Somewhat of an innovation in solid business literature is the verse that precedes each chapter. The verse on the business word, for instance, is particularly emphatic:

'Twixt the word that is short and the word that is long,

There's a vital decision to make;

'Twixt the word that is weak and the word that is strong,

There's a hazardous venture to take;

'Twixt the word that is right and the word that is wrong,

There's a tragical issue at stake.

In order that the reader may get full value from his investment, the author attaches a series of "Problems" to each of his chapters, and the young man who attempts the working of these will find himself much the gainer in the matter of variety and precision of expression. The suggestions of the author are fully illustrated by actual business examples, and the entire work has an air of authority and completeness that make it a volume of considerable importance.

The scope of the book is much wider than the title might indicate, and it is difficult to imagine an occupation in which the young man would not find the work of practical, reference, and inspirational value.

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YOUTH AND AGE

That old French saying, "If Youth had the knowledge, if Age had the force,"—how much is there in it? Of course, it would be agreeable to combine the best of every period of life, and hang onto the combination. But is it really true that we know ourselves and the world so very much better, as we grow older? Are we more ready to take a new point of view as we move on from the forties into the fifties and the sixties? Men and women in middle life sometimes find new confusion about themselves. They discover new tendencies, new waverings, new contradictions. A friend of The Philosopher's was saying the other day that the only thing Youth and Age have in common is discontent. The most profitable thing to do at whatever time of life we find ourselves, and the thing most conducive to happiness, is to make the most of things, and while philosophizing enough, not to spend too much energy in fretting against the irrevocable.

"SEEKING A SIGN"

Some curious thinkers have been indulging in speculations based on the possibility of a vast number of people being induced to participate simultaneously in a mental act. The precedent of the two minutes' silence on each of the two anniversaries of the Day of the Armistice that have already passed opens to such minds an immense vista of potentialities. Suppose, they say, that hundreds of millions of people were to arrange to concentrate their minds at a moment decided upon beforehand upon desiring with all the earnestness and intensity of which they were capable the cure for some ravaging disease or other evil that was afflicting humanity. But it cannot fail to become evident upon reflection that supposing it to be possible to arrange such a thing, there are more reasons than one against its being tried. If it failed, its failure would dishearten many good people in the world. If it succeeded, its success might conceivably lead to developments of fanaticism. In this connection there comes to mind what is said in Holy Writ against "seeking a sign".

THOUGHT, IDEALS AND ACTION

Conduct is three-quarters of life. What does thought amount to, and what does talk about ideals amount to, if thought and talk are disconnected from character and fail to find expression in action? Indeed, thought cannot be thus disconnected, and remain true thought. If it is reality, it is part of the person altogether, and therefore inevitably a part of the person's conduct. Without both thought and action no human being can be true to himself, or herself. Shakespeare has said it:

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unus'd.

Our character is not complete if it does not express itself in thought, in conscious ideals; and our expressed ideals are mere toys, if we do not live them out in action. Thought without action is of little account; it may, indeed, amount to falsehood. We have thought and spoken nobly, if we meant what we said; ignobly, if we did not. And the test of our sincerity is action.

MEMORIAL TREES

Could any one desire a finer memorial than a tree? A tree planted in memory of a man who fell in the war, bearing his name upon a shield or tablet affixed to it, will be a living memorial, putting forth its leaves every spring, in fulfilment of its duty of helping to keep his memory green. Trees are being planted in France as memorials of the men of France who gave their lives in defence of their country and of the cause of justice and freedom. In addition to all the monuments and memorials of granite and marble and bronze which will stand in memory of the Canadians who made the great sacrifice, why should there not be planted in every city, town and village of the Dominion a tree in memory of every man from that city, town, or village neighborhood whose name is on the roll of the glorious dead? The tending of these trees and the caring for them would be a patriotic duty of devotion. There is no need for any action by the Dominion government, or by any provincial government. Local initiative is all that would be necessary. It would involve very little cost. Memorial trees would make an enduring appeal to the Canadian of the years to come. There is something in the living presence of a tree that speaks to the passing generations of humanity with a more intimate appeal than there is in stone or metal.

LIKE A FANTASY MADE REAL

There arrived in New York a couple of weeks ago on a visit to this continent Prince Albert, the reigning sovereign of Monaco, who is now in his seventy-second year, and is the world's foremost authority in oceanography, the science which has to do with

The Philosopher

the creatures of different species which dwell in the depths of the sea, including all forms of plant life, and also with deep-sea currents, temperatures and other deep-sea matters which are the subjects of scientific research. If he comes to Winnipeg, The Philosopher would like very much to have a look at him. Monaco is a region only eight miles square, and is perhaps the most beautiful region in the world. Situated on the Mediterranean, with a climate as near perfect as there is under the sun, the whole place is a dream of natural and artificial beauty. It has three towns: Monaco, with 2,247 people; La Condamine, with 11,082, and Monte Carlo, with 9,627. The total number of Prince Albert's subjects is 22,956. There are no taxes. The public revenue is derived entirely from gambling. The company which carries on the great gambling casinos, paid £80,000 a year for the privilege for the ten years that ended with 1917, and is paying £90,000 for the ten years ending with 1927; the contract between the company and Prince Albert provides that the amount shall be £100,000 a year for the ten years ending with 1937. Monaco has its own flag and its own coinage and postage stamps. By all accounts, Monaco is more than ever a haven of sensuous delight, gay and joyous with flowers, music and all the brilliant-colored pageantry of fashion's dress parade. There gather the world's wealthiest pleasure-seekers from many lands seeking the thrills to be had at the gambling tables and enjoying themselves in the luxurious hotels and pleasure palaces and gardens. We live in a world which contains puzzling contrasts and queer contradictions.

THE LORDS DISCUSS LAPDOGS

In a copy of the London Times recently to hand The Philosopher read the report of a debate in the House of Lords on the subject of lapdogs. There have long been rigid quarantine regulations to protect the health of the dogs of Great Britain against any disease infection being brought among them by dogs landing in Great Britain from any other part of the world. These regulations are strictly enforced, and require a by no means brief period of detention and a strict examination by a veterinary. Lapdogs are now in great demand in Great Britain, and the people who want them are evidently ready to pay high prices for them. It appears that there is a great deal of smuggling of lapdogs into Great Britain by airplane, both the customs-house collector and the vexatious period of quarantine thus being evaded. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in discussing this practice, went so far as to declare that "such useless brutes should be altogether excluded hereafter from the burdens of the United Kingdom." Several other peers joined vigorously in denunciation of such toys in miniature dog form, which they declared unworthy the name of dog. Surely when the House of Lords can give up some of its time to debating such a subject things must be far from as bad in Great Britain as some alarmist newspaper dispatches would have us believe.

TROTSKY AND HIS WAR OF REVENGE

Leon Trotsky, Minister of War in the Soviet Government, is as fond of "rattling the sabre" as the Kaiser William was in the days when his autocratic power and military glory were at their zenith. In a recent speech to the students of the military college at Moscow, Trotsky proclaimed proudly that the Bolshevik army now numbers millions, with an officer personnel of 150,000, and that the output of the Soviet munitions factories increased in the year 1920 by more than 400 per cent. Still more proudly he proclaimed that these men and materials of war would not be used merely for defence, but that he is planning a war of revenge against Poland. Before the ink on the treaty made by the Soviet Government with Poland has had time to become thoroughly dry, the Soviet War Minister thus announces to the world that he is planning to crush Poland for having dared to set herself up as an obstacle in the way of the Soviet steam roller. As long as Russia's destinies remain in the hands of such men, so long will the nations whose borders touch the Soviet domain dwell under an abiding shadow of terrorism and military ruthlessness.

ONE BRANCH OF CONSERVATIVE WORK

Once more The Philosopher has pleasure in testifying to the interest and value of the free pamphlets distributed free, upon request, by the Commissioner, Dominion Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, in the interest of bird

protection. One of these pamphlets, *The Birds of a Manitoba Garden*, by Norman Criddle, a naturalist whom this province has reason to be proud of numbering among her citizens, is specially attractive and interesting. The pamphlet which tells, with plans and specifications, how to build bird-houses is one which any boy would be delighted to have given him. The value of birds to agriculture and to the whole work and life of man is only beginning to be fully appreciated. The boys and girls in every school ought to be enlisted in the work of bird conservation. The co-operation of all who realize the importance of this work is necessary in order to spread the knowledge of the true value of the great and neglected national asset which our country possesses in its birds.

THE FUNERAL AT POTSDAM

The whole world outside Russia is keenly anxious to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about what is going on in Russia, and what the outcome is likely to be. But how to get at such knowledge? It is important, too, to know what is going on in Germany and what is going on in the minds of the people of Germany. This information about Germany and the German people is not as easy to get at as could be desired; but it is not as difficult to get at as is the information about Russia. In reading the account given in the London Times of the funeral ceremonies at Potsdam in memory of the former Empress of Germany, written by the correspondent of the Times, who was present, The Philosopher felt that the scenes at Berlin, when the body arrived from Holland, and at Potsdam, spoke volumes in regard to the state of public feeling in Germany. If there were any devotion to the Hohenzollerns in Germany now, surely one might expect there would have been some demonstrations of it at the funeral of the ex-Empress, at which the ex-Kaiser, who with the former Crown Prince, sought safety in cowardly flight, was not allowed by Holland to be present. The Times narrative shows that there were no demonstrations. Only some officials and dignitaries of the old Imperial regime were present. The republican German government now in power absolutely ignored the funeral ceremonies. Let us hope that the old order in Germany is truly dead and done with.

PERSEVERANCE

Many of the worst evils of life come from faint-heartedness, or from lack of purpose. Of all the virtues, what one stands us in better stead than perseverance? What is a greater aid in living? It is a combination of patience and faith. Few who keep persistently at a thing, with faith in its value, are unhappy. As an old poet has said truly:

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
Doth draw the sting of life, the sting of death.
He walks with Nature; and her paths are peace.

It was well said by one of the wisest of the ancients that great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance. There is profound wisdom in understanding that perseverance is faith expressed in action. It is not merely endurance, but hopeful diligence. It brings results; and the best and surest of the results it brings is happiness.

"COLD LIGHT"

The firefly has the cheapest form of light. It is the cheapest, that is to say, in the sense that none of the energy that goes to producing it is lost in the form of heat. It is perfect "cold light", and may be taken as an emblem of what scientific illumination ought to be. There are many insects and fishes which produce such light for their own purposes; and scientists are working the problem of how produce light by the same method for the purposes of mankind. Our electric light bulbs, marvels as they are, are by no means producers of light and nothing but light. They produce also unnecessary heat. Marvels as they are, who can doubt that in time they will yield place to greater marvels still in the form of mechanism for producing "cold light"? Think of what a marvel the first candle was, and later the first coal oil lamp. The electric light bulb marks a far advance from the flaring pine knot with which the primitive man illuminated his cave. There will be farther advances. Professor Langley, of Washington, who was laughed at as a crank when he was experimenting on the Potomac River with his flying machine which contained the germ of the airplane, worked also at this problem of the production of "cold light". Professor Newton Harvey, of Princeton, has carried this work much farther. The success he is attaining is described in a book which has just come from him. The Philosopher remembers the introduction of electric street lighting by arc-lamps and house lighting by bulbs, and is not without hope of living to see the introduction of "cold light" for practical purposes.



Hauling in the big fellows



Big Sand Lake, Minaki

Minaki

The Beautiful Country

By

FRANK YEIGH



ANADA is a land of great rivers, of great lakes, of great mountains. Mighty streams, hundreds of leagues in length, course through every province—life-giving waterways they are giving the soil to drink and helping it to bring forth its fruits, carrying the ships that men build; streams that hold in their depths such a harvest of fish as no man can number; streams that make a trail through forest and farm and over tablelands of prairie for the silent canoe; waters that, in leaping to lower levels, in cataract and cascade, not only create pictures of natural beauty for the eye to feast upon, but representing, in leaping floods of foam-crested waves, vast power only awaiting release for man's use.

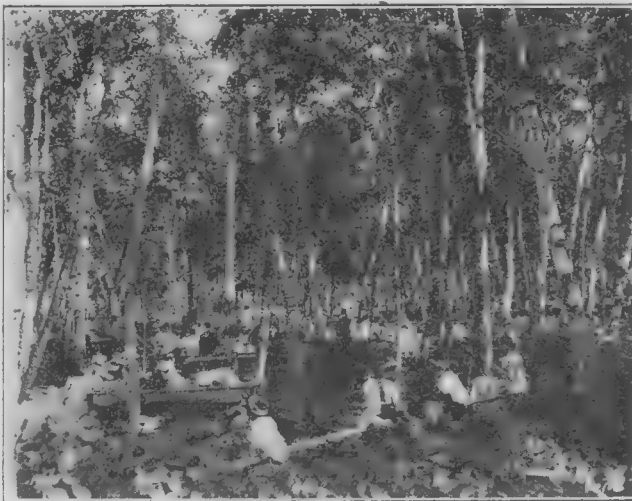
God be thanked for our Canadian rivers, little and longer; deep-hearted here, singing a song over the shallows of pebbles there and making, with their irrigating qualities, wide stretches of country habitable.

One of the relatively great rivers of the Dominion is the Winnipeg. Traced on the map, it runs its sinuous course for hundreds of miles from the Lake-of-the-Woods to Lake Winnipeg, with Mee-Naw-Kee (Minaki), as the Indian word for beautiful country, half way or so between the two big bodies of water. The river thus finds its way through two provinces. No wonder it is both broad and deep for the most part, as the chief outlet for the vast volume contained in the Lake-of-the-Woods watershed that drains an immense area. The river seems to be conscious of its task as it flows eastward and northward; it seems to say "I am the chosen channel for deep, moving waters, carrying them from their granite basin, in Ontario's far northwestern corner, to Manitoba's great inland sea of Lake Winnipeg."

The Winnipeg River is, to use an Hibernianism, a river of lakes. Every few miles it grows tired of a restricted channel and thereupon enlarges into a body of water wide enough to carry a white-capped sea in a blow, and large enough as well to confuse one as to the real and false channels. Islands of assorted sizes, add their charm to the superb scene, mostly tree-clad to the water's edge, excepting the hog-backed rocks, worn smooth by ancient glacial action, where the smallest of Jack pines fails to find a crack of earth for a roothold. The Dalles are passed on

the way from Kenora to Minaki—a half mile of a contracted course between rocky banks where the circumscribed waters fight for the right of way in racing rapids and miniature whirlpools, making a current that carries one's craft along with exhilarating speed, or thwarting it in its passage on the up-trip.

The forests on either bank of the river are sanctuaries for the wild and furry folk, the antlered beauties, the portly porcupine and big bruin. A summer cottager near Minaki tells of looking out of his window, arrested by an unusual sound, only to see a Moose



A Woodland Retreat

peering in with equal curiosity! Indian caches along the way have food supplies swung high and safe from animals that make no moral distinctions of ownership when hunger-driven. Bird life, too, abounds, from a lonely pelican, the one-legged philosopher of the marshes, or a huge hawk being pursued and pecked by a diminutive bird, to swallow or crow, or a stray gull having an immense realm of sky to itself.

Fish, too, real ones for size, and putting up a real fight for life when captured. Think of a thirty-four pound sturgeon (a relatively small one) choosing the

outside of the Minaki wharf for rendezvous, where a keen-eyed boatman saw him enjoying a summer afternoon sleep, like some of the guests in the big hotel.

It is not necessary to tell the number of visitors who were snap-shotted beside the late Mr. Sturgeon! 'Lunge also. They have a meeting-place below the beautiful White Dog Falls, but it is a death place for many a monster, for Indians and expert white fisherfolks there patiently lie in wait for them.

The White Dog Falls are splendid Niagaras, rushing down in four great leaps. The unharnessed power is but a sample of the white coal wealth of the Winnipeg River, which is already serving the Portal City with both light and power. Winnipeg has wisely constructed its own Hydro-Electric Power Plant as a municipal enterprise, 175 miles from the city. It is now developing 47,000 horse power, with a capacity for an additional 60,000 horse power on the present plant, but with room for extensions that will supply 100,000 horse power. This is an addition to the 34,000 horse power now developed by the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company. No wonder Manitoba's capital claims

to supply the cheapest and best power in the world.

The red men are everywhere, members of the once powerful Ojibway tribe. They make a significant contrast in cabin and teepee, to the white-folks in their bungalows and cottages. It is a contrast, too, between a weather-beaten old canoe, holding a numerous Indian family, and an up-to-date motor launch swiftly shooting over the waters. There is something pathetic about these original Canadians, who once thought the entire land was theirs in perpetuity, and who now find themselves corralled into reservations, as wards of the nation, though it is satisfactory to know that they have been and are being well treated by the Government.

Their summer camping sites are seen all along the river, on ideal locations. Wherever there is a summer colony of cottages or campers, groups of Indians suddenly appear. Perched on a knoll of rock, or on the outskirts of a station platform, they watch the palefaces come and go, while one wonders what lies behind their own impassive faces. Judging by the frown on the time-creased countenance of a most ancient dame, she manifestly disapproved of the goings on of a coterie of youths, singing light-some songs intermingled with unmusical college yells. But her sister in brown smiled on the pleasure seekers as if she realized that the young must have their fling, but the gayety of the white-featured company emphasized anew the sadness that characterizes the Indian, young or old. Even the solemn little papooses seem to smile but rarely, while one wonders if the children find any adequate play-life expression.

The annual regatta at Minaki, on Gun Lake, was of special interest because, at the last moment, three pairs of Indians entered the contest for the tandem single paddle race, putting themselves against eight canoes of whites. Keen was the interest and intense the excitement as the little craft were driven through the quiet waters, but though the first two winning boats were members of the Winnipeg Canoe Club, the third and fourth canoes were close on their heels. Where there are Indians there are also Hudson's Bay posts, or rather, the post attracts the redmen. Centres of this great business, the oldest Joint Stock Company on the continent, are found in unexpected corners of our far-flung wilds, and the explorer of the Winnipeg River (Cont'd on page 27)



Camp Landing, Big Sand Lake



Satisfied!



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



The Assimilation Problem

Even a melting-pot cannot fuse Europe's refuse.—Lethbridge Herald.

To Make Germany Pay

Customs collectors now constitute the watch on the Rhine.—Toronto Telegram.

Ford's Proposed Artificial Milk

When Henry Ford perfects his tin cow, shall have to crank it?—Regina Post.

A General We Hear Much Of

The campaign to end wars is being directed by General Taxation.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Generals Bliss and Disarmament

General Bliss encourages disarmament, and general disarmament would encourage general bliss.—Duluth Herald.

Quite Plainly So

Evidently Germany would rather lie out of the bed she has made than lie in it.—Chicago Tribune.

Russia

The only thing in Russia that hasn't caught the uprising habit is the rouble.—Halifax Herald.

Timely Advice

Kill the fly first, and you prevent the second 5,000,000 from stepping on the butter.—Minneapolis Journal.

Rhine Whines

Contemplation by the Germans of bill Germany has to pay is stimulating the production of Rhine whines.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cause and Effect

The Germans are now in a position to coin a new proverb: "The greater the preparation the greater the reparation."—Springfield Republican.

Cosmetic Note

A physician says cigarettes will ruin the complexion. Smoke always has that effect on paint.—Saskatoon Star.

France's Attitude

The French army is kept ready, because of the French belief that Germany, though it lost the war, knows where to find it.—Hamilton Herald.

They Toil Not

We will believe that Germany is as broke as she says she is when we learn that any of the Hohenzollern boys have gone to work.—Montreal Standard.

Preparation That Failed

Speaking about armaments Germany was the best armed nation going into the war. But Germany did not win the war.—St. John Telegraph.

Talk and War

The people of Japan and America will talk war for twenty years, and then when it comes it will be blamed on the statesmen.—Omaha World-Herald.

Germany's Lesson

Such a highly educated nation as Germany has always proclaimed herself to be should not do better than she is doing at learning her lesson.—Toronto Star.

North Dakota Legislative Fisticuffs

Fist fights marked the closing of the North Dakota legislature. Another part of the world that isn't safe for democracy.—Kingston Whig.

A Changed World, Indeed!

The ex-Kaiser says the world looked different to him in 1888 from what it looks to-day. And a lot of other people might say the same thing.—Glasgow Herald.

Not a Hatchet-burying Region

A report from Greece says that the Venizelists have buried the hatchet. Our idea is that nobody ever buries the hatchet in that part of Europe.—Quebec Chronicle.

Naturally

Most of the people who have worked hard and saved up something for a rainy day are not in favor of Communism, the hard-hearted wretches.—Brantford Expositor.

Filmart Is

Clara Smith Hamon, who shot an oil millionaire, but was found not guilty by a jury, has accepted a contract with a movie firm. Isn't Art wonderful?—Toronto World.

Room—For Doubt

For citizens living under a crime wave there should be comfort in the news that a room in a hospital costs less than a room in a hotel.—New York Evening Post.

German Propaganda

Germany will pay her just debts sooner if she will turn over to the Allies the money she is spending so plentifully in the United States in propaganda.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Fundamental Fact

After all, the taxes have to be paid by the people. The problem for governments is to devise the least painful method of dividing them from their money.—Toronto Globe.

So It Would Appear

There is a Bolshevik paper in Russia called the *Economicheskaya Zhizn*. Merely another proof that there is something fundamentally wrong with the Russians.—Washington Star.

Why Be a Pessimist

This is a fine country, with a fine bunch of kids in the schools, and a fine lot of natural resources waiting to be unlocked and put to use, so why be a pessimist? Get out and be a live Canadian.—Calgary Herald.

Multitudes Are Eager to Come

Canada can get more new settlers than she can handle merely by throwing open the gates. Which indicates that a good many parts of the world are less attractive than Canada.—Montreal Gazette.

Education

As a people we can afford to increase our appropriations for education until the increase in cost becomes greater than the increase in productive power that comes through education. No people has yet found that limit.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Growth of Cities

More than 54,000,000 Americans now require to have their breakfasts and their other daily meals brought to them. In other words, that number of people in the United States live in cities. They do not produce their own food.—New York World.

German Protectings Are Abundant Now

German officials have protested against the exhibition of a film based on the execution of Edith Cavell. It is not recalled, however, that there were any official German protests when the execution took place.—New York Tribune.

Indeed It Has Not

The development of Canada's natural resources should be carried on with the greatest energy available, but always with care to protect the rights of the people of Canada. This has not always been done in the past.—Ottawa Citizen.

Where Isn't There Unrest?

A despatch tells of unrest arising among the natives of the Samoa islands. The Samoans must be coming along; unrest is a sure sign of civilization.—Vancouver Sun.

Canada's Claim

Canada has put in a claim for a billion dollars for war indemnity. But anybody who expects that we are going to get more than thirty cents is apt to be fooling himself.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Hypenates Defined

No clearer definition of what constitutes a hypenate has yet been given than that enunciated by General Pershing at the American League meeting in New York—"those who attempt to decide an American question for a foreign reason."—Philadelphia North American.

How To Find Out a Way?

The man who can invent a way to keep a mule so weak that he will not kick and yet keep him strong enough to do the ploughing would have an invention which France could use on Germany.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal.

Armament for World Safety Only

To dream of everlasting peace by reason of disarmament may be futile, but reducing armament to the minimum required for police purposes would greatly lessen the burden of taxation, and that is an end worthy of much proselyting.—Kansas City Star.

The Canadian Idea

Canada has no quarrel with anyone, has no chip on her shoulder, has no desire to butt in anywhere she is not wanted, and only desires to be able to go ahead and saw wood. To the rest of the world she would say, "Go thou and do likewise."—Victoria Colonist.

The Simple Life

The captain of a British cruiser has found an island, the Island of Trista de Cunha, where there are no money, no doctors, no taxes, no lawyers, no clergymen, no policemen, no newspapers, not even a head man. Ah! the ideal place for a Communist.—Vancouver Province.

Not a Land For Pessimists

Canada, without doubt, is a highly favored land. There are fewer hereditary encumbrances to overcome than in older lands. There is room to live and let live. There are boundless possibilities in every direction. There should be few pessimists in this country.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Chicago Idea

Double-deck sidewalks are proposed in Chicago "to relieve pedestrians in the loop district." At present pedestrians are relieved of everything valuable at the street level, and beyond doubt if double-deck sidewalks should be instituted the relief squad would make both of them gun decks.—Detroit News.

German Logic

The Germans decide (ein) that they don't owe the money; (zwei) that if they did owe it they couldn't pay it; (drei) that if they could pay it they wouldn't and (veir) that they have paid it already. All of which goes to show that whatever else is a scrap of paper in Germany logic is not.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Decadent Country

For the financial year ending March 31, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland had a national revenue of just about seven billion dollars. During the same period the public debt was reduced by \$1,300,000,000. There is nothing in these figures to suggest a decadent country.—Wall Street Journal.

The Politician-Orator Type

The sentiment is every day growing against the politician-orator type. The people want men who will talk less and do more; they are happily beginning to learn that the impassioned oratory by which a man gets himself elected to office grows out of a disposition that usually unfits him for the position to which he is elected.—Calgary Albertan.

What Canada Got Out of the War

If it comes to a show down among the nations as to which got the smallest amount of material gain out of the war, don't overlook Canada. We didn't get a foot of territory and nobody really expects that we will get a cent of indemnity money. Yet the Canadian people haven't been going around telling the world about it.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

The Right Spirit

By the application of wise and prudent policies we can insure for the future that Canada's untilled acres, her rich forests and mines, will offer work to those who are willing to make their way by honest toil, so that none need be unemployed. We must have a broad spirit of toleration between the diverse elements of our population and a closer sympathy and understanding between East and West.—Edmonton Journal.

The Golden Rule

The only solid foundation upon which we can build for the future is the practice, individually and nationally in private conduct and in public office, of those virtues, as old as the history of man itself—thrift, honesty, truthfulness, temperance in all things, the ability to love one's neighbor as one's self, and to practice the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them to do unto you."—Stratford Herald.

Guardian of the Seas

The visit of the H.M.S. Calcutta though brief, has served to remind us that the same navy which saved the Bahamas from the depredations of German cruisers and submarines during five anxious years of war is keeping an eye on us in peace. The sight of the White Ensign in port is always a source of genuine pleasure and, if ever our harbor is deepened, one that we may look forward to experiencing more frequently.—Nassau Guardian.

Minaki

By Frank Yeigh

Cont'd. from page 25

for the first time is not surprised therefore to discover them along its shores, sometimes as a miniature departmental store, or as a fur storehouse in the woods, open for business when the hunting season is on. Pelts have again become the most valuable of currency, and the successful hunter or trapper, of the white or red race, can easily defeat the high cost of living enemy. Several Indians on a Northern Ontario Reserve cleared \$2,000 each last winter from the results of their trapping.

Pursuing one's journey from White Dog Falls to Lake Winnipeg, nearly thirty portages have to be overcome on account of the succession of falls, each having its beauty and setting. It is all part of "The Beautiful Country" of Minaki.

In addition to the infinite variety of scenery along a great river like the Winnipeg, for each of its hundred or more miles forms a new picture, there is much also to hold the interest. What stories the very stories tell! What revelations of inconceivable power are made by the upheaved rocks, when the world of this continent was fashioned in fire and when the Laurentian formations resulted; what traveller's tales the gigantic boulders would tell of being carried half way down a continent by the irresistible momentum of an ice-age and movement, and how these stray masses, fashioned in roundness as if they were marbles, playthings of a God, mock our circumscribed conceptions of time, making the span of a human lifetime a mere breath of existence. They are often balanced on sloping rocks that are worn smooth by ice pressure, or lodged in a forest whose roots and trunks are as of yesterday, gauged by the calendar of the Creator.

A river like the Winnipeg is moreover a medium through which Nature expresses her many moods. Sit with me at eventide, on a promontory of rock, thrust into one of the lake enlargements of the noble stream. We are facing the west and the pathway of the sun, which ends its diurnal journey in a blaze of golden glow that sets the world of its range on fire, making puny the red glow from a nearby forest fire, or the point of light from a camp on the opposite shore.

Watch with me this daily sundown display, and wait for the afterglow. All the shades in the colour box of the great Maker of Suns and Sunsets, are revealed during the succeeding hour until the last glimmer of colour, more of a suggestion than a reality, melts into the night shades and the sleeping waters.

A sleeping world as well as sleeping waters. Tree tops asleep with never a stir of twig or branch; all nature asleep, in birds and beasts and all creeping and flying things. One remembers the line in Browning's sonnet, on Westminster Bridge, at the zero hour of the night, "Dear God, the very houses seem asleep."

So here, in a realm far removed from London town, quiet is in possession of a world, broken only by the echo of the "Continental Limited" train as it whistles its way into little Minaki station, or the refrain of a song from a camp-fire group, silhouetted against the red and leaping flames, as if they were fire worshippers at their chanting devotions.

All the silence, so impressive and so soothing to nerves jangled out of tune by the discordant noises of the city, makes more startling the contrast when a storm is born among the distant hills and, in all its black menace, covers the face of the sun, blots out its golden pathway, and makes the star to retreat. Soon the crash of thunders rolls among the dark-treed islands; the waters of the combined lake and river become uneasy, and a distant bird sounds its alarm.

From the brooding silence of the night to a thunderous bombardment from a world of darkness below and an unclouded sky above, to windrent clouds riven with savage lightnings is surely a contrast of contrasts. Then the deluge of rain, a crash of sound that seems to fill all the earth, a shaft of electricity that dazzles, revealing for the instant the clustered isles and the farther shore—this too, is an experience and memory of the Winnipeg, and when there is added thereto a rare exhibition of the Aurora, when the dancing skyghosts of the Northern skies have their frolic in the heavens, some of them clad in diaphanous white and some in ethereal colour-tinted garb. The revelations of God's glory are overpowering in their mystic beauty and grandeur; on-looking

man realizes his unit smallness and instinctively worships Him who has made such a wondrous world; such a Beautiful Country.

Finally, there is the rich historic background of the Winnipeg. One's imagination revels in the picturesque procession of canoes that made its way over the silent waters by La Verendrye. How long ago 1743 seems, and how much history has been made in Canada since the great French-Canadian explorer faced the unknown west and north of the Continent!

The mind also pictures a later scene when an army used the big river as a part of its route to the scene of battles, when Lord Wolseley led a force from Toronto to Fort Garry to quell the first Riel Rebellion. Even half a century ago, the Northwest was literally a great lone land. Winnipeg was scarce a village, and the prairies were unpeopled.

Thus the River that makes a "Beautiful Country" by itself, not only links two great lakes, but links the past with the present; the East with the West. And as the last glimpse of its inviting waters is caught from the receding train, one wonders if there is another corner of Canada so beautiful, so healthgiving, so rich in history, romance and natural scenery as in and around and about Minaki.

HOW THE SPRING CAME TO THE PRAIRIES

By George L. Rotherham

Then the sun rose, bright and cheery,
Beamed upon the sparkling whiteness,
Said "'Tis time to melt the snowbanks,
Time to wake the purple crocus,
I will seek the southern Chinook,
Seek the place where she lies sleeping,
Wake her from her yearly slumber,
Tell her she must come and help me
Bring the Springtime to the prairies."

Then he rose in all his glory,
Rose on high and looked about him,
Spied the Chinook in her stronghold
Nestled down among the mountains.
"Wake, Oh Chinook, spring is coming!
Rouse yourself, be up and doing,
Breathe your warm breath o'er the prairies,

Help me with all the snowbanks,
For 'tis time that they were melted,
Time they shrank away and vanished."

Then the Chinook stirred and 'wakened,
Rubbed her eyes in dreamy wonder,
Marveled at the time she'd slumbered,
How she'd overslept her vigil;
Cast one timid look about her,
Then she stole away and wandered
In and out among the mountains
On her way to reach the prairies.

First her step was slow and faltering,
Then she quickened, gained more courage,
Sped upon her path of mercy;
Jumped with ease the highest mountain,
Whistled through the bending tree-tops,
Raced along the deep cut coulees,
Gaining strength and force, and hurling
All her might upon the prairies.

When the snowbanks heard her coming,
Felt her warm caress upon them,
Then they shrank away in terror,
Shed soft tears of clear, cold water,
Smaller, smaller grew the snowbanks
Till they disappeared and melted.

Larger, larger grew the streamlets,
Rippling, gushing, bounding, splashing,
Joyous that the balmy Chinook
Freed them from their icy prison,
Dancing on their way together
Meeting comrades as they travelled
Till they reached the lakes and rivers.

Then the sun looked round in wonder
Saw the snowbanks melt and vanish,
Saw the prairie brown and dreary
Waiting for his warm caresses:
Said: "Tomorrow will I wake them,
Bid them wake and feel my sunshine,
Seek the crocus on the hill-top
Call the birds back from the southland,
Set all Nature working, playing."

Then the sun sank 'neath the sky-line,
Went to rest awhile from labors,
And the Chinook, whispering softly
Sought her home among the mountains,
Felt that she had done her duty,
Earned a rest until next Springtime,
So she nestled down and slumbered
In her stronghold in the mountains.



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The Pioneer
Farm Journal of
Western Canada

Vol. 40. No. 4

February 21, 1921

64 P.

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The Nor'-West Farmer is the practical everyday farm journal of western farm families, published for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Every word of the reading matter can be directly applied to western farm conditions. A department for every part of the farm and home and a Subscribers' Service Bureau that answers any question free and direct by mail. The proof of the pudding is in the eating—fifty cents will introduce to your home what 75,000 readers claim is Western Canada's Best Farm Paper.

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Dollars and Cents

Cont'd from page 20

per capita.

The minister of finance estimates our main expenditures for the coming year at \$590,000,000, of which sum \$378,258,101 should be raised out of current revenue. \$372,600,000 of this sum, it is estimated, will be raised from the following sources of revenue:

Customs	\$135,000,000
Excise	33,600,000
Post office	26,000,000
Interest on investments	19,000,000
Casual revenue	4,000,000
Inland revenue	72,000,000
Business profits and income tax	70,000,000
Miscellaneous	13,000,000

\$372,600,000

It will be noted from the foregoing that Sir Henry Drayton expects a big drop in customs duties, the estimates calling for \$135,000,000 during the current year, as compared with \$163,000,000 realized last year.

The Increased Sales Tax

The sales tax will be confined to the sales of manufacturers, wholesalers, jobbers and importers, but special exemptions cover foodstuffs in their natural state, initial sales of farm produce by the farmer of his own production, as well as the first products of the fisheries, mines and forests. The tax on sales of Canadian goods by the class of business mentioned above will be increased by 50 per cent and the tax on imports has been increased from 1½ per cent and 3 per cent to 2½ and 4 per cent respectively.

woman and child in the country. The net national debt now amounts to \$2,350,236,700—about \$300

slantwise through the wood, and here and there under the roofs of the trees we could see golden pools and streams of it on the cool earth. . .

The musical ripple of a creek came to our ears. And then, slowly at first, there came upon my friend the wonder of it all. About us through all that forty acres of wood the air seemed to whisper forth a strange and wonderful life. Over our heads we heard a grating sound. It was a squirrel gnawing through the shell of a last autumn's nut. On an old stub a woodpecker hammered. Close about us were the cheep, cheep, cheep and twit, twit, twit of little brown brush-birds. A warbler burst suddenly into a glorious snatch of song. A quarter of a mile away a crow cawed, and between us and the crow we heard a fox squirrel barking, and a little later saw its mate scrambling in play up and down the trees."

Is it any wonder that a man who can write like that about Nature is able to fascinate and hold the hearts of thousands who go to a Curwood story for a few hours of unalloyed pleasures and restful change!

In Saying Good-bye

In bringing this month's book chat to a conclusion, may I ask a favor of the readers of The Western Home Monthly? Will you please write if there is any advice concerning books that I can give you? Many of you are doubtless far away from a book store. You do not always hear of the new publications. Perhaps there is some book on a particular subject, or of a particular type that you are anxious to know about. Every book released from the various publishers in Toronto passes through my hands, so



The above photographs were taken during and immediately after a fire that broke out on April 6th, at Kamsack, Sask., just after 11 a.m. The volunteer fire brigade made strenuous efforts against a high wind and were fortunate in saving the whole business section. Several barrels of oil and one of gasoline were removed from the burning building to a safer place, a task not to be envied when the right inset is looked at, which was taken within four minutes of the outbreak.

Come, Let Us Read Awhile

By the Librarian

Cont'd. from page 21

than mere biography. And as one reads one just longs to kick over the office chair, turn the inkpot upside down, make a bonfire of all the paper—and turn one's back upon the city for ever.

"I have spent ten years," writes Curwood, "next to the heart of Nature, and I have, thank God, been taught to understand my littleness. And I have been made to see the God I am thinking is not a personal God. For I am a pantheist. Nature is my religion."

This gifted novelist then goes on to tell us how he was expelled from high school and turned to the great outdoors for a living. No one can write more appealingly of outdoor life than this man who has written so many thrilling novels and short stories. Listen to this description from his pen:

"It was three o'clock in the afternoon, that wonderful time of a summer day when Nature seems to rouse herself from midday slumber to fill the world with her rustling life. The sun fell

A Lover of Nature James Oliver Curwood has written a short account of his life. It is really more like a hymn of praise to Nature

you see how easy it would be for me to help you a little in any bookish matter?

The world of books is thickly populated. There are romances to throw a glow over life; adventures bring a thrill into the quietest day; mysteries to enthrall; books for the toddler; books for the growing girl; for the boisterous boy, and, of course, books of a serious nature on every subject that the human mind has ever concerned itself with.

I will try each month to touch upon a varied selection, so that there will be something to interest each type of mind, each temperament, each age.

A few years ago, a woman, Helen Coale Crew, wrote a very beautiful poem which she called, "A Grace Before Reading." The first verse has these lines:

O God, all praise
For a book, its tears, its wit,
Its faults, and the perfect joy of it!

And, in conclusion, the poet says:

O God, all praise!
That in brief, swift days
Thou mad'st the world's green gar-
dens, and forsook
Thy labor, leaving man and time to
make the book!



By Helen E. Vialoux

THE EGG SITUATION

I trust that the present state of the egg market, when the fruit of the hen has so declined in price, that poultry profit seems an impossibility for the moment—that our producers will have a "heart" and not get discouraged. The tremendous slump in both butter and eggs is after all only temporary and reminds me of 15 to 20 years ago, when 25 to 30 cents was a high price for eggs, strictly new laid; 15 to 20 cents was the regular price for farm eggs. This is fresh eggs gathered from country stores, and these prices were stationary from April until August, when they began to climb a little. Many a nice plump bird of two and a half and three months of age I sold for 50 cents in those days and made a small profit. Of course chickens, turkeys and ducks are an excellent price now, considering the price of grain seeds, and shorts have been reduced one half. Shorts sell at \$1.45 to \$1.56 per 100 pounds, one year ago \$2.90 to \$3.10 a sack. Mixed grain has been reduced nearly as much.

We are told Canada produced 170,000,000 of eggs in 1920 and had no net surplus to sell, though between six and seven million dozen of Canadian eggs were sent to England where they fetched a good figure, but in the meantime Canada imported more than seven million dozen eggs. Great Britain is the great world's market for eggs, but the home market in Canada is not to be despised.

The proper grading of eggs will be a factor in securing a living price for good stock and the Canadian people should learn to eat far more eggs. Now is the time to start—when meat is again going up in price, as we have a cheap egg for the summer months.

The dominion-wide egg-laying contests are going strong, with some wonderful records. The White Leghorns are in the lead at the end of the 26th week. No. 441, a white Leghorn, is an egg wonder, having laid 144 eggs in 26 weeks and 51 eggs in as many days without a break. The bird next to her has 135 eggs to her credit, and about 50 hens have come up to the 100-egg mark in the time. The heavier breeds are troubled a good deal with broodiness, but are making a good record.

The hens at "Storrs," Conn., had a great celebration on May 2nd, the tenth anniversary of the establishment of laying competitions in America. The 1,000 hens in the contest this season have laid 8,000 more eggs than at the same date in 1920. The 1,000 hens have produced 74,000 eggs so far this season; perhaps this is to make up for the slump in egg prices.

A word in regard to the growing flocks of chicks, turkeys and ducks will not be amiss. Keep the young things where they may get an abundance of grass or green food. A packet of chicken lettuce put in the garden soon grows fit for a green food, but a run of a grassy lawn will supply the little birds with green food and a fine lot of flies and worms in the bargain. Young turkeys must not be allowed out on the grass too early in the morning, 10 a.m. is time enough to let them have a stroll, as turks cannot stand damp feet. On a rainy day they should be kept in a shed or coop.

Watch out for head lice on the turks or poultry. They are the bane of their life in hot weather. If a poult seems pale around the head and drags her wings, ten chances to one she has these pests. Catch each bird and rub the head with lard or carbolized vaseline. One or two applications should rid the bird of these blood suckers that fasten themselves to the head. Both ducks and geese need plenty of grit and sharp sand all summer and will consume a great deal

of it. The ducklings need not have water to swim in to flourish, though they dearly love a puddle or pan of water set in the ground to play in during the hot weather. Ducks are little troubled with any kind of vermin, but should have comfortable, dry quarters containing clean litter to sleep in. Damp quarters and dirty pens will surely cause lameness and illhealth in ducks or geese.

The summer is a good time to wage war on "scaly leg" in the hens. This disease may be entirely avoided by a little care and is very contagious in the flock; often the male bird will be the first offender, bringing scaly leg into the hen run. Prepare a strong soap suds, using soft soap or carbolic soap and soft water. Use an old tooth brush to scrub the legs thoroughly; then apply lard and sulphur and coal oil. This disease, like the scabies that causes the feathers to fall off around the head and chest of fowls, is caused by a tiny parasite working under the scales of the hen's legs. A couple of applications of the suds, etc., will usually cure the birds. Scabies, which makes the fowl very unsightly in appearance, may be cured by sulphur and lard and carbonate of potash, 20 grains to half an ounce of lard and one dram sulphur, but several treatments will be needed to get rid of the parasites working at the base of the feathers. Carbolic vaseline is also a good remedy for the scabies.

A Snowflake, Manitoba, man had a hen lay an egg which weighed exactly five ounces, the heaviest egg on record in 1921.

PREMIER NORRIS TO CALL PRAIRIE PREMIERS' CONFERENCE

Uniform Legislation to Deal with Unoccupied Land Problem and Condition of Settlers now on the Land to be Subjects Discussed.

General McRae says One Old Settler Worth Several New Ones

Premier T. C. Norris of Manitoba has been requested to call a conference of the three prairie province premiers to discuss and agree upon a plan for dealing with the unoccupied land problem in Western Canada.

A firm listing of unoccupied lands at fixed prices for a reasonable period was the main proposal contained in a memorial to the Western Governments by General A. D. McRae, managing director of the Western Canada Colonization Association, a few days ago. His suggestion for enabling legislation has met with universal support in each of the three prairie provinces. The view is strongly held that the creation of a land board under the Minister of Agriculture in each province, which would take listings of the unoccupied lands in Western Canada and thus provide a medium through which all colonization agencies could operate, would be of incalculable value in assisting settlement of the vacant areas in Western Canada. The enabling legislation thus proposed in General McRae's memorial has consequently met with almost universal support in each of the prairie provinces.

It is proposed that the conference will not only consider the needs of the incoming settler but as well the conditions surrounding agriculturists now on the land. The opinion has been expressed by General McRae that one old settler is worth several new ones, and the problem of those now in the country should be fully considered at the forthcoming premiers' conference. Speaking in the Manitoba Legislature a few days ago, Attorney-General T. H. Johnson said that the Manitoba Government was greatly impressed with the useful results that are likely to attend the conference in question.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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Sensible House Designed for the West

A Cosy Home particularly attractive to Western Canadian Home Builders

By F. F. LEMAISTRE

This month another new feature is added to the columns of The Western Home Monthly, and we believe that it will prove to be one of the most interesting and practical departments reaching the people who call the West their home.

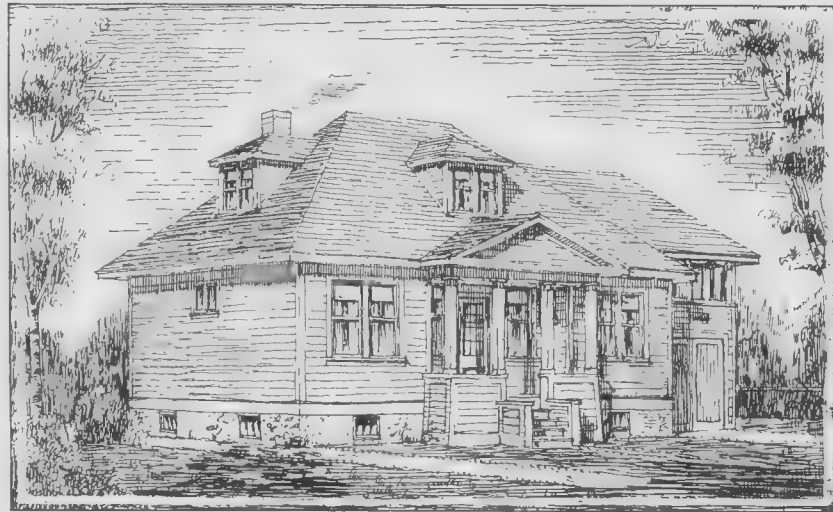
The Western Home Monthly has always been, and always will be, prepared to meet the particular needs of the people in Western Canada. Its whole object is to assist in building up bigger, better and happier homes throughout Western Canada. Our latest contribution to our subscribers, a *home building and plan service department*, will, we are sure, actually assist in building up many attractive and satisfactory homes for readers of The Western Home Monthly.

A SIDE from the illustrative plan suggestions submitted for your consideration in the pages of The Western Home Monthly, in connection with houses, barns, garages, implement houses, etc., we also offer a blue-print service at cost. Only subscribers to The Western Home Monthly will be privileged to receive this service.

The illustrations contained in this department each month are, of course, merely of a suggestive nature. Working plans and elevations of the houses illustrated can be secured in blue-print form, and if the arrangement of the plans suggested do not suit our readers' requirements, these will be changed, according to the wishes of Western Home Monthly subscribers.

The house illustrated this month has been especially designed to meet present-day needs of a farm house, with a few modifications for a town house. It is what is known as a "storey-and-a-half frame house," with shingle walls and shingle roof. Size of house 24 x 34; size of combination garage and sleeping balcony, 12 x 14. This combination garage and sleeping balcony is a new feature of particular interest to the farm home. It is arranged so that access is gained from the main house, while it also can be heated from the main house heating system. Both the garage and sleeping balcony can be eliminated if desired, without changing the arrangement of the general plan.

Ground Floor Plan.—Taking the most important room of the house first, namely, the living-dining room. As its name implies, it serves a double purpose,



A Home well planned with roomy cosiness

viz., that of making one room take the place of two. It must be remembered that a dining-room, as such, is used only at meal times, but by combining the two uses in one, a distinct saving of floor space is made. The large fireplace, and ingle-nook and seats, give the room a home-like appearance, and a beamed ceiling in this, would also add to the general effect and charm.

The Kitchen.—This is a very important department in the home, and more attention and consideration is being given to it. Figuratively speaking, the kitchen is the workshop or factory of the house, and in that capacity requires careful placing of furniture, with a view to economy of labor and floor space, thus it comes in a class by itself and must be given individual attention.

The Pantry is planned so as to open directly off the kitchen, and also is a direct communication with the dining-room. Note also that the pantry is well lighted, and provided with ample shelving and cupboards.

The Washroom at the back of the house and adjacent to the kitchen, is handy for the men at meal times. The grade entrance and basement stair are conveniently located so as to avoid bringing dirt into the house.

The Office, or Den, or Bedroom, is a feature that may appeal to some, the idea being that this room can be used to whatever purpose best suits the owner. It will be a well lighted and bright little room.

The Bedroom on the opposite side of the house gives privacy to the family. A bathroom could be arranged between

the two rooms if desired, hence the small windows in each closet.

The staircase is conveniently placed, giving access to all parts of the house.

On the **Second Floor** two good sized bedrooms are provided, well lighted with dormers, and each with clothes closet, also the bathroom and linen closets.

A **Large Airy Sleeping Balcony** over the garage, and opening off the stair landing, adds a popular feature to the house.

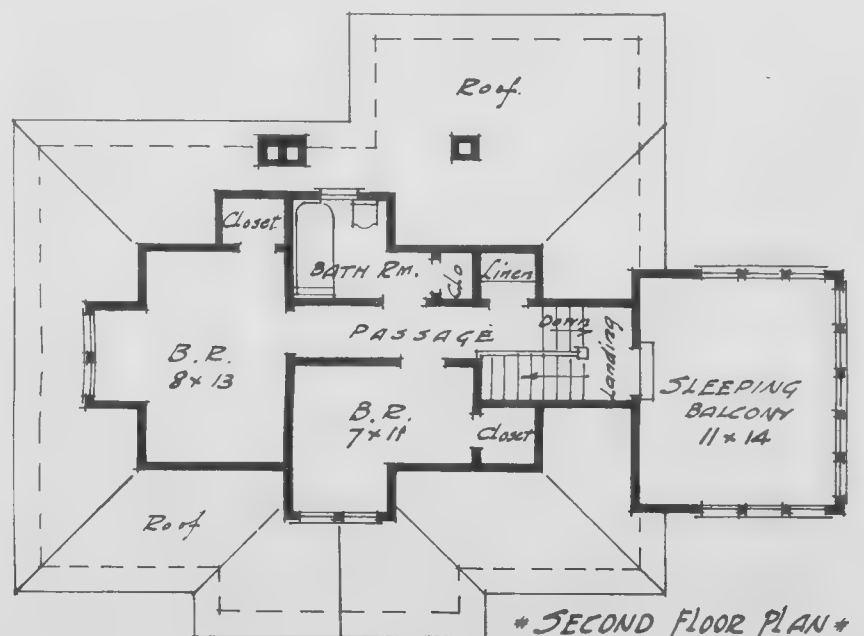
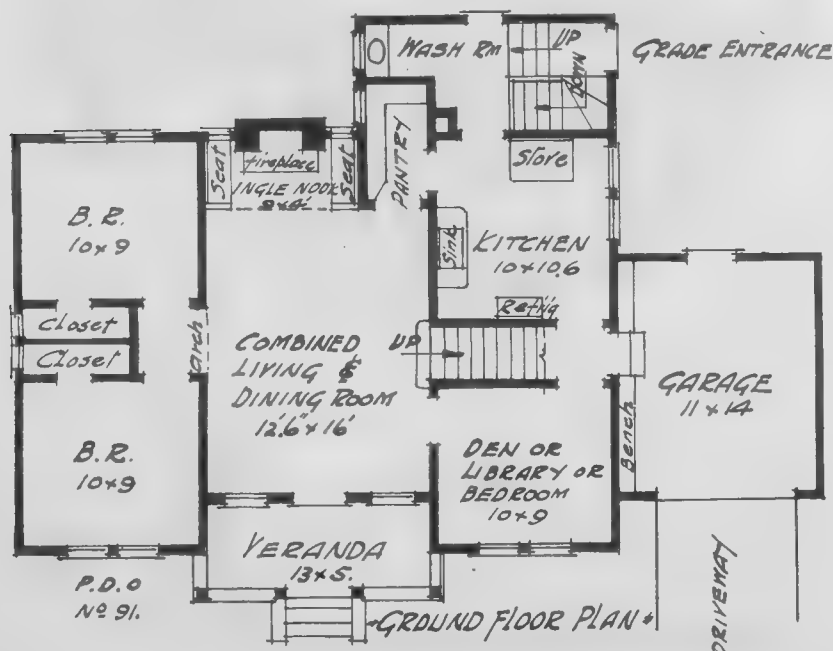
The house, as planned, will, of course, have a full basement.

The Garage at the side of the house, and at ground level, is arranged so that access is gained from the main house, while it can also be heated from the main house heating system. Both the garage and sleeping balcony can, however, be eliminated if desired, without changing the general arrangement of the plans in any way.

As to the exterior appearance, this house can readily be adapted to stucco, rough-cast or solid brick construction without changing the lay-out of the floor plans.

As to the question of cost, it is impossible to give any definite figures here as so many conditions enter into individual constructions, depending upon location and distance from a supply centre.

To receive blue-prints that will give you a complete plan of the home you wish to build, you merely need to clip out the plans as illustrated on these pages, and attach them to a sheet of paper, showing changes you require, and send them to us. We will mail blue-prints of complete plans that will be perfect in every detail. For this service a cost of \$4 is made. This service is strictly for The Western Home Monthly subscribers only.



A Pioneer Grandfather

Continued from page 20

When Thanksgiving Day came Grandpa was seen winding his way to the little church to offer thanks to God for the beautiful harvest that was being gathered in. As the young men started stores and went into business—the little stores that have now grown to be city stores in the country—Grandpa gave the young men, in a kind and genial way, advice on honesty and uprightness in all business transactions, and also to be concerned about their soul; to take Jesus Christ into their heart and life. And in the same kind, genial way, carried it out in all his own business transactions.

When Grandpa passed away to the Great Beyond it seemed as though the Recording Angel dipped his pen in the sunset of gold and wrote across the sky: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Written by Mrs. J. Tocher for The Western Home Monthly.

"THE GREATEST VICTORY"

Which is the greatest battle that has ever yet been won?
Now, was not that a question to come from a little son.
The mother thought a moment—it was hard to say just then,
She thought it well might puzzle the very wisest men.
She turned the question over and over again in mind
And she looked at the little questioner the smallest of his kind.
And then she asked for longer time to see it justice done
As he said in some amazement, "I only asked for fun."
"I didn't think it took so long to answer, not at all,
"Just let me know this afternoon when I come from playing ball."
She racked her brains yet longer and still she could not say
What answer she should give him when he returned from play.
She tried hard to remember what battles had been fought
And though well-versed in history—her thinking came to nought.

For who can ever really say which battle won the test?
For deeds of valour—noble deeds, which battle was the best?
And as the thought occurred to her, how varied battles are,
She found the Book of Proverbs, so oft her guiding star.
"He is better than the mighty that is to anger slow,
And he who rules his spirit has fought a mightier foe
Than he that takes a city (however great it be)."
And she tried to teach her little son this blessed truth to see,
That if he ruled his temper—though he were only small,
He would fight the bravest battle—the greatest of them all.
—Edith A. Riddehough.

Buy Me an Ice Cream Soda, Please
I'm truly sorry for the man
Who misses all such joys as these,
Who never hears and never can
From little lips their many pleas:
"Get me some chocolate candy an'
Buy me an ice cream soda, please!"

Light-hearted people go and come
And pause before the shining shops,
They hear their children's, "Buy me some!"
"Oh, daddy! There are lollypops;"
But no one begs him for a drum
Or horn or music-making tops.

Alone he walks the crowded streets
And looks at things he never needs,
The painted trinkets and the sweets,
The wooly dogs and colored beads,
But no gay little voice entreats,
And for such pleasures no one pleads.

He does not know the worth of gold
Who has no little girls or boys
To beg for everything that's sold,
For sugar buns and gaundy toys,
And he is doomed until he's old
To loneliness and selfish joys.

Give me the youngster at my side
Who begs for everything he sees,
Tin soldiers and a horse to ride,
And blue balloons to brave the breeze,
Who shouts, and will not be denied:
"Buy me an ice cream soda, please!"

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"



Hurrying home from school—Good bread and butter will satisfy their hungry appetites. Bread made from Purity Flour is always good and satisfying.



A Square Deal for the Settler

Is the aim of the Western Canada Colonization Association. It can be realized through co-operation from the Prairie Provinces. Legislation necessary to ensure success.

By J. W. DAFOE, Editor-in-Chief of The Manitoba Free Press

In times of difficulty and distress the dependence of all sections of the community upon one another is revealed far more clearly than in periods of abounding prosperity when the need for co-operative action is not so apparent.

At the moment Canada is faced with a problem of immense magnitude; how to induce the rapid and successful development of the vacant lands in the West in proximity to the railway lines.

The old immigration movement—the combined result of many independent agencies, among them the government, railways and land companies—was pretty well over before the war came to put a complete stop to enterprise of this character.

Now the factors of the problem are so changed that the old agencies, if they could be revived and got back to work again, could not renew their old successes. Everything is changed; the character of the settlers required, the nature of the appeal that must be made to secure them, and the machinery by which they can be transported and placed in locations where their presence will be advantageous to themselves and of benefit to the country.

The immigrants most needed are people who will come with a view to securing farm homes for themselves; they must have a moderate amount of capital now that there are no more free homesteads and experience in farm work, or at least aptitude for it is desirable. There is no lack in the world to-day of people of this type to whom the prospect of a home in Western Canada, if it could be brought before them, would make an irresistible appeal, just as there are available for them the very homes they desire if some method can be found to bring the vacant lands and the home-seeker together.

The Western Canada Colonization Association has come into existence in the expectation that it will be able to render a great public service by devising and carrying out plans by which the desirable immigrant in other lands over the sea, or south of the line, will be secured, brought to Western Canada, placed on suitable land and given such encouragement as may be necessary to make him a contented and prosperous settler.

The Western Canada Colonization Association will devote its energies primarily to inducing the right kind of settler to come to Canada. It will do this work in co-ordination with every agency existing or hereafter to be called into being devoted to the same purpose. The more the better, provided they work towards a common object and co-operate to this end.

The Association is not a land selling agency. It has no interest in any particu-

lar district and is not concerned in the disposal of privately held lands. Yet it is very obvious that if settlers are secured for Western Canada they will require land. If they can get the land they want at the price they can afford to pay, in a locality that meets their wishes, the plan will work. After the first thousand settlers are successfully placed the current of immigration will set in steadily and will never cease until the vacant places in the West are filled.

But the successful placing of the settler after he is secured is the very foundation stone of the enterprise; lacking it the movement must fail. The Western Canada Colonization Association have asked the people of Western Canada to attend themselves to this matter, of such vital importance to them, through the agency of their own provincial governments.

In the memorial presented to the governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta by the Association the outlines of the proposed plan are drawn. Briefly, each government is asked to create a land board for its province which will list all vacant lands with prices fixed for two years and issue maps and literature showing the location of this land and giving the facts as to the price and the character of the soil. Provision is made insuring a reasonable valuation and owners will be asked to name agents empowered to make sales.

If this plan is carried out the Western Canada Colonization Association and every other immigration agency operating outside of Canada will be able to put into the hands of the prospective immigrant the information which will make his removal to a new home in Western Canada a business investment instead of a highly speculative venture. He will be able to decide beforehand the district to which he is to go and he will know that when he arrives he will be able to get the land he requires without delay and without uncertainty. The road will be straight before him and the goal will be in sight.

The beneficial effect upon immigration of an arrangement like this which will offer the incoming settler the assurance of a considerate treatment and a square deal, will be beyond calculation. It will remove too from the whole movement the incubus of the suspicion that it is a device for selling land for speculators and put it in its proper light as a great co-operative disinterested attempt to do a real public service—that of settling the empty spaces of the West with all the incalculable benefits that will follow, in which every interest and every industry will share; the local municipality and school district, the local merchant and railways, the provinces, the cities, and in fact the whole Dominion.

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE BIRDS THAT PROTECT US

When out with a gun looking for "something to kill," it is as well to consider the value of bird life in its relation to agriculture. There are some birds that are a menace to certain lines of farming, but by the extermination of such birds we may be protecting the successful development of certain units of farming and at the same time also be protecting the life of certain insects that are a menace to the more important crops of the farm.

It is stated that the annual loss of field, orchard and garden crops in Canada is at a conservative estimate upwards of \$200,000,000 due to destructive insects. Without the aid of our insectivorous birds this loss would be much greater.

The prairie horned lark to the extent of one brood, it has been estimated, will consume 400 cutworms per day and such feeding would probably continue for ten days or over. Robins, too, have been found to be great devourers of cutworms. The grasshopper problem of the past few years has given gulls and crows a place of usefulness. The crow has generally been looked upon rather dubiously from an agricultural standpoint, but whatever its faults may be, the fact remains that during the breeding season its food consists of a large supply of insects. Statistics have shown that these birds are capable of consuming a tremendous number of grasshoppers in the course of a season. Gulls, too, are known to be a considerable check against the destruction of grain crops by grasshoppers.

The question of the protection of bird life is becoming each year more serious as their aid is not only confined to the destruction of insects of a crop-destroying nature, but they render valuable service by consuming weed seeds in vast quantities. By the promiscuous shooting of birds for sport the insects get a better chance to carry on their work of destruction and for each insectivorous bird destroyed there will be hundreds of insects' lives preserved and a proportionate amount of plant life lost to the community.

An important point to note is the work carried on by certain birds during the winter; weed-seeds being cleaned up to a considerable extent by them. Forty-three species of winter birds are with us and live principally on weed seeds. The birds that have been looked upon as enemies in every way including several kinds of hawks, have been killed by certain statisticians for the purpose of ascertaining the contents of the stomachs of such birds. It is surprising to learn that among the hundreds of hawks that were killed, which included red shoulder hawks, broad winged hawks, sparrow hawks and marsh hawks, only an insignificant trace of poultry was found as the main diet seemed to consist of mice, insects, etc. In considering the ever-present gopher pest the hawks must be given credit for the destruction of a given number of these grain destroyers.

The protection of bird life is another point in favor of the campaign for the planting of more trees on the prairies. Trees provide shade, and protection from the wind, and numerous other excellent points may be cited including the fact that they provide a nesting place for the many birds that are holding in check the many pests that annually threaten our crops with destruction.

The number of insect species in existence is amazing and capacity for multiplying makes each individual insect a bad menace while it lives. In addition to their capacity for multiplying, their capacity for eating is enormous; for instance, a caterpillar will eat twice its weight in a day.

What is the best way to combat these pests? We could never purchase the poison sprays or put into the field the gigantic army of pumps that would be necessary to keep them from devastating the whole land. Our own little piece of field or garden can have the insects kept under control by means of pumps and poison sprays, but it is to the in-

sectivorous birds we must look to devour these insects by the thousand and thus keep them in check.

In conclusion let us think twice before shooting birds at random, or better still do not shoot our protectors at all. We have our seasons for game birds and the sport of bagging them and the relish of eating them is a treat that comes annually for all true sportsmen, but the ignorant person who is willing to let any bird get a dose of shot is doing bad work for the community. There are also the nest robbers who may be enthusiastic naturalists in their own way, but to clean out a nest of eggs is equivalent to emptying a charge of shot into the brood as far as the benefit to agriculture is concerned. Our schools, clubs and other institutions would render valuable service to the country by promoting greater interest in the protection of bird life.

NOTES ON THE CULTIVATION OF CAULIFLOWERS

Cauliflower in practically all of its stages of development requires greater care than the cabbage. Care should be taken to avoid the damping off of the young plants. The beds should be well ventilated in the hotbeds and in case the beds cannot be well ventilated the plants should be watered as little as possible and the surface of the soil should not be wet for any length of time. Experience seems to indicate that they transplant best when they are quite small—in fact, before the first rough leaf appears. It is recommended that the early varieties be planted 30 by 18 inches and the late varieties 30 by 30 inches.

These plants will not stand as much cold as cabbage, therefore they must be well hardened off and protected. In localities where the cauliflower is likely to be subjected to a hot and dry season it is recommended to plant later in the season than the time for planting cabbages as the heading will be accomplished under more favorable conditions. The method of sowing the seed, preparation of the soil and transplanting are practically the same as is advised for cabbages.

By drawing the leaves together and tying them the heads are kept from the sun and retain their whiteness. Before this operation is undertaken, if any cabbage worms are present they should be killed with pyrethrum powder. See that the head and leaves are dry when the latter are tied. Among the best varieties are the Early Dwarf Erfurt and Early Snowball.

PERENNIALS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN

The great advantage in the growing of perennials is that they are a safe investment as, once established in the garden, they bloom from year to year with very little attention and lack that experimental uncertainty and trouble involved in the raising of flowers from seed, for it is generally by means of tests that we can ascertain whether the latter is good, bad or indifferent. By carefully planning our perennial garden in regard to harmony, rotation and future expansion, we have the pleasure of knowing that our color scheme in this particular location of our garden will be the same each year with very little likelihood of failure. Among the most pleasing of this group are the peony, iris, poppies, etc.

The iris are quite hardy and produce magnificent blooms of greatly varying shades of color and form. With no winter protection but that provided by the snow they start a vigorous growth in the spring and are among the first flowers to adorn the grounds. As cut flowers they are of exceptional value as the buds will open after the stalks are cut and put into water in a vase in the house. Another point which is strong in their favor is that the roots increase very rapidly, thus allowing for separation and starting new plantations.

These plants are not very particular as to soil as they succeed in almost any soil that is not too dry. By making a

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selection of the various varieties the season of bloom may be lengthened very considerably.

Among the most desirable varieties of iris are the following:

Iris florentina
Iris germanica Amas (Macrantha)
Iris germanica Black Prince
Iris hybrids (amœna), Mrs. H. Darwin
Iris hybrids (amœna), Victorine.
Iris neglecta Sappho
Iris pallida dalmatica
Iris plicata Madame Chereau
Iris variegata Maori King
Iris squalens Jacquesiana.

At a time of year when bloom is more than ordinarily welcome, in fact when the tulips are passing and there seems to be no other bloom in sight, the Iceland poppy brings a ray of color to relieve the border about the middle of May. The oriental poppy and its varieties have gorgeous flowers, most of which are of vivid shades of scarlet and crimson. They are very striking in the border, both on account of their brilliant color and the immense size of the flowers. The clumps of oriental poppies improve with age and can be propagated by dividing the plants. These plants are hardy, will successfully survive the winters, and all they need to give best results is to be kept cultivated to ensure freedom from weeds when they will look their best. A handful of crimson poppies in a vase interspersed by clumps of gypsophila is an artistic triumph in the house.

Pæonies are one of the most magnificent flowers that are to be found in the home grounds of the West, and during the past few years they have been gaining in popularity. There are a tremendous number of varieties and as a result of cross-breeding we have today some very beautiful blendings. About the first of July the pæony beds are about at their best and present a very striking appearance with the large blooms, some of them about four inches across, rough balls of red, white, pink and white, white with pink spots, etc. At this time the pæony is undisputed king of the garden, for all the other flowers, beautiful as they may be, become but minor attractions while the blaze of these large blooms lasts.

The varieties are propagated by dividing the roots, and some advise the planting to be done at the beginning of September. When they are planted at this time they make some rootlets, thus establishing themselves before winter sets in and in the spring are able to make a more vigorous growth than would be the case had they been planted at the latter season. They need very little if any winter protection, and will succeed in various kinds of soils, though for preference they should have a deep, rich, fairly moist but well drained soil. They should have as much sunlight as possible. In preparing the ground for the planting of these herbaceous perennials it should be trenched at least two feet deep and a good quantity of rotted barnyard manure mixed in. Set the plants so that the crown is about two inches below the surface.

The plants should not be crowded but allowed plenty of room as they become very large in time. About three feet apart each way is a good distance to place the plants. The surface soil should be kept loose throughout the summer, and late in the autumn the soil should have a top dressing of manure as a protection for the first winter and this should be turned under to enrich the soil in the spring.

Among the best pæonies may be mentioned the following:

Artemise—Rosy pink, flesh color in centre, faint perfume; very free bloomer.

Charlemagne—Pink, shading of white at edge, sweet scented; very free bloomer.

Madame d'Hour—Flesh color, tipped with carmine, free bloomer.

Marie Lemoine—Flesh color, changing to white.

Rubra Superba—Purplish crimson; very free bloomer.

Festiva Maxima—White, some centre petals tipped with carmine.

Madame Lemoine—Pink with creamy white centre.

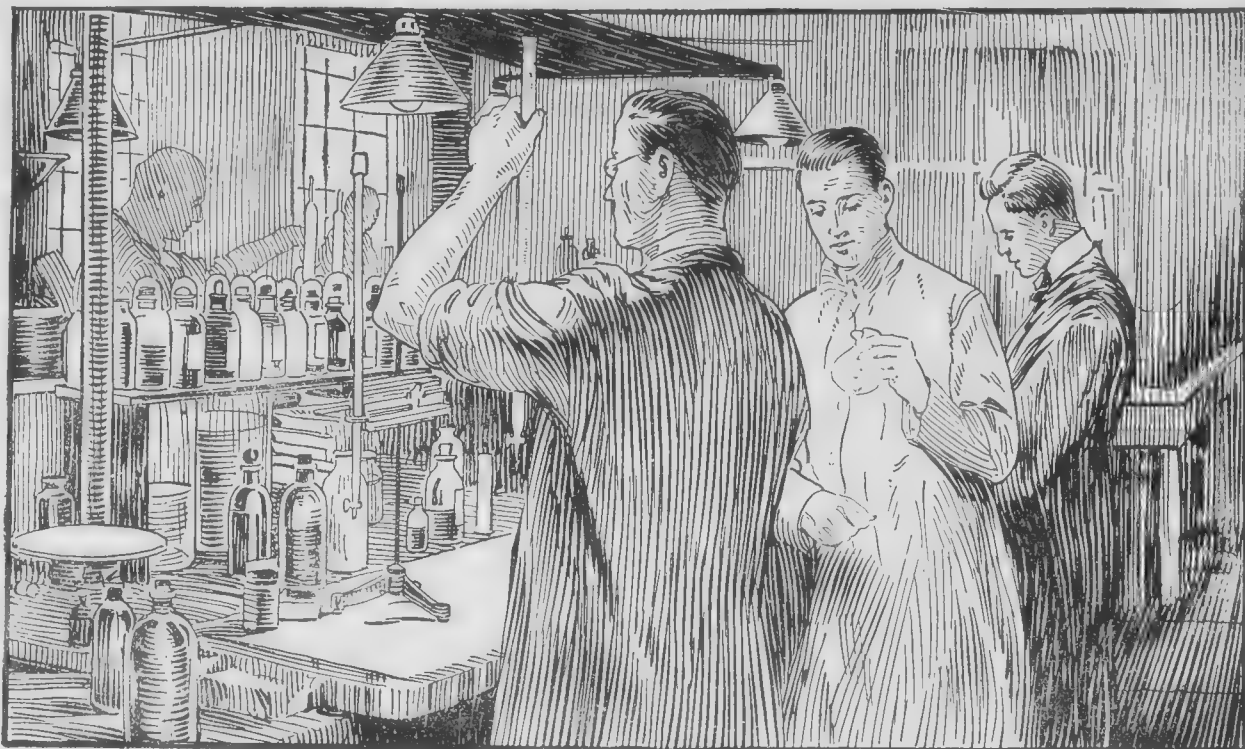
Berloiz—Rosy red, free bloomer, late.

NOTES ON THE GRASSHOPPER

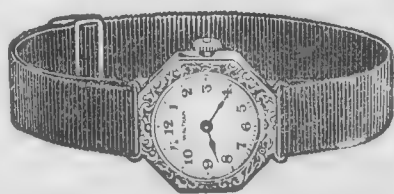
The small hoppers that are occasionally met with in the fall late, and those of the early spring are the ones which

winter over and are not of the destructive species which appear later in the spring. These latter pests are the Lesser Migratory grasshopper, the most

prevalent, and which has large elongate eyes and small black spots forming a line down the centre of the outer wing, and the roadside (Contd. on page 48)

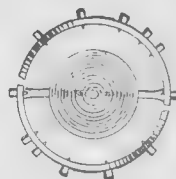


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Waltham hairspring steel is drawn through diamond surfaces, and for the smaller watches, to a third of the thickness of a human hair.

The Breguet, or over-coil (named after its inventor, a famous old French watchmaker), is used on every Waltham watch. The most important part of the complete operation in making a hairspring is the forming and tempering of the Breguet over-coil.

At Waltham, instead of being formed or bent by hand as a separate operation, the entire completed hairspring is formed at once and the same time, after which it is hardened and tempered in form—the invention of John Logan, a genius who was a part of Waltham leadership in watchmaking. Waltham is the only watchmaker using this perfect method of making the Breguet hairspring.

Hand-made watch movements have hairsprings that are first formed in the flat, then hardened and tempered in the flat. Then the outer coil is bent to form the Breguet over-coil, which, if the flat spring were as hard as the Waltham, and properly tempered like the Waltham hairspring it could not be bent to correct form, and would be liable to break in the attempt.

Waltham superiority is in original method, secret process, unvarying quality of every important part of the watch—a quality that cannot be equalled by any "hand" method of manufacture. That is why Waltham leads the world in standardized watchmaking, and why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Better Cookery

GERTRUDE DUTTON
Supt. of Home Economics, Minn. Extension Department

THE WEDDING RECEPTION

JUNE is the month of weddings. Buffet service has become increasingly popular till now it is the generally accepted method of serving for weddings. If served at noon, it is a breakfast, at one o'clock a luncheon, in the afternoon a formal tea, in the evening a reception.

It is possible to serve a large number of guests with a minimum amount of labor. The food is placed on an attractively laid table. Plates, napkins, and silver are placed on the table to facilitate work. An overloaded appearance should be

bowl placed with the glasses, on a small table in another room.

What May Be Served

Breakfast

Chicken Patties	Clover Leaf Rolls
Pineapple Salad	Lettuce Sandwiches
Neapolitan Ice Cream	Macaroons
Angel Cake	Brides' Cake
Coffee	Chocolate
Bonbons	Salted Nuts

Luncheon

Creamed Sweetbreads	Parker House Rolls
Cherry Salad	Ribbon Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream with Fresh Strawberries	

serving, in order that the contents may aerate. The flavor will be better.

Save all juice from vegetables for soups or gravies, and avoid mashing the fruits or vegetables in removing them from the container.

Commercial canning has now reached such a state of perfection, that the finished product is almost equal to the fresh food.

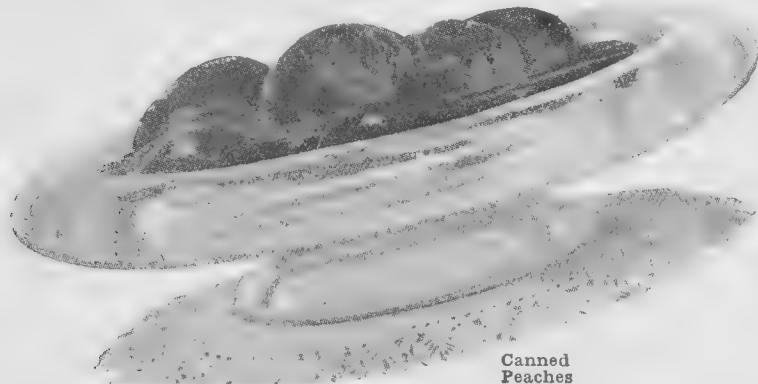
Croustades

Cut bread in slices $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and cut the slice in two, making oblongs. Trim off the crusts, and remove the

custard cups with it, leaving a deep indentation in the centre. Break an egg into each hollow, sprinkle with salt and paprika, add $\frac{1}{2}$ t. butter. Set in a pan of hot water in a medium oven, till the eggs are set. Serve at once.

Asparagus with Cheese Sauce

Heat a can of asparagus. Place neatly on hot buttered toast, and over it pour hot cheese sauce, which is made by adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce.



Canned Peaches

avoided. The table arrangement depends on the menu, and the number of guests to be served.

Only such things as may be conveniently eaten with a fork or spoon while the guests are standing, are served.

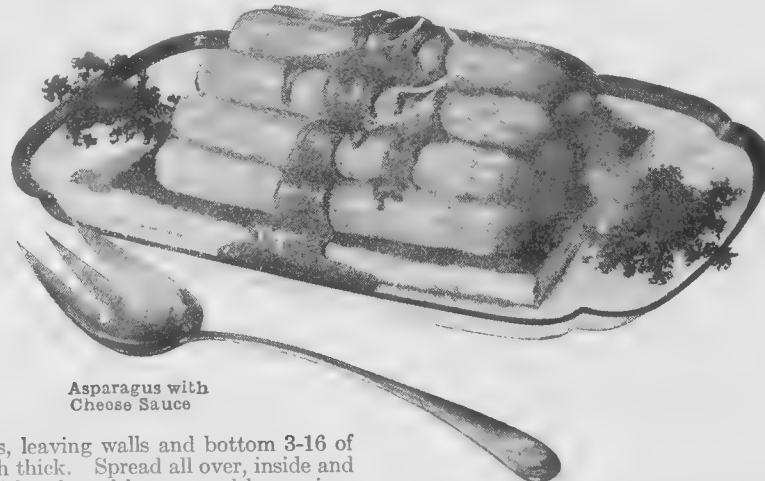
The table may be covered with either a silence and dinner cloth, or with a beautiful luncheon cloth. The flower decoration is placed in the centre. In the evening two or four lighted candles add to the appearance of the table. Small dishes of olives, salted nuts, and bonbons are placed outside of the candle sticks. If a hot dish is served, it is placed in chafing dishes at each end of the table. Dishes of salad are placed at either side

Coffee	Assorted Cakes	Chocolate
Salted Nuts	Brides' Cake	Bonbons
Fresh Strawberries,	unhulled, with Powdered	
Chicken Salad	Sugar	
	Brown Bread Sandwiches	
	Pistachio Ice Cream	
Chocolate	Cakes	Coffee
	Bonbons	

THE POSSIBILITIES OF YOUR CANNED GOODS

Abbreviations

t.—means teaspoons
tb.—means tablespoons



Asparagus with Cheese Sauce

centres, leaving walls and bottom 3-16 of an inch thick. Spread all over, inside and out, with softened butter, and brown in a very hot oven, or toast over the fire. Serve hot filled with creamed peas, asparagus, or carrots. If preferred, creamed fish, meat, or chicken may be used instead of a vegetable. The children will enjoy these very attractive "bread baskets."

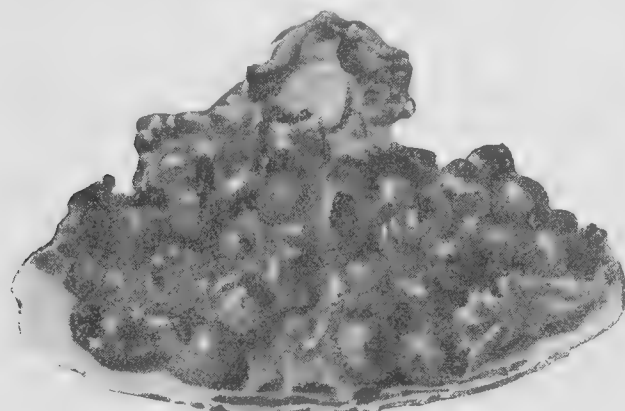
String Beans, Italian

1 medium onion	a spk. of cayenne
1 tb. butter or dripping	1 t. sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt	1 pt. jar of string beans
1 c. strained tomato	1 t. butter
$\frac{1}{8}$ t. pepper	

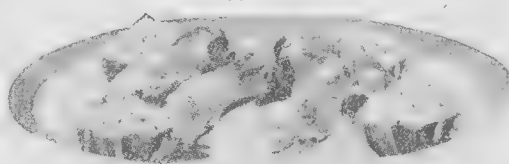
Stuffed Peppers with Creamed Dried Beef

Green peppers	Butter
Corn	Dried Beef
Salt, Pepper	White Sauce

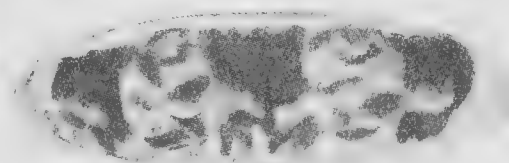
Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ pepper to a serving. Remove the seeds and inner portion. Parboil for 10 minutes. Fill with canned corn, seasoned with salt and pepper, and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. butter to each half pepper. Cover with buttered crumbs, bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.



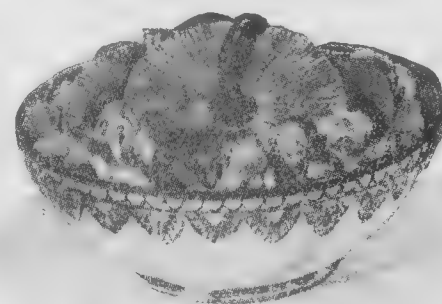
Peas in Potato Nest



Creamed Dried Beef with Stuffed Peppers



Creamed Dried Beef with String Beans



Pineapple Salad

of the table. Place one or two piles of plates and a group of forks near each serving dish.

Plates of rolls and sandwiches are put on the table. Small napkins are laid in piles on each corner of the table.

After removing the hot and salad courses, the ices with serving silver are placed on the table. Small cakes are arranged on doiley-covered plates, and brought with the ice cream.

The coffee is poured at one end of the table. Chocolate is usually served also. Punch is often served from a punch

c.—means cups.
pt.—means pint

All measurements are level

When the winter fruits and vegetables are nearly gone, and the new ones are not yet on the market, or if they are, are too high in price, the homemaker resorts to her stock of canned foods.

A little ingenuity will convert them into most delectable dishes, when appetites flag in the first hot days.

Whenever possible, the can or jar should be opened at least an hour before

spk.—means speck
q.t.—means quart.

Slice the onions very thin and cook till yellow in 1 lb. fat. Add the tomato and the seasonings. When the sauce begins to boil, add the string beans, and simmer for 15 minutes. Add another teaspoon of butter just before serving.

Eggs in Spinach Cases

2 c. canned spinach	1 tb. butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt	eggs
$\frac{1}{4}$ t. pepper	paprika

Heat the spinach, chop it very fine, and season with the salt, pepper and butter. Line the bottom and sides of buttered

Heat the required amount of dried beef, torn in small pieces, in white sauce. Pile on the middle of a hot platter, and arrange the peppers around it.

Corn Pudding

1 pt. corn	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. butter
2 eggs	1 pt. milk
A spk. pepper	1 t. salt.

Mix all the ingredients together, turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a slow oven till firm.

This makes a good supper dish.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

What is your Favorite Dessert?

WHAT is your favorite gelatine dessert? Which of the one hundred desserts given in the Knox booklet "Dainty Desserts" is most popular in your home? I imagine it will be one of the three recipes given here, each so delicious it is hard to select the best one.

Make them up for different luncheons or dinners—(less than one package of Knox Gelatine is needed to make the entire three desserts, each one of which will serve six persons—and write me your vote so that I may present to the women of the land the nation's most popular Knox Gelatine dessert.

I believe every woman will be interested in the result of this test which I will publish in this column. Here are the recipes:

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream beaten until stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries, and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

LEMON SPONGE or SNOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar Whites of two eggs
1 cup boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

RICE PARFAIT

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup cream 1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes and dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, and when cool, fold in cream beaten until stiff. Add nuts and flavoring. Turn into a mold, and pack in ice and salt.

Send for "Dainty Desserts" The Favorite Dessert Book

There is only room here to give three of the one hundred delicious dessert recipes given in my book "Dainty Desserts"—which also contains recipes for ice creams, sherbets, salads, candies, etc.

Write for a free copy before sending in your family's vote on the nation's most popular dessert. You may find in it a dessert you like even better than any I have published here. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

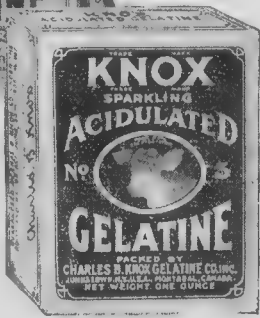
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Home Doctor

IF YOU ARE UNDERSIZED, TRY "STRETCHING" EXERCISES

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.A.,
B.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

The emperor Frederick the Great selected all the tall grenadiers he could find and married them off willy-nilly to all the tall milkmaids he could find.

The result was not as successful as he expected. True enough he succeeded in making a Prussian regiment of giants. He also anticipated Secretary Daniels' dictum that "bachelors are an encumbrance of the earth."

But there are just as many short offspring as long ones from the mating of Brobdingnagians, or Titans. If this were not so, eugenics would, like thoroughbred animal breeding, have been solved 50,000 years ago.

While few mortals would care to be as tall as Plutarch's Antaeus, who measured 85 cubits, or 20 yards, tall in his stocking-less feet, still, to be grand and handsome is a worthy ambition possessed by all.

Rabelais tells you that Gargantus, himself father of the giant Pantagruel, was so large that it required 900 ells of linen for the bosom of his shirt, and 200 ells more for the tail.

For his shoes 406 ells of velvet were necessary and 1,100 cow hides for the soles of his shoes. His toothpick was an elephant's tusk, and 17,913 cows gave him his glass of milk.

Plainly, Rabelais knew how to conceive a real giant! The giants of those days are not for us. There they belong.

Possibly at that distant day the little egg of living texture which lies hidden beneath the human brain—it is called the "pituitary" gland—assumed an aggressive activity which nowadays it has not.

The huge mountains of flesh seen in Chins, Tartary, side shows, museums and the circus, some of whom reach nearly eight or nine feet, are attributed to the over activity of this little nest of textile units, situated above the inside nose bones.

Massive heads, monstrous bones and gigantic structures in man usually accompany some pathological state of affairs in the pituitary gland.

Despair, however, is not necessary, if you are dwarfed, you need not hope for some malady to make you taller. If you are tall it is not necessary to suspect that some sickness in the internal bodily textiles is responsible.

It is as Avon's actor puts it, an excellent thing to have the height and strength of a giant; but it is inhuman to use it like a giant.

"His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;

His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for a whale."

There are many persons so self-conscious, by virtue of their shortness, that they think themselves as small and thin as Philetas, who wore leaden shoes to prevent being blown away.

Advice and hope may be given to these. Physical exercises, gymnastics, such as swinging on the trapeze, swimming and stretching themselves before they leave their twenties, all contribute to the elasticity of their spinal column and the growth of their bone.

Many a midget, by a diet of fresh thyroid, pituitary and other animal "glands," has taken on a new growth.

This is perhaps, why high-strung, nervous families are inclined to be taller than dumpy, dull, sluggish, apathetic, fat ones.

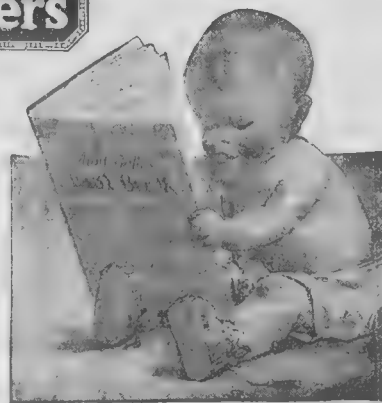
The thyroid and the other groups of tissues, which make powerful juices, all work overtime in people who carry their nerves on their sleeves; who cry eternally for sympathy and pseudo-martyrdom.

How to Remove a Tight Finger Ring

Take a length of strong thread and pass one end under the ring. Pull through a few inches and wind the remainder tightly and regularly round the finger right up to the nail. Then take hold of the short end and pull it in such a manner as to unwind the thread above the ring. The thread pressing against the edges of the circlet will gradually remove it from the finger, even if the knuckles be much swollen.



Let me tell you more about my Baby Book



What I have tried to produce is a text book for mothers, written by a mother. It tells how to prepare for motherhood and seeks to guide you through those first scary weeks when Baby seems more like a miracle than a human being. It tells about food, clothing, bath, first aids, nursery furnishings and hundreds of other such things.

I am sure you will find it helpful and doctors and nurses who have read it assure me that everything in the book is in accord with sound, modern practice. It is fully indexed for constant references.

My book is published by The Mennen Company, for which I am glad, because I think their Borated Talcum and Kora-Konia have contributed more to babies' comfort and happiness than any preparation I know about.

Although the book is finely bound and illustrated and would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar, The Mennen Company will mail a limited number for 50 cents. I hope every mother in Canada gets a copy—and consults it every day.

Lovingly,
BELLE.



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Hon. T. A. CRERAR says "GET WILD LANDS LISTED"

Leader of National Progressive Party endorses principle of Legislation requested by Western Canada Colonization Association and its multitude of supporters throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

Hon. T. A. Crerar's statement reads: "The proposal of the Western Canada Colonization Association that an inventory of unoccupied land be taken under Government auspices in the prairie provinces, and that the owners of such land should be obliged to fix a price at which they would sell to incoming settlers is, I think, an excellent one. The fact that the price so fixed would be made the value for assessment of the special Wild Lands Tax would keep the owner of the land down to a price that was reasonably fair. Land speculation, and for that matter speculation in other natural resources, has been one of the worst evils this country has suffered from."

It is generally agreed that Canada needs more people but an immigration policy can only have permanent success if the people who are already living here are relieved of the artificial handicaps under which they have labored in the past, of which these speculations in land is one. The more people that come into the country the higher the land speculator raises the price. In the best interests therefore of the people of Canada the proposal that land held out of use should be made available for those who want to use it is sound and deserves the support of all good Canadian citizens. This step is in line with what the organized farmers of Western Canada have advocated for many years."

Varying Conceptions of Education

By W. A. McINTYRE, L.L.D.



HERE are to-day, as there have been in all ages, three fundamental conceptions of the purpose of education. The first conception places emphasis upon the subject of study, the second upon the individual who is to be educated, the third upon the social organism of which the individual is a member. The first thinks of school children as pitchers to be filled, the second thinks of them as personalities to be developed, the third regards them as units which are to find their place in society.

I. Little Pitchers to be Filled

The thought here is that children go to school to learn what their teachers know, and what is contained in the text books. That there is value in such a view nobody will deny. The past has left an inheritance of knowledge and wisdom, of ideals and standards, relating to all that is true and beautiful and good, and one of the first aims of the school is to bring the child into possession of this inheritance. As one writer has said, "The school should lift the individual to the species."

To know what the race has discovered to feel what the great souls of the race have felt, to do the things that the consciences of the best men have approved, surely this is worth while. It is no wonder then that the doctrine of filling the mind with truth, as the maid fills the pitcher with water, has been so commonly accepted. It has been justified by scripture: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Those who accept this as the central thought in education, find it easy to emphasize the study of the three R's. Reading is the instrument whereby one unlocks the treasure-house of recorded wisdom. Writing is the means whereby one expresses the wisdom he has acquired, thus making it his own. Arithmetic is the tool which enables man to conquer his environment. Without measurement and calculation the world would remain disordered and unknown.

It is easy for those who think of mind-filling as the end of education to believe in examinations. And truly examinations are very necessary at every stage in teaching. They test the learning and the teaching, and give pupils the habit, the crystallizing their thought. If the school did not give formal examinations to the pupils it should teach them how to examine themselves.

Yet despite all this, the ideal as set forth in the phrase "filling little pitchers" is very faulty. One of the old reformers, writing four hundred years ago, likened the teachers of his time to the birds of the field. "They go round from bush to bush, and from clod to clod, finding here a gnat and there a worm. These they take home and thrust down the throats of their little ones. So our teachers rummage around among the books, finding here a phrase and there a sentence, and these they proceed to force into the minds of their pupils." Now it is clear that this process of feeding though it may end in learning will not end in education, for an education is not something that can be given, it is something that must be won. That a pupil on going to school should learn, goes without saying, that he should learn according to the method censured by the old reformer does not at all follow. There is fortunately a better mode of procedure.

That teachers in all ages have been ready to act the part of "pitcher-fillers" is only too evident. Writing over three hundred years ago, Comenius said, "the trouble with many of our teachers is that they give many of their pupils not what the pupils need, but what they themselves happen to know." There are lineal descendants of such teachers to-day. It is easy to teach when teaching is nothing more than passing a thing along. It is altogether a different thing when one reaches a higher conception.

II. Personalities to be Developed

Here the thought is on the pupil and his intellectual, emotional and moral-social progress. The subjects of study are means, the growth of the soul into

truth, beauty, and holiness, the end. The fundamental principle in all development is self-activity. Let one assist the butterfly in its attempt to free itself from its cocoon-prison, and he will destroy its beauty, for it is through struggle that it attains perfection. Let one do for a pupil that which he should do for himself, let him act as if passivity rather than self-activity were the central principle in learning, and he does positive harm.

There are three things a teacher can do to assist pupils in self-development. First, she can place before them ideals to be attained—ideals of knowledge, power, taste, conduct, then she can supply motive for reaching to such ideals—such motives as desire to excel, desire to know, desire to please, desire to be useful; and finally she can grade the work and the classes so that there will be no discouragement and no useless dawdling.

There is much satisfaction to a teacher when after an examination she finds her class takes a high mark. There is infinitely greater satisfaction when she finds as a result of her work that the pupils have developed physically, intellectually and morally. And so the doctrine of developing personalities may be well fortified by a scriptural passage, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Yet this conception of education stops short of the whole truth, or rather it may stop short of it. Education does not aim to help the pupil for his own sake alone but for the sake of the social organization to which he belongs. One might be well informed, sensitive to beauty, and even in a measure philanthropic, and yet be anti-social. He might be self-centred, self-indulgent, and self-seeking. It is necessary while retaining the ideal of individual development to couple with it a higher conception.

III. Units Finding their Place in Society

This ideal is well set forth in a scriptural phrase "he that loveth his life shall lose it." The greatest word in life is service. The central aim of the school is to train pupils to serve in the institutions of civilization—unselfishly, gladly, not for the monetary gain, but because to serve is to live. The good school therefore is not a place in which individualism runs mad, it is a place in which kindly co-operation characterizes all activity, where the strong consider the weak, where the children of the rich freely mingle with the children of the poor. In the well-ordered school there is no distinction of race, class or creed, but there is a feeling of friendliness which paves the way for concord in after life. The school by participating in life of a desirable kind prepare for life of the same kind. The desirable life is rich in faith, hope and love, the abiding graces of the soul.

Naturally this has a bearing on the problems of examinations, rewards, and school motives in general. The teacher can ask herself not merely, "How much are my pupils learning to know?" nor yet, "what are they learning to be?" but also this, "what service are they being trained to render?" And so all three conceptions of education are being merged in the law which ensures the permanent happiness and well-being of society. It is a law which reconciles individualism and socialism, by bringing them into subjection to the law of love.

IV. The Law of Progress

Each for all according to the measure of ability. All for each, according to the measure of necessity. Under this law men will seek to know the truth, to feel the beautiful, to do the right. In their seeking they will develop their bodies and their souls and enjoy the delights of self-conquest, and they will find their lives as they lose them in the service of humanity.

There is nothing that will do so little for one as education wrongly conceived. There is nothing that will do so much for one as education which consistently aims at the development of life for useful and happy service.



A Short Monthly Talk on the Proper Care of the Skin, Teeth, Hair and Hands

By MARGARET MAXWELL

Every one knows how good carriage adds to the figure and how its absence detracts from the most perfect form. A person's character or state of mind can sometimes be told from the way in which he or she holds herself. With elation and self-confidence the spine straightens. Depression and dejection are usually associated with a slouchy and slovenly bearing.

Even more marked is the effect of a faulty posture on the general health. Pains, aches, deformities and disorders frequently result.

A difficult problem in balancing confronts a biped. An elongated body with many joints must be maintained erect on a small base, while at rest and while in motion. The bones impart firmness, the ligaments strengthen the joints, and the muscles by opposing one another keep the parts in their proper relations. In order not to throw too much work on the muscles and ligaments, the body must be held in a carefully balanced position with the centre of gravity over the supporting part. When held erect, the spine describes a double curve, and is in a state of balance imposing least strain on the soft tissues.

Improper Positions

Any flattening of the spine destroys this balance. The work of supporting the trunk then falls on the muscles, which after a while tire under the strain, so that more work than normal is thrown upon the ligaments, which themselves become strained in consequence. This strain is felt most by the back, hips, knees and feet. These joints then become painful. Flat foot frequently results.

When the curve in the small of the back is lost, the end of the spine is tilted forward, imposing strain on the ligaments attaching it to the hip bones. In this condition the discomfort is increased when one sits or stands in a slouchy position or lies on the back, but is relieved when an erect posture is maintained and when the small of the back is supported by a pillow. This flattening of the lower spine may be caused by prolonged lying on the back, as in a long illness or after an operation and especially by a position of standing or sitting, with the shoulders forward and the lower back thrown out.

The opposite position with the head and abdomen thrown forward and the chest thrown back tilts the end of the spine in the other direction, with resultant strain on the ligaments and the production of similar symptoms. In stout persons the drag of the large abdomen causes this exaggerated curve in the lower back. Even when the strain originally results from a sprain or sudden giving away, fault posture tends to maintain it. In both bad poses the abdominal muscles fail to give proper support to the internal organs, especially kidneys and stomach, which sag and occupy a lower position, causing symptoms of indigestion and nervousness.

How to Hold the Spine

The spine should be held erect. It is difficult to describe just how this is to be done. One way is to pull the crown of the head up as far as one can. This will straighten the spine. Another way is to draw up the chest to a high position, whereupon the other parts will naturally fall in place. Another direction is to keep the neck pressed back against the collar. A psychological expedient has been suggested of adopting an important frame of mind; imagining one's self of consequence and superior to most mortals. This may cause the head to be held up and well back and the chest to be thrown forward.

The Correct Standing Position

In the correct station the shoulders, hips and ankles are in a straight line.

The weight of the body is thrown on the whole foot, not on either the heel or the toe. The feet should be parallel, not with the toes turned out. Prolonged standing in the latter position frequently produces flat foot. Turning out the toes relaxes the muscles of the leg which then do not help support the foot. With the feet parallel the muscles are held tense and uphold the foot, giving support to its arches.

It is possible to test the accuracy and balance of one's position by rising on the toes, remaining on them for a moment and then coming down gently. The body is erect and properly balanced when this can be done easily without strain of any part and without losing one's equilibrium. When this is not the case, but the person has to take a step forward or backward to recover his balance, it is a sign that the centre of gravity is misplaced and the body out of proper alignment.

How To Sit Properly

In sitting one maintains the erect posture also by drawing up the crown of the head, throwing out the chest and pressing the neck against the collar. It is wrong to lounge or flop in a chair. The end of the spine should touch the back of the chair but the lower portion of the back must not be in contact with it. If the back of the chair is sloping it will not touch the shoulders in this posture.

A faulty position of sitting is often produced by fitting one's spine to the back of a chair. The lower back then becomes rounded, instead of hollow or concave, the abdomen falls forward, the shoulders drop forward, and the chest sinks and becomes compressed. This position strains and soon tires the various muscles until the support of the back of the chair is really needed. But if the spine be kept erect and away from the back of the chair this will not occur.

It is important that the feet be supported so that they may assist in maintaining the erect posture. One should select a chair, therefore, that will allow the feet to rest easily upon the floor. A foot stool may be provided if the chair is too high.

Famous Actress Tells How She Uses Derwillo To Beautify Her Complexion



ETHEL CLAYTON

New York.—Miss Ethel Clayton, the clever young actress is famous for her beautiful complexion. When her friends inquired about it she said: "It's all due to a toilet preparation called derwillo which I use twice daily. The experience I have had prompts me to make my secret public. This wonderful derwillo instantly beautified my skin and its continued use has made the results permanent." When May Edna Wilder, the well-known beauty specialist, was interviewed in reference to Miss Clayton's remarkable complexion, she stated: "Any woman can have a beautiful complexion when she knows how. It's a very simple process. I use the same article in my work, and until you try it you have no idea of the marvelous results. The very first application will astonish you. Go to the toilet counter of any drug or department store and get a bottle of derwillo, then make the following test: Examine your skin critically before your mirror, not carefully its appearance, then apply derwillo as directed. After you have made the first application look in your mirror again and note the surpassing change. A peachlike color mounts the cheeks; a baby softness comes to the skin; it makes the skin rosy-white, velvety and radiantly beautiful. It is wonderful for a

dark, sallow skin, shiny nose, freckles, tan, oily skin, sun spots, coarse pores, pimples, blackheads, chapped, rough skin, ruddiness, wrinkles and many other facial blemishes. Derwillo method is absolutely harmless and will not produce or stimulate a growth of hair. It is superior to face powder as perspiration does not affect it, therefore it stays on better. Thousands who have used it have had the same results as Miss Clayton, and I am sure if you will give it a fair trial you will become just as enthusiastic as I am and always use it in preference to any other powder or beautifier." For permanent results the skin should be cleansed night and morning with a good cleansing cream. For this purpose I have found nothing superior to Liska Cold Cream.

NOTE.—When asked about Derwillo and Liska Cold Cream, one of our leading druggists said: "They are truly wonderful beautifiers, away ahead of anything we have ever sold before. We are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the money to anyone who is dissatisfied, and we would not permit the use of our name unless these products possessed unusual merit." They are sold in this city under an ironclad money-back guarantee by all department stores and up-to-date druggists, including ALL TAMBLYN STORES.

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Mothers Section

WHY THE CONTEMPT FOR HAUSFRAU ROLE?

By E. G. Bayne

In a cool, leafy bower where tongues and teacups made the lazy afternoon lively a little group of business women were foregathered.

"Why, do you suppose," asked one of them suddenly, "the good old hausfrau woman is so unpopular nowadays, so very emphatically scorned?"

One yawned delicately and shrugged. Another smiled tolerantly, the rest were equally indifferent. Presently the query

was repeated, the speaker adding that she was curious only and not ready to read us a homily.

"Well, I should suggest it is this way," hazarded a thoughtful young woman, a language teacher in a young ladies' private school, "it's very likely on account of the German association. We despise the German and the hausfrau is included. What good did all those so-called wonderful hausfraus do the world at large during the war? If they'd had any spunk they'd have organized and done something to stop the butchery. But all they could do

was make bread, sweep floors and peel potatoes—when they had potatoes!"

"Yes, that's it," agreed another. "We despise housewifery because it has seemed to stand for non-progressiveness. The purely domestic woman appears both stupid and spiritless—stupid because she doesn't try to modernize her methods and spiritless because she'll endure wrongs and injustices that she could easily remedy by organizing. Understand, I'm speaking in the general sense."

"That's right. Thousands of women are still bending over sinks and tables that are the wrong height for them," nodded the teacher. "And being skinned by the tradesmen on telephone orders. And

sweeping the old, old way. And not taking personal interest in their children's schools!"

The first speaker looked worried.

"But it can't go on like this, can it?" she asked, searching still for the right answer. "I don't think any of you quite get me. It's this way: little girls nowadays never play the games of 'house' and 'mother' that we used to as kiddies. Have you seen any doing it? I haven't. Outside of the romping games, which are excellent for them, they have no others. Yesterday however I passed some children who were playing what I suppose has taken the place of the little-girl games. I didn't have time to stop and ask the name of the game but one child was issuing instructions and I caught the drift: 'Now you be the s'nographer Gladys, an' Marjorie 'll be the boss' wife an' I'll be the boss. Dottie can be the office-girl letting the people in! That's all I heard and I've been wondering ever since if those precocious little imps were playing the eternal-triangle!"

"Oh, they probably got the idea from the movies," said a business woman who has three well-brought up children of her own. Mine only go to such movies as I select but even at that they want to act all the time. I catch them playing movies often, one calling through a megaphone, another turning an old coffee-grinder—the camera if you please!—and the third posing and grimacing before it. Big cards all over the house tell us that 'Flossie Funny' will entrance us to-night in the 'gripping drama of Red Riding Hood,' and so on. I never interfere because I consider it just a phase in their development."

"When I was a child I was brought up by a grandmother and an aunt," said a quiet, bookish little woman who is head of a big library. "They were good to me in every way but one. Whenever I picked up a book they were possessed of the notion that I was wasting time. My grandmother would cast uneasy looks at me and suggest that I get out my carpet rags and sew. My aunt fidgeted and hunted round till she found something for me to 'do'—peeling apples or dusting the parlor! The idea that I might be storing up knowledge that would be invaluable to me later on in life never occurred to these splendid, kindly, domestic souls! The carpet rags would be packed away and moths undo all my work—as happened more than once. No matter. There was something in the very look of me plying a needle that satisfied them!"

"Speaking of needles," remarked the teacher, pouring a third cup, "there are women who will be embroidering and crocheting to the end! I lose patience with people who can't seem to waken up to all the riches our city provides for them—riches that are almost forced on them! Whenever I see a woman sitting at one of the tables in the public library or in the college library and crocheting I want to go over and slap her! Or talk to her like a Dutch uncle," and she quoted:

"Each tries to get her share of fame

In spite of modest disavowals—
Some carve their names in history
And some embroider them on towels!"

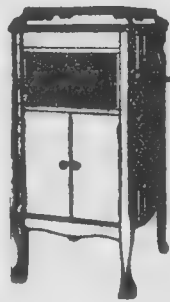
"But nobody has really answered my question," protested the first woman. "Why does the growing girl—even the little chubby toddler—despise the domestic role, sniff at the housekeeping type of woman and plan to be a stenographer or an actress or anything else in the world? Is it because the housewifery business is so cluttered up with bungling amateurs? Or is it the reaction from ages of suppression, winding up with that dear, deluded Victorian era? Why, someone was suggesting the other day that had the Victorian women possessed the vote—"

"We get you," said several, nodding. "Disaster is bound to happen ultimately, or at any rate some trouble, to the race or the nation which uses only one-half its brain-power. (Vide Germany). But it can't be right, this turning in contempt and disgust from—"

"Now don't call it woman's allotted tasks!" cut in the teacher, crisply. "Or her God-given occupation! Woman's natural work may be anything she loves and can do well. Personally I love teaching—small pay notwithstanding."

"Can all present say the same about their jobs?" asked the librarian and at a chorus of assent she added triumphantly: "There! Perhaps that's the answer!"

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MOTHER'S VACATION

Miss Estelle Nelson

With spring returning in all its glory our thoughts turn to our vacations. Everyone has something planned. Everywhere we go we hear girls and boys talking of their vacations.

"Where are you going, and how long are you planning on being gone?" These and others are the most popular questions. It is the spring air that has gotten into our lungs and puffs us up with pride as we say, "I've saved enough to go to the lakes for a whole month! Believe me, I've earned it though. I've stuck in this old place all winter and I'm just dying for a change of atmosphere."

These things are said over and over every year, but, how about you, mother, and dad, too? Don't you ever get tired and long for a change of atmosphere for just once?

My young friends, I'm afraid we are a little selfish by always thinking we are the ones who have worked the hardest and need a rest. Let us stop and think of mother's vacation or change of daily routine. When was the last time they had a vacation? Don't say, "Oh, they wouldn't go anyway, because they will if you just coax and tease them a little the way you do when you want something they think better not to have."

If you have planned a two weeks' vacation give the first week over to helping mother get ready, always giving careful attention to her mode of house-keeping. Don't let her give in and send you instead. Imagine the joy of having charge of the home a whole week!

Of course there will be many things to do and to look after requiring almost every minute, but think not of these things but of your mother's admiration and appreciation of such a daughter. You may not nor can you expect to do everything as mother did, but nevertheless both you and mother are getting a change and she will come back better for it.

Let us this year make our vacation mother's vacation also.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ACTIVITIES
Graysville

Graysville, although a very small town is not at all behind the times. The institute, in order to develop a community spirit, arrange for several community parties during the year. The fine new consolidated school makes an excellent place in which to hold them. The last party began with a short program of community singing, which is very popular among the Graysville people, and short talks by the Presbyterian minister, the principal of the school, the reeve of the municipality, and the W.I. president. Following this, the older people "visited" while the younger ones played games till 10.30, when refreshments were served, which brought a very pleasant evening to an end.

The Shellmouth Rink

In Shellmouth there was much need of some means of providing wholesome recreation, in which everybody could join. The Women's Institute, although the membership was only 18, undertook to build a rink, at a cost of \$3,400. The rink which they now own would be a credit to a much larger town. It measures 65 feet by 165 feet, and has a skating sheet in the centre with a curling sheet on each side of it. In the walls are windows covered with white cotton, to insure plenty of fresh air. At one end is a large, pleasant waiting room. Opening off this are the women's dressing room and the electric lighting plant and storage space for dishes, etc. On the opposite side is a small room where facilities are provided for serving refreshments, as well as a pump and such other necessary equipment for a rink.

Not only does everybody skate or curl, but the rink has become a community centre. "Teas", "At Homes", meetings of various kinds, are held in the waiting room. The Boys' & Girls' Club Fair will be held there next fall.

Shares were sold at \$15 each. All through the year the women worked hard to raise money, by giving various entertainments, catering for sports,

lodge suppers, etc. The rink was formally opened in December with a big fancy-dress carnival.

Ashern's Children's Library

The women of Ashern feel that something should be done to provide amusement for the children in some form attractive enough to keep them away from undesirable places. The town is small enough to make this a real problem.

They subscribed for three or four young people's magazines, and bought several good books. A set of the Book of Knowledge is also available. One night a week, from seven to nine, the children meet in the home of one of the W.I. members, where they read the books and magazines. The books may be taken home for one week, as from any other library.

At the end of every month the library is moved to the home of another institute member.

New books will be added from time to time, as they seem desirable. The mothers have strong hopes that tastes for the right kind of literature will be cultivated.

Emerson

The demonstration of the work of the Girl Guides, held at the meeting of the W.I. last Saturday, was of a most

unique and interesting character, for it was not, as most programmes, of a prepared and formal nature, but was a specimen of a real meeting.

After the Guides and Brownies had marched in and opened the programme with "God Save the King", Commissioner Whitman gave a concise and illuminating address on the four-fold work of the Guides, after which Captain Phillips took setting-up exercises, done to music. Then the group work began. Lieut. Browning's division gave a demonstration of home nursing which caused most of the grown-ups to realize their own deficiencies. All sorts of cuts and wounds were bandaged most expertly; a baby was undressed, bathed and dressed again with all the care and attention to details the most exacting could demand, and a bed was prepared for an invalid, then changed and re-made with the patient in the bed without in the least disturbing the sick person.

Captain Phillips had the little Brownies play one of their organized games inculcated to arouse the spirit of emulation and fair play; the closing group number was that of a series of three folk dances. The beauty and grace of these quaint dances was a revelation and brought home forcibly to the audience how much of the perfection of

detail was owing to Lieut. Wallace's and Masterton's knowledge and enthusiasm, and not a little to spirited accompaniments played by Lieut. Masterton.

There was a good representative audience at the meeting, who showed their appreciation by generous applause and the liberal collection of \$10.00; and I am sure all carried away a more vivid sense of the great work of those who give their time to carry on the supervision of the Girl Guides—work which will train for all-round, healthy, good citizenship—M.L.M.—Mrs. R. G. Masterton, Emerson, Man.

HOW WE READ THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

When we get the Western Home Monthly,

We all run to grab it right quick, And those who get left in the scramble, Just start in to raise the old nick.

So mother just bends up the wires, That hold it together so neat, And there's not a one in the family But what has his favorite sheet.

We read, and we trade with each other, 'Til all of it's finished, and then, Ma just takes the two little wires, And puts it together again.

R. G. Chase.

FIRST PRIZE

\$200.00

And TWENTY-SEVEN OTHER BIG PRIZES, Totalling \$510.00 Cash

THE SECRET CODES ➡	No real chip	Low in tears	Had low rice	A kings help
Solve This MOVIE MYSTERY	18754467856235 22436825667245 12876543212453 13123456789876 11345654324882	127235165184 216545632123 145654321689 236789876433 128455678467	12358507756 12782217685 13467985324 12365428792 11468767526	21351275861 13654187471 24987523468 22453365846 11546792721
The Clues ➡	??????????????	??????????????	??????????????	??????????????

SAID that great Movie Producer, Cesar B. DeMiller, to his hated rival, Movie Producer David Warkfield Griffin, "I have just engaged four of the greatest Moving Picture Stars in America for my next big Moving Picture Play." Of course this made Griffin angry because he likes to be the greatest of all the great Movie Producers and he tried his best to persuade DeMiller to tell him the names of the great Movie Stars. Just to tantalize him, Cesar B. DeMiller gave David Warkfield Griffin four secret codes representing the names of the four Movie Stars he had engaged and told him that if he had brains enough to discover the names from these secret codes he deserved to know them. It was too much of a puzzle for Griffin, so it is said he called in Scotland Yard and offered them a thousand dollars if they would discover the names for him from the four secret codes that DeMiller had given him. This was an easy job for the great Scotland

Yard Detective Force, and in less than an hour they had the four names. They gave the names

to Griffin and also gave him their system for working out their clues.

Here Is The Way They Did It

"It's easy," said Chief-of-Detectives O'Flynn. "I have worked out four sums which you see beneath each one of the four secret codes."

"Add up each sum beneath each code just exactly as you would any other sum of figures, and the four totals that you get give you your clues to the names of the four Movie Stars."

Then work out your clues this way: "Each secret code has ten letters to it. Each letter represents a number. The first letter of the code represents 1, the second letter represents 2, the third letter represents 3, and so on. The tenth letter in each code represents the cipher 0 instead of 10."

"Beginning at the left-hand side of the total

of each sum change each figure of the total back to its letter as represented in the secret code above the sum; for instance, I can tell you that the first number of the total of the first sum is 7. The letter C is the seventh letter in the code above the first sum, therefore the first letter represented by your total is letter C. Now change every number of your total in the same way and you will have the name of the Movie Star represented by that sum."

This is not an easy problem, but patience and perseverance may find you the names of the great Movie Stars. For the best answers submitted we will pay the following prizes:

This Great Contest Is Absolutely FREE of Expense. Send In Your Answers To-day!

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, one of the largest and best-known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win the best of prizes whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not—and moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete.

HERE IS THE IDEA—EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 100,000 copies a month. But our motto is: "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in every woman's home." We want more Canadian magazine readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to the contest and you know your standing for the prizes we shall send you, without cost, a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big intro-

duction plan by showing your copy to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth-while, All-Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time, and we will even send copies for each of your friends, if you wish.

How To Send Your Solutions

Use only one side of the paper that contains names of the Movie Stars, and put your name and address (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answers gaining 250 points will take the First Prize. You will get 25 points for every name completed correctly. 40 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 points for handwriting, and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

The contest will close at 5 p.m., October 31, 1921, immediately after which answers will be judged and the Prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to—

The Great Movie Mystery, Continental Publishing Co., Limited
Department 33 253-259 SPADINA AVENUE TORONTO, ONTARIO

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- 7th, \$5.00 Cash
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14th, \$5.00 Cash
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16th, \$5.00 Cash
17th, \$5.00 Cash
18th, \$5.00 Cash
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21st, \$5.00 Cash
22nd, \$5.00 Cash
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which is the best tea,
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family and adds many to its
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Here's hoping everyone will like the new heading for our page. It looks peaceful and appropriate and I must try and live up to it. One witty friend of mine takes great joy out of joking me about the word "quiet," as he claims my space is chiefly spent in fulminating against something, and that it should be called "The Woman's Battle Hour," which is manifestly unfair, as it was never claimed the contents of the page was to be soothing but only something for women to think of in a leisure moment. This month I do not feel like breaking a lance with any one, but just want to chat about casual things that have interested me during the month. By the way, I learn from Dr. Helen MacMurchy that some readers of the page have sent for the "Mother's Book" mentioned some time ago. Will these readers be so good and kind as to write the page stating whether they think the book practical and helpful for women in isolated districts where doctors and nurses are difficult to secure? One criticism which has reached me is that too frequently it says, when certain symptoms or conditions arise, "send for the doctor," which is sound advice if a doctor is to be had, but makes no suggestions and gives no directions as to what might be done if neither doctor nor nurse is available. What I am sure Dr. MacMurchy would be glad to know is whether the book is calculated to meet the need of the woman in the isolated district and if it does not, wherein it can be amended to meet the need.

The book has been issued with an honest desire to make the department of health useful to the woman remote from the ordinary aids and protections of more populous districts, and if it is not as useful as it might be the sooner the author and the department know it the better. It will not do any good to adversely criticise the book unless you send a constructive criticism to the department of health, where the only power of remedy lies.

Women of Manitoba have great reason to be exceedingly proud of our first woman member of the legislature, Edith Rogers. Through a long and very trying session she has never once fallen below the high standard, which we all, in our hearts, have felt women in parliament should maintain. Exquisitely neat and quiet in dress, cordial but dignified in manner, speaking rarely but always to the point, she has left an indelible impression on the minds of the men members of efficiency and devotion to the welfare of the country which many of them might, with profit, seek to emulate. Edith Rogers had made a large place for herself in the hearts of the soldiers' wives and dependents, now she has made a place for herself in the hearts of the people of Manitoba as a whole. The following is the last and longest speech she made during the session, and it is one which the women of Manitoba will wish to keep as for brevity, sanity and a high ideal of citizenship it has no superior during the session:

Mrs. Rogers said: "As a new member of the house and as a representative of the women electors, I would like to ask whether we are doing our duty to our constituents when we waste time in the discussion of such resolutions as this. I came to this house three months ago with a very serious purpose. I believed I had a sort of mandate to assist in passing useful laws. There are so many matters that need our attention and so many problems that must be solved. Everywhere we turn we come across a chance to improve

social conditions. But what do we find to-day? Scheming and planning which make me wonder whether it is worth while to have ideals in public life. I confess I am grieved and disappointed. I thought the members of the legislature could come together and work as citizens for the good of all the people, just as was done during the war. Is it not cause for shame that such a responsibility is cast aside? I am not here to pass a general criticism on the work of the house; but I had hoped that something bigger and better than the promotion of sectional or partisan differences would be offered for our consideration. As I stand here to-night I wonder how the Fathers of Confederation, great men, great statesmen, true Canadians, by whose wisdom and patriotism the national structure of Canada was formed, and our constitution was framed, I say, I wonder what the spirits of those great men, the Fathers of Confederation, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, think as they look down on this chamber to-day and see what has been attempted in violation of Canadian constitution by a strangely assorted combination of minority groups.

"My appeal to this legislature is that it awaken to its real duty. Let us think of the obligation we owe to the men and women who sent us here, and ignore the meanness, the bitterness of party strife. I am opposed to this resolution. I trust it will be overwhelmingly defeated, and that we shall thus record our determination to fulfill the tasks we have been sent here to do."

The resolution in question was one brought in by Bernier, M.L.A., requesting the Lieutenant-Governor to call on some one who could command a majority in the house to form a government, in other words, a vote of want of confidence. Manitoba honored itself in being the first province to recognize the right of women to the franchise and to sit in parliament, Winnipeg was the first constituency in Manitoba to honor itself by electing a woman member, and both province and city have reason to be proud of the achievement.

William MacDougal Hay, whoever he may be, has written a perfectly delightful diatribe on "The Depravity of Hens" in May 21st issue of the Country Gentleman. In my extreme youth the big bronze gobbler, taking umbrage at a red frock, knocked me down and beat me black and blue with his wings. Since that time, now, alas, far back in the past, I have had no use for feathered fowl of any description. Friends jeer at my claim of being afraid of hens, but it is true, and Hay fully describes my sentiments when he declares "hens are really wild creatures, untamed, untaught, uncivilized; they are quite as savage as any tiger, and not their will but their weakness saves them from being man eaters." And again, "If you want to understand the full and deep significance of the word Pharisee, turn your spectacles towards a hen. Was there ever such an unwarranted assumption of impossible virtue and chastity — the severe sharp eye, the grim lines of the mouth, the austere posture of the head, held back in dignified disdain of the solicitations of youth and spring? The hen is a downright hypocrite and not to be trusted. Its moral standards are vitiated at the source, and when the heart is wrong the life cannot be right." And so on, columns of the same delicious fooling. It is very reminiscent of Peter McCarthy's "Red Cow"; and no one, who ever owned a hen, should miss reading it.

When I tore off the cover of my Atlantic Monthly for May, the first title I saw was "The Whole (Cont'd page 48)



If you want to bring joy to the heart of some little four to eight-year-old miss, knit her a slipover or coat sweater like those illustrated here. Full directions given



GIRL'S COAT SWEATER

Size 6-8—Monarch Floss, 8 balls American Beauty. 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 bone needles.

Back—Cast on 84 sts. 1st row—Knit 6, purl 1. Repeat across row. 2nd row—Knit plain. Repeat these 2 rows alternately till work measures 9 inches deep. Then knit plain in ridges till work measures 4 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every ridge 3 times. Knit till work measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from last decreasing. Knit 30 sts. Cast off 18 sts. for neck. Knit 30 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 3 ridges for shoulder. Now cast on 2 sts. at neck end every ridge 10 times. Knit till work comes to underarm and increase 1 st. at arm-hole end every ridge 4 times. Now knit plain same length as back. Then start pattern for skirt same as before but keep 12 sts. at front edge. Knit plain on every row. This forms border down front. Cast off. Repeat same for other front.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. between each ridge around arm-hole. Knit till sleeve measures 10 inches. Then take on to finer needles. Knit 4 ridges plain. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to form cuff. Cast off.

Collar—With right side of work towards you and No. 9 needles, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around neck starting from where last increasing was made and finishing at same place on other side of neck. Knit 12 ridges. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Knit 12 ridges. Cast off.

Belt—With No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts., knit length required, make button-holes about 4 inches from end by casting off 4 sts. in centre of 1 row, and casting on 4 sts. following row. Then knit 4 inches. Make 2nd button hole. Decrease 1 st. each end of needle every ridge till all sts. are worked off.

Crochet 4 loops of 6 ch. up front of sweater to form button-holes. Cover buttons, sew to sweater.

CHILD'S KNITTED SLIPOVER

Size 4-6—Monarch Floss, 5 balls Turquoise, 2 balls White, 1 ball Mist. 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles.

Back—With white wool cast on 75 sts. Knit 3 ridges. Mist, 1 ridge. White, 6 ridges. Mist, 1 ridge. White 3 ridges. Break off wool and tie on turquoise. Now knit in pattern as follows: 1st row—Purl 9, knit 3. Repeat across row ending row with purl 3. 2nd row—Knit 3, * purl 3, knit 9. Repeat from * across row. 3rd row—Same as 1st. 4th row—Knit 9, purl 3. Repeat across row. End row with knit 3. 5th row—Purl 3, * knit 3, purl 9. Repeat from * across row. 6th row—Same as 4th. These 6 rows form a pattern and will not be referred to again. Knit till work measures 19 inches. On next row, cast off 15 sts. in centre for neck, on one side now work front. Knit in pattern, increasing 1 st. at neck end every 3rd row. When work measures 4 inches from shoulder, increase 1 st. at arm-hole end every other row 3 times and keep on increasing at front till opening on front measures 7 inches from start. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Now put all sts. on one needle. Adjust pattern in centre to make it come even. Knit till same length at back. Cast off.

Sleeves—Cast on 54 sts. Knit pattern as usual till work measures $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, then break off turquoise and with white wool and No. 10 needles knit 2 ridges. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 6 rows. -Mist 2 rows, white 6 rows, mist 2 rows, white 6 rows. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly and sew sleeves into sweater.

Collar—With white wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 120 sts. Knit 14 ridges, 1 ridge mist, 6 ridges white, 1 ridge mist, 6 ridges white. Cast off. Sew neatly around neck of sweater.



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Because the quality is unequalled. **Because** the yardage is greater per ounce. **Because** the finished garment is sure to give satisfaction. I know I can buy "cheaper" yarns. But "cheap" yarns are made from low-grade wools, which haven't the "body" or life of the first-grade Australian wools used in making Monarch Yarns. So I won't use "cheap" yarns. I don't want to use my time and energy and then have an unsatisfactory garment. The best yarn is cheapest. You don't need to use so much of it. The garment will be more satisfactory in every way. It will have more style. It will retain its shape. It will wash infinitely better. Send 25 cents and the coupon for "Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns" No. 6, or 10 cents and the coupon for our special folder on hand-knitted suits, containing complete directions for making.

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I enclose _____ cents for which please send me "Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns" No. 6 (price 25c). Special Folder on Knitted Suits (price 10c).

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Address _____

W. H. Monthly, June



A Lovely Pleated Silk Skirt

\$7⁴⁵

First of all we want to tell you of the beautiful soft quality of the Navy or Black Messaline of which these smart accordion pleated skirts are made. We will be delighted to send you a sample of this silk if you wish to see it before ordering.

Then about the fullness. Richardson skirts are never "Skimp." The ordinary ready-made accordion pleated skirt is just 2 yards around the bottom when drawn out. Richardson's skirts are $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards around—this extra material is really needed to give the skirt a graceful appearance.

All Skirts Made to Measure

No matter what size waistband, hip measure or length you take, Richardson's skirts will fit you, for they are not ready-made, but tailored after receipt of your measurements.

Send to-day for one of these rich silk skirts. We refund money promptly on any unsatisfactory purchase. State size of waistband, length of skirt and color of silk desired. Price prepaid just \$7.45.

Accordion pleated skirts, from your own material (not made up) length less than 35 inches, \$1.70; more than 35 inches \$2.20, prepaid.

Send for catalogue of Separate Skirts and Children's Dresses.

Richardson's Limited

13 Broadalbane Street, Toronto

OIL \$\$\$\$\$????? Repeating the performance of "Klondyke Days" thousands are now making ready to mush or fly to the oil fields at Fort Norman, hundreds of miles from civilization. How many will come out with this dream of wealth fulfilled? E. M. Cuppage has interviewed some of the men who were first to hit oil in these promising new fields. Read the article in this issue.

THE HOME DOCTOR. Health in the home, practical advice from the pen of a prominent physician appears each month in the columns of The Western Home Monthly.

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

It is indeed comforting to know that this season's styles are so planned that one may dress as she pleases. The waistline may be high in Empire effect, bloused in Oriental style, low as in Moyaen Age, or, as many of the new dresses show, placed in its natural or normal position. The character of a dress is often determined by the material one selects. Fabrics of wool are good for plain severe lines, to which linens also lend themselves readily. Fluffy "drapy" styles are good for crepes, crepe de chine, chiffons, voile and other soft fabrics. Tunics, flounces, wide spreading skirts, transparent puffed sleeves, necks that are collarless, streaming sashes, frills and ruffles, all combine to revive the thought of femininity. Round necks and low drop shoulders are seen on many new blouses and gowns. The puff sleeve in various phases of length and fullness is new and most comfortable and becoming for warm days to be. Wraps are shown in every sort of material and are of every description. A coat of satin is both serviceable and attractive and equally appropriate for day or evening wear. Cape effects in Poiret twill or cheviot are shown in copper and earth colors, with linings of contrasting satin. The loosely belted one-piece straight dresses are so popular and becoming they will continue in favor throughout the year. Long sleeves and high collars mark some of the newest dresses and smocks. All skirts will be longer, the added length being often produced by panels and trimmings of uneven length. Plaited skirts are still in vogue, but with a greater variety in the styles of plaits. Some are made with narrow box plaits; others with narrow side plaits in clusters of two or three; and there are also broad box plaits grouped with narrow side plaits. Tailored coats are usually half long and loose, and are worn open to display a pretty blouse or waist beneath. The very latest finish for the top of the tailored skirt is a sort of suspender arrangement which supports the skirt from the shoulders. The new smocks, with loose unbelted lines are fancied very much by women who have put corsets aside. New taffeta capes are shown composed of a circular portion to which double and triple flounces are added. A suit of tan Poiret twill is made with a straight skirt showing a bias fold of green duvetyne. The coat in semi-fitted style, is collarless, and has flowing sleeves. It too is finished with bias folds at its free edges, and on the patch pockets. A suit of green tweed has collar, cuffs and a deep yoke on the coat of checked material; metal buttons are an attractive finish. A frock of taffeta is made with groups of 3 ruffles at hem, knee and hips; the space between the ruffles, the sleeve and collar show eyelet embroidery. Ruchings of the material are pretty on a dress of taffeta. A dress of crepe de chine is made with a fitted bodice, slashed from lower edge to the bust line, and trimming with narrow ruffles of satin in simulation of panels on the skirt and also edging neck and slashes on the waist. A blouse of crepe de chine has bands of checked gingham as trimming on cuff and collar edges. A dress of linen is made with a full tunic over a straight skirt. The tunic is scalloped as is also the waist at the lower edges, and decorated with embroideries in wool and braid. Soutache braid and enamel buttons are attractive for trimming on a dress of pongee. A blouse of changeable taffeta has bands of embroidery done in chenille and metal threads. A blouse of georgette crepe is finely tucked over back and front and beaded bands in the form of a sort of suspender trimming.

A Pretty Gown for Calling or Home Wear—For this attractive model Ladies' Waist 3612, and Skirt 3220 are combined. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Its width at the foot is 1 1/4 yard. The panel which is finished in Turkish hem effect, may be omitted. To make this model for a medium size will require 6 yards of 38-inch material. Crepe, etamine, satin, foulard, crepe de chine, linen and taffeta are good for this model. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress—Pattern 3313 supplies this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, sateen, gabardine, linen, repp, poplin and flannellette may be used for this design. The width of the skirt at lower edge, with plaits extended is 2 1/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty, Serviceable Apron—Pattern 3605 is shown here. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Dotted or figured percale with the edges embroidered in scallops would be attractive for this model. It is also good for gingham, sateen, chambray, lawn, cambric and drill. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Outfit for the Housekeeper—Pattern 3110 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The apron and cap may be made of one material—percale, seersucker, gingham, sateen, khaki or alpaca. The apron is not cumbersome, for it is cut so as to avoid any surplus material. Size medium requires 3 1/4 yards for the apron and 7/8 yard for the cap, of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3620 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Figured challie, voile, batiste, gingham, linen, pique, pongee and crepe would be attractive for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable "Dress" for Play or School—Pattern 3595 is shown in this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material for the dress in bloomer style; with plain skirt it will require 2 1/2 yards. The skirt may be finished in "bloomer" or "Turkish" style, or, with lower edge unconfined. Gingham, poplin, repp, pongee, seersucker, percale, serge plaid and check are attractive for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Ladies' House Gown or Lounging Robe—(Perforated for Sack Length in Straight or Pointed Outline.) Pattern 3114 furnishes this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for the garment in full length, and 4 1/4 yards for sack length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Costume for Sports or General Wear—Blouse 3599 and Skirt 3606 are combined in this model. The blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A 28-inch size will require 3 yards of 44-inch material if cut crosswise and 2 1/2 yards if cut lengthwise of the goods. Sports satin, serge, linen, gingham, cretonne and chintz could be used for this style. Combinations of material are attractive for it. The waist may be finished with long or short sleeves. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 3 yards. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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A Dainty, Charming Frock—Pattern 3616 is illustrated here. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The yoke band and cascades may be omitted. Embroidered crepe or duvetyn, printed georgette or crepe, taffeta, linen, voile, pongee, gingham, organdie, etamine and crepe de chine are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A "Trim" and Simple House or Work Dress—Pattern 3617 is here attractively illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. Figured percale with banding, piping or folds of a plain contrasting color would be pleasing for this. Gingham, chambray, lawn, sateen, mohair, repp and poplin are serviceable and appropriate. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Dress Style (for slender figures)—Pattern 3591 is portrayed in this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Tricotine, serge, taffeta, linen, chambray and gingham are attractive for this design. It is also good for pongee and shantung. In tan linen with white soutache braiding, this will make a serviceable "day" dress. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Dress for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3314 was used for this attractive frock. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The design shows the popular outstanding pockets, and one piece straight lines. It is good for velveteen, serge, satin, also for linen, poplin, gingham, pique, chambray and combination of materials. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

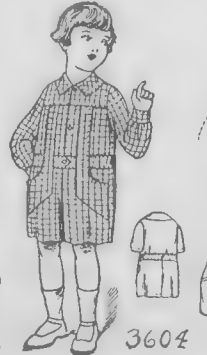
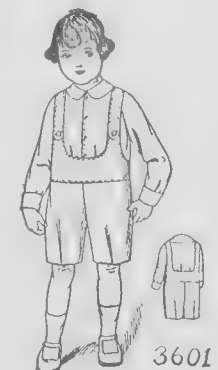
A Pretty Frock for "Party" or "Best Wear"—Pattern 3594 is here charmingly illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Organdy, voile, dimity, lawn, dotted Swiss, silk, crepe de chine, crepe, linen, embroideries, taffeta and pongee are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular School Costume—Pattern 3300 was used for this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material for the blouse and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the skirt. The skirt may be of the same material as the waist. Serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting are good for a "separate" skirt. Linen, drill, jean, khaki, wash silk, madras, chambray and poplin may be used for the blouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Suit for Small Boys—Pattern 3601 is illustrated in this attractive model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 24-inch material for the blouse and 3 yards for the trousers. Linen, drill, gingham, seersucker, madras and percale are good for blouse and trousers; serge, velvet, khaki and corduroy are also suitable for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular "Jumper" or Over-Blouse Model—Pattern 3609 is here shown. This is a splendid suit accessory. It is good to wear with a blouse or guimpe, or as a substitute for either. Linen, crepe, crepe de chine, satin, tricolette, silk duvetyn, taffeta, lawn, dimity and dotted Swiss are good materials for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock for the Little Miss—For this style Pattern 3598 was used. It is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. Crepe, percale, linen, pongee, poplin, voile, lawn, also gingham, chambray and pique could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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At the age of two months the nurse advised VIROL added to the feeding; she then weighed 5 lbs. and after a few days she began to improve. The VIROL was continued and she steadily gained until at nine months she weighed 17 lbs. The nurse at the Health Station said she had very little hope of the baby living, and we are sure it was the VIROL saved her life. I am enclosing her photo taken at the age of one year and eight months, weighing 22 lbs., and you can use it if you wish as I am so grateful to your VIROL.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) W. J. BEGLEY.

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Half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water brings quick relief.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

The Grass

The grass so little has to do—
A sphere of simple green—
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain.

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes bring along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything.

And thread the dew's all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine—
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away—
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

—Emily Dickinson.

Roses

Roses that briefly live,
Joy is your dower.
Blest be the fates that give
One perfect hour.
And, though too soon you die,
In your dust glows
Something the passer-by
Knows was a Rose.

—Louise C. Morton.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

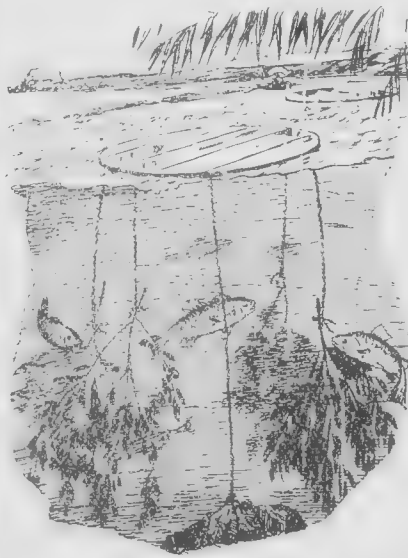
That there are two months of holidays coming!

That examinations will soon be over!

That you are going to have a wonderful summer!

SUNSHADES AND BRANCHES TO ATTRACT FISH

The inshore waters of lakes bereft of bottom vegetation, weeds, etc., that offer shelter and protection, invariably are poor fishing-grounds. If vegetation of one sort or another is brought into such waters the fish will be attracted and good fishing will therefore be the result. The drawing shows a method of attracting fish that has proved successful in ten lakes in which it was tried.



Bowers of branches suspended in shallow waters will attract the fish.

A float is made of boards or old plank—ing six feet across and rounded. Holes are made in its centre to permit a rope being tied to it. To this rope is tied a weight, which is dropped to the bottom. A little slack is given the rope so that when the lake is wavy the float will ride well without pulling up the stone anchor.

Around the float nails are driven into the edges at intervals. To these, wires are fastened. Branches, preferably some that will reach nearly to the bottom,

are tied to the wires so that the whole forms a wide-spreading cluster of greenery. If a number of these floats are set here and there in a bay, the fish will soon be attracted to them.—R. P. Lincoln.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO MAKE

A Fresh Water Aquarium

A boy goes to a pond and catches a number of tadpoles and newts ("efts" or "evats" they are sometimes called), and some pretty water-beetles; and then to a brook where he finds minnows and sticklebacks, and puts them all into a pickle bottle or glass jam-jar filled with water. On reaching home he finds that some of the animals are dead, and although he may again fill his jar with fresh water, it is likely that by the following morning life will be extinct in many more of his prisoners.

Another boy, with a similar bottle or jar, is content with just a few tadpoles, newts and beetles and only two or three little fishes, and he put a pinch of bright green duckweed from the pond in his jar. He finds, to his delight, that his captives are all alive on arriving home, and if he then gets a basin and turns the contents of his jar into it, the creatures will probably live for a long time. He has formed a small aquarium in which the animals are able to live because the water has not been deprived of the air necessary for their life.

SOMETHING TO SMILE AT

Smile

Smile—if you're thin—laugh if you're fat. If you are neither—just grin.

Smile—at hard luck. The fates may think you like it and quit.

Smile—and never let the sun set on your troubles—set on them yourself.

Smile—at the past and you can grin at the future.

Smile—while you're awake and you'll laugh in your sleep.

Smile—when you fail and you'll die laughing at your success.

Smile—when you're mad, and try to frown when you're happy.

Smile—at a dime and it will look like a dollar.

Smile—every time you think of it and you'll soon get the habit.

—Anonymous.

It was washing day, and John had been kept from school to look after the baby. Mother sent them into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her.

"John, what is the matter with baby now?" she inquired from her washtub.

"I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John. "He's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."

—London Tit-Bits.

Why do you call a fast automobile rider a scorcher?

Because he goes out at a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms up the police, gets roasted in court, and calls it a burning shame.

Patience was the object of the lesson, and to illustrate her point the teacher drew on the blackboard a picture of a small boy sitting on the bank of a stream, fishing.

"You see this lad, children," she said, beaming on her pupils. "He is fishing. Well, even the pleasure of fishing requires patience. He must be prepared to sit and wait. He must have patience."

For a little while longer she dilated on the beauties of being patient.

Then came the time for her to test her work.

"Now, then, can any of you boys tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" she invited.

"Like one voice came a chorus from the class:

"Worms!"

—London Ideas.



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Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

Canada

"I punished you merely to show my love for you," said the fond father after the chastisement.

"That's all right," sobbed the small boy. "But it's a g-g-good thing for you I ain't b-b-big enough to return your l-l-love, that's all."—The American Boy.

Willie was in a bad temper. His mother had just discovered that there was not a clean nightshirt for him to wear.

"Never mind, Willie," she said, consolingly. "You will have to put on one of your sister's nightgowns tonight."

"What! a girl's?" snorted Willie, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Yes. Why not?" asked mother, in surprise.

"I won't wear it!" declared the small boy. "I'd rather go to bed raw!"—Waif.

When you are sowing seeds that are supposed to be scattered evenly over the bed it is often difficult to spread them without tiring your back. A good idea is to fit a cover tightly on a can (say a baking powder can) and punch holes in it just large enough to let the seeds go through. Nail a good long stick on the bottom of the can, and use it on the principle of a salt shaker, spreading the seeds evenly over the farthest corner of the bed.

That the British fleet now has a new flying ship which will be capable of maintaining itself without a parent boat. When not in the air it will be able to taxi along the water, driven by its propellers, for long distances. It will operate from a sea base like a submarine. The flying boat will go out with the fleet and remain out on manoeuvres.

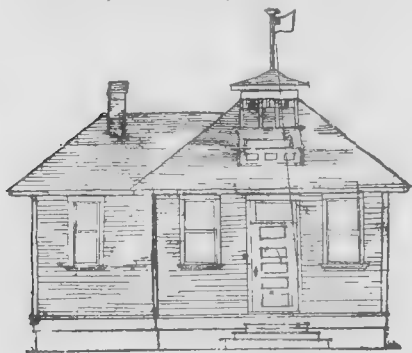
If your bicycle tire bursts and you have no canvas to mend it with, stout string wound round the tire and rim will often carry you home.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A W.H.M.C.C. button is awarded to Ila F. McNabb, Picture Butte, Alta., for the best map of a farm or ranch.

Honorable mention is given to Ian Paton, R.R. 2, Vernon, B.C., and Laurier Martel, Coleville, Sask.; Laura Foreman, Stanley, N.B.; Herbert Sadler, Aiktow, Sask.

A drawing of the school from Gordon E. Tidball, Cut Knife, Sask.



Cut Knife, Sask.
March 8, 1921.

Dear Editor,—This is a drawing of our school. I would like to have it printed.—Yours truly, Gordon E. Tidball, age 10 years, Cut Knife, Sask.

A W.H.M.C.C. button is awarded to Dorothy McKinlay, Boharm P.O., Sask., for her little letter on "My Favorite Book and why I like it" and to Nora McCoubrey, of Crandall, Man.

My Favorite Book

My favorite book is "Ben Hur," written by Lew Wallace, and I would advise anyone who is fond of reading to read this book.

Several people have refused to read this book on account of it being so long.

The reason I like it is because it is connected with the Bible and gives a vivid description of everything. It also touches on the history of the world.

At first it does not seem to be very interesting, but as one reads on it becomes so interesting that you do not like to leave it, and it ends all too soon for me. — Nora McCoubrey, Crandall, Man.

My age is 9 and I am in Grade IV. My favorite book is "Polly's First Year at Boarding School." Why I like it is because every chapter is of interest, telling of the work and jolly times a bunch of nice girls had in a boarding school, and mother will get me the next book, "Polly's Vacation," for my birthday, if I am a good girl.—Dorothy McKinlay, Boharm P.O., Sask.

SOMETHING TO PUZZLE OVER

There's plenty of water, you'll all of you say;

And minus the "h," a thing used every day.

And here's a nice beverage; put them together,

What is it with claws, but with never a feather?

Cat C (sea) A (hay) T (tea).

My first is in battle, but not in fight,
My second is in stupid, but not in bright;

My third is in looking, but not in see,
My fourth is in sugar, but not in tea;

My fifth is in marry, but not in said,
My seventh is in idol, but not in God.

My eighth is in haddock, but not in cod;
My whole is a land with a ruler base,

To his former friends he has changed his face

(Bulgaria).

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO

Win a Prize

This month we want to give you something that you will enjoy doing all summer and that still will not be real work for you. What do you think of this for an idea? Here it is: Some of you have a garden of your own. Will you take a snapshot of it in June and another one in August and send them both to the Children's Cosy Corner before August 31st. Have you a wee chicken or duck or pig or calf that is your own property? Take a snapshot of it now and one in August and send them to the Corner and there will be buttons for the three best groups of pictures showing the growth in your garden or the growth of your special animal or bird. With the pictures write a short letter telling of your share in getting these results.

Now, here is another "all summer" competition. Make a collection of all the wild flowers of your neighborhood—one of each kind as they come. Press these flowers and mount them neatly on paper. Write the name and date underneath. Neatness and care will count in this competition as well as the number of flowers collected. W.H.M.C.C. buttons will be awarded for the three best collections: These should also be sent in before August 31st. Results in October number.

The first of the three winners in the Snapshot Competition and the Flower Competition will not only receive buttons but a camera each as well! Isn't this worth working for? Now Get Busy.

Gets His Revenge

He felt his position keenly. Restlessly he moved off one leg on to the other, and looked up with the simple faith of a little child into her who sold the stamps in the post-office, knowing full well that he would be attended to when the fair maiden ended the conversation with the other assistant.

"Well?"

"A penny stamp, please," said the meek and mild stranger.

"We don't sell stamps here; this is the inquiry counter," replied the maid, indignant at the interruption.

"If this is the inquiry counter, may I ask where I may purchase a stamp?" persisted the meek looking man.

"Counter directly opposite," she hissed.

When the purchase had been completed the meek and mild stranger bent his steps back again even unto the inquiry counter.

"If this is the inquiry counter, may I be allowed to ask a question?"

"Well?"

"If I post this letter to-night will it arrive in Glasgow first post to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear young lady, you are wrong, for the letter is addressed to Edinburgh"; and he went on his way.



These Eternal Meals

"WHAT to get for dinner?" "What to get for supper?"

To-day, to-morrow, next day, every day in the week.

This is woman's problem and the source of almost endless worry.

True, there are times when most women take a pleasure and pride in cooking and baking, but when you are not feeling up to the mark it does get on your nerves and become a real worry—a nerve-exhausting worry.

Since meals are essential to life, the old problem of "what to eat" must endure, but need not be a worry

when your nerves are set right.

It is when you are tired—nerve tired—that such things become a source of worry. There is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to combat this condition.

It is because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is such a help under these very conditions that it has come to be relied upon by the great majority of Canadian women. Headaches, sleeplessness, tired, depressed feelings, lack of energy are some of the accompanying symptoms.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from your dealer at 50 cents a box.

GOOD NEWS For Our Readers!

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND

A Stamped Cushion Top

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FOR \$1.25

This is the Big Offer of the Year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material while the cushion top, which is stamped ready for embroidering, is of an exceptionally pretty and dainty design.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and the Stamped Cushion Top.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Correspondence

A POETIC NEWCOMER

Dear Editor and Fellow Correspondents:

Permit me to take a seat in your cosy corner by the fireside of human kindness. I have journeyed far and have now come to rest and have a chat with the members of The Western Home Monthly, which I must say is a very fine magazine.

Gipsy as I am, having lived in every province but two in Canada, and pitching my tent in practically every prominent city of our fair Dominion, I have now strolled into your little corner and it looks very good to me, so do you mind if I stay awhile? Thanks!

I have noted with pleasure the different letters and must say that I have enjoyed reading them, especially November's. I like the breezy way in which he appears upon the scene, and I dearly love the country in which he dwells, which if I am not mistaken is B. C. As I have said before:

I have slept by the great Atlantic away in the Eastern land,
I have watched our own Sr. Lawrence and the beauties upon every hand,
I have rocked on the Great Lakes quite often and been down to Winnipeg Beach,
Have gazed at Banff's wonderful mountains that rear heads so oft out of reach;
I have crossed o'er the wide rolling prairies, have entered my own mountain land
With its lakes and its wonderful river and its forests upon every hand,
And 'tis there that my mind wanders often as ever and onward I roam,
And I think that there's truth in the saying that there surely is no place like home.

So there is a fellow feeling for the folks of the land across the Rockies.

Now I think I must be going, but if I receive a welcome this time I will come back again, so au revoir.

The Rolling Stone.

O CANADA!

Dear Editor and Friends,

It is now almost four years since I wrote to The Western Home Monthly, on the eve of my departure for active service in France, in the spring of 1917. So much has happened since then that I could not possibly tell half without using a whole issue of The Western Home Monthly.

First, let me apologise to those who answered my former letter and did not receive a reply. I was constantly moving from camp to camp, and my mail rarely had an opportunity to overtake me, but if these friends care to write again, I will do my utmost to make amends.

I have recently received from a French peasant a book of well-known Canadian poems, which was found by her grandson near Bethune in 1918. The inscription reads "To J— on his twenty-first birthday, from mother," followed by the date. I shall be pleased to hand this over to the rightful owner, with further details, if the full name of book, date and verse at bottom be sent.

My! how home-sick I am for Canada, sunshine and snow! I can scarcely speak of anything else, and always I am thinking of what is doing out there instead of my business. Whenever the anaemic sun does shine, I take French leave and the top of a bus, to the nearest Heath or Park, till the sun goes in, which sometimes happens before I am half way. Naturally I "go on the mat" on my return, but my chief is getting used to my A.W.O.L.'s and merely grunts, "You want a place in the sun." Each year I promise myself that next spring I will go back for certain, but one peep at my bank account—London is a wonderful city for almost everything but sun and saving.

I am not going to say much about France, because I think that most people wish to forget it, and have to a certain extent forgotten the unpleasant episodes. Now after several years I can look back and feel that we did not have such a bad time as far as the summer was concerned.

Never shall I forget the glorious rides along the Route Nationale fringed by a double row of trees, the outer being generally fruit trees, which from the distance looked like a huge caterpillar curled up for sleep. Sometimes, when very, very tired I have gone to sleep

at the wheel, only to be awakened by the shouting of "Anglaie Soldate" to find that I was blocking the road.

When off duty there were lovely walks into the country Chateaux to explore, and when tired refreshments were served under the trees in the orchards. I believe our particular one was called "Les Chantes des Oiseaux," and there never was a more appropriate name.

Sometimes I would be stationed on the coast. That was a luxury indeed, in the summer months, for not only was there an opportunity of bathing but to see the wonderful docks and ships therein.

Taking things on the whole the summer months were delightful, plenty of work (for which we volunteered). True, there was a serious lack of necessities and the least said about the winter the better. Many of us will feel the effects for the rest of our lives, and some who were not so strong fell ill, to be discharged as an invalid, but without pension, as did my special chum who died a few months after discharge; a bonny healthy girl when we enlisted.

The soldiers, whether private or officer, and no matter what rank or regiment, were good friends to the khaki-girl, but "Tommie" was her pal. Who fought for us when the rules (home made) got too strict? Why, Tommie! Not by blows but by subtle gags at the weekly Y.M.C.A. concerts. When our kits were much overdue who shaved down pairs of men's army boots and made light shoes for us? Why, Tommie! And the same gentleman has been known to knit stockings out of several pairs of socks. My very much overdue great coat was issued to me almost a year after I landed in France, during which time I had an unauthorized issue, a cut-me-down, and a perfect fit, too. One day I was called over the coals by the Sergt. Shoemaker and informed that I was not to disgrace the regiment by wearing worn shoes, and while I sat on a barrel and chatted, they were mended.

There was so very little that we could do in return, perhaps we might "wangle" a privilege occasionally, beyond that, a nod when passing in the camp, or if there was no woman officer near, a smile. Off duty we seemed to be even more indebted to them, for not seeing English speaking girls for several years, they never allowed us out without escort. During the early days when the boys we were to replace were still initiating us into our duties, on Sunday afternoons, two girls and about six boys would go to a patisserie for tea at 3 o'clock. About an hour later a similar number of their friends "accidentally" walk into the same patisserie. Introductions over, we are asked to have tea with them, the former six being called upon guard unexpectedly. Ditto the third. About six o'clock we plead that we have tea'd since coming off duty, but who could refuse to "Just pour out tea for us, sister. We have not seen England for three years, so they sent a bit of England out to us." As one of the French wounded poilus says in his poem about us:

"Who ees eet Tommee takes to tea
And spends the money, oh! so free,
Then goes a week with backee?
See Khaki-Girl."

The girl who shares a room with me wanted to know to whom this long letter is written, and when told Canada, snorted, "For goodness sake go and take that noisy monster (typewriter) with you," but she added, "and send back for me."

I shall sign my old Canadian name hoping some old friends will recognize me and write.

Merrie (formerly Khaki-Girl).

FOR FREE AND HAPPY LIFE

Dear Editor and Readers,

Aren't we just the nicest, smartest and most sociable bunch that ever wrote letters to the Correspondence Page of the best little paper in Western Canada. Of course, I don't want to make anybody conceited, but "thims my sentiments." The letters in our page are so natural and interesting that one can easily see that the writers live a free and happy life. I say "our page" because I wrote to it once before about a year ago, and my letter was printed. Some readers were kind enough to write to me, and I have thus gained some splendid correspondents.

Because I am such a great lover of nature, I enjoyed very much the letters of

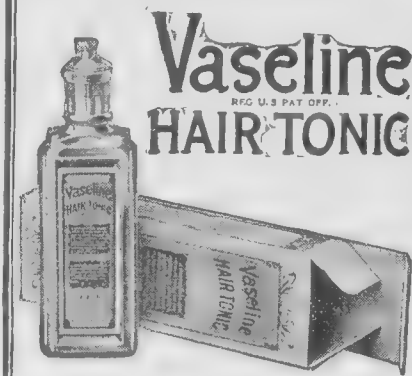


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Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

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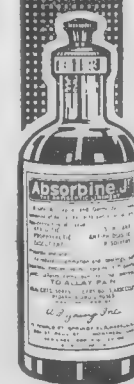
YARMOUTH, N.S. 14

for swellings

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This treatment is simple, sure and easy—you do it yourself—results are certain. The whole process consists of combing a clean, colorless liquid through your hair and watching the gray disappear. This treatment leaves your hair beautifully clean, soft and fluffy, it doesn't interfere with washing, doesn't rub off.

TRIAL SIZE BOTTLES FREE

Mail coupon for a trial bottle and application. comb. Test as directed on a single lock of hair. Then you can decide whether it pays to be gray.

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Mary T. Goldman, 475 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black.... jet black.... dark brown....
medium brown.... light brown....

Name.....

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15 Buys \$100

Engel "Art Corners"

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, opal, and red gilded paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mugs, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stationery stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 36c brings full pkg. and samples

Engel Mfg. Co. 6711 N. Clark St., Chicago

Hazel, Samanthi and Eilleen. I know how delightful your picnics must be, Hazel. Have enjoyed many of them myself. Like you I am staying home from school this year, but I wish now that I had attended one more term, then I would have been able to teach school for life.

I am very fond of poetry and collect the best pieces from the papers. The one from "Steve" in the Correspondence Page of February issue would make a good recitation, would it not? I am fond of Scott, Tennyson and Longfellow, as well as other poets of a more recent date.

Some time ago I read an amusing letter in this page from "A Bad Pill." It looked as if he got into mischief whether he wanted to or not. Well I can sympathise, because it seems to me that I am in much the same boat, despite my years. They are just nineteen.

Some of the members give charming descriptions of their homes. I would like to do likewise, but really Manitoba is anything but beautiful just now. Although the snow is all but gone the spring is a very late one. There are no flowers yet, but those scamps of crows are here, also the meadow larks.

We all agree about farm life pretty well, don't we. For my part I always want to live on a farm with animals of all kinds, especially horses. I like pigs, too, "Samanthy." One year I raised a pair of them on cow's milk. I had a special call for them and they still remember it. I think there is nothing sweeter than a frisky colt. I always make pets of ours.

I wish that some one who likes horses and riding would write me. When my first letter to the page was printed, I received a number of letters, and I think I answered them all, but some of my answers must have been lost, because I didn't hear again from several. I wish they would write again. With best wishes to all, I will now close.

Lady Nowah.

READS W. H. M. TO PIECES

Dear Editor and Readers:

This is a holiday and nothing exciting is happening, so I thought that this was a good opportunity for me to write you a little letter. This is my first one to you, so please don't be bored if I don't say anything interesting.

I have just finished reading to pieces The Western Home Monthly, and I think that the Correspondence Page is the best page in it. I enjoy reading the letters from so many different types of people. "Samanthy" asked what's the matter with all the city girls. Well, I'm one, and I guess like the rest of them, I never before had courage to write.

I must tell you that I live in Vancouver, and it is a pretty good place to live in. I used to live in a little town near Winnipeg but I was young then and don't remember it at all. Like "Smiling Bachelor" I am very fond of dancing, skating, swimming and hiking. I am so glad that summer is near, and once again we will be able to get into some real cold water. I was out for a long walk with my sisters and it was simply glorious. The weather this last week has been ideal.

I must be stopping now before my letter gets too lengthy. I send my best wishes for The Western Home Monthly and all its readers. Grasshopper.

P.S.—I am too shy to ask anybody to write to me, but I will next time.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CAMERA

Dear Editor and Readers,

Only another well wisher who hopes to find room amongst this happy crowd.

I have often intended writing, but when it came to spreading the ink on the paper my heart would fail me, but I was thinking when I finished the page to-night if they were all like me there would not be much to read.

I was very much interested in "Eilleen's" letter in March, as I too can find a world of pleasure in nature. It is a book open at all times for the eye and the heart that can read. Nature is wonderful, and the more one studies it the more wonderful it seems to be.

"Smiling Bachelor" also caught my eye when he speaks of exchanging pictures. I have a little of the picture craze and have gathered a fairly good collection. I would be very pleased to hear from any one who has a $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ camera who would exchange pictures. I have an album and would like to fill it with pictures of the same size. I have about

two hundred negatives and hope to increase them this summer. I don't know of anything that can give more pleasure than a camera. I could not do without one.

Now this is my first letter, and I don't want to take up too much space so I will close. My address is with the Editor.

Happy 4th.

A COMING PROFESSIONAL

Dear Editor and Readers,

Back again. I say again because I have been here twice already, and my visits were so enjoyable that I thought I would call again. I am looking forward to the spring. I wonder if any one loves the spring as much as I do. I love to see the green grass again, and the trees as they change their winter garb for green sweet smelling leaves.

In the February issue I saw some poetry by "Steve." I am afraid "Steve" you have started a revolution by asking for a chauffeur. By the description Margaret gave of Christmas Day at her home I can almost smell the goose. I am sure she must have had a delightful time.

I am very fond of music, I don't think there is anything nicer than to be a good

pianist and singer. I play the piano fairly well, but some day I hope to be a professional.

I would like to help out the bachelors who write to the page by giving them some hints on cooking and will do the best I can for any who write me on this subject.

When I write to the Correspondence Page I feel as though I am among my best friends. I like to keep in touch with you all. I seem to have written a lot and still haven't said anything, so now with best wishes I will say good-bye.

Aloha Oe.

PROSPEROUS IN ALBERTA

Dear Editor and Readers,

I, like many others, have often thought of writing to your interesting club. We have taken The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and think it a delightful magazine, and with me the Correspondence Page comes first.

I live in Central Alberta and think it is a very nice place to live. The country around here is partly timbered with poplar and spruce. We have had good crops since we came here ten years ago, so we can't kick about that. I, like most

of the young folks nowadays enjoy skating and dancing in winter time, and football playing in the summer. We have a hall close by where we have a dance every two weeks. It is a great help to pass the long winter nights.

I have 160 acres of land, a tractor and a few head of cattle. We live within twelve miles of the railroad. The only thing I lack is a car, and when I get that things will be "Jake."

My letter is getting long, and as I have very little interesting news to write, I had better close, trusting that I will have some letters from either sex.

Cymro 22.

Will "Eilleen" kindly send her correct name and address to the Editor of the Correspondence Page so that mail can be forwarded to her?

Will readers please note that it is strictly against our rules to give out the name and address of any writer to the Correspondence Page. Should anyone wish to communicate with any of the writers a stamped letter addressed to the editor of this page will be forwarded to the desired party.

"How quickly that stove gets going"
"Yes, and it's ready to use right away, too"



YOU know how impatient you get waiting for someone. What a lot of nervous energy it uses up—just waiting. But with a New Perfection you don't have to wait a single minute, for this stove is built to save time, not to waste it.

Touch a match to the wick. It lights instantly. Then you can easily regulate the heat from the full-fledged flame to cook that big dinner down to the low flame for simmering. You don't have to watch the New Perfection flame. Once adjusted, it stays put. Above all, the wick is so easy to keep clean and to change.

An eye to the comfort of the cook inspired the famous long blue chimney of the New Perfection Stove. The long chimney provides just the right space for all the coal oil to burn up clean, to be turned into intense cooking heat. Not a drop is wasted; no eye-smarting smoke, no disagreeable odor of unburned oil.

The strong draught in the long blue chimney drives the clean, intense heat full force against the cooking pan—drives the heat right through the pan and straight into the hardest-hearted potato.

You can always tell a New Perfection kitchen because there you will find a cool, attractive atmosphere, a happy cook and excellent food. The secret is the New Perfection's speedy, steady, clean, well-directed cooking heat.

Your local dealer will gladly demonstrate the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. Ask to see the New Perfection Water Heater, too, and get a copy of the New Perfection booklet.

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About the Farm

By A. Campbell

Cont'd from page 33

grasshopper of which group there is but one destructive kind recognized by its small round eyes and larger irregular-sized wing marks which are scattered over the entire surface.

Grasshoppers deposit their eggs in pods just below the surface of the ground, each female depositing two or more of such pods, each pod containing from 6 to 30 eggs. These eggs hatch out in May and injury to vegetation commences early in June.

There are several ways of combating the grasshopper pest but the use of poisoned baits is by far the best. There are several cultural methods, and there is also the method in which the burning of straw is employed. The straw is scattered lightly on the roadside where the insects gather at dark and when this straw is set on fire great numbers of hoppers are destroyed.

The following baits have been found to be effective for field conditions:

Manitoba Bait

Bran and sawdust, half and half... 100 lbs.
Salt 6 lbs.
White arsenic 4 to 5 lbs.
Water about 11 gals.

The "Criddle Mixture"

Paris Green 1 lb.
Salt 2 lbs.
Fresh Horse Droppings 60 lbs.

This latter bait has been found to be very attractive to these insects and they evidently prefer it to the food plants. The baits should be scattered broadcast in bright, sunny, warm days, preferably in the morning. Scatter thinly among the grasshoppers. Do not expect immediate results as the poison may take up to 48 hours to become effective.

In the case of a general outbreak of the hopper pest a community campaign against them is greatly to be recommended. By establishing mixing stations where farmers can drive to obtain immediate supplies of poisoned bait the pest can be controlled in a most effective manner.

In mixing poisoned baits take care not to get the poison into the pores of the skin and refrain from breathing the fumes as much as possible.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from page 40

Dish Washing The contributor's column as an **Art** Art of Dish Washing," by James Spottiswoode Taylor. The contributor's column states, James Spottiswoode Taylor is editor of the "Federal Ship Builder," and is connected with the Federal Ship Building Company at Kearny, New York. It seems a far cry from the building of ships to washing dishes, yet James Spottiswoode Taylor quite evidently knows whereof he writes. We gather his introduction to dishwashing came through a servantless household in time of war, when he, in common with scores of others, tried to do their bit by helping in totally unfamiliar ways.

What woman is there who will not say, amen to this "for real revulsion resort to the kitchen, and view the confused clutter of cups, glasses, pans, skillets, graters, colanders in the wake of the meanest hospitality. Disgust is mingled with a humiliating sense of human powerlessness before such an accumulation. And anger foams round the rim of one's cup of woe."

Again he says, "Of course, no life is ever so long, no renunciation so complete, that one can come to love dishwashing."

His conclusion is: "If ever my innate propensities to vice break their bounds and disclose me to my little world as I am, I shall submerge, to seek fortune, without fame, as a certified, if somewhat desultory, scullion."

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."—Tit-Bits.

Is There Anything New Under the Sun?

By Marion Bertha Clarke



N the midst of our own troubles there is comfort and solace in looking backward to times that were beset with like grievances. It brings the realization that discord and unrest have marched along with progress through the centuries. To wit:

The first strike on record happened more than 3,000 years ago when the masons, who were strongly organized even in the time of Pharaoh refused to continue their building of the Pyramids because pay-days did not come often enough.

In the "School-master," written in 1565, complaint is voiced that people of that time were willing to pay 200 crowns a year for a man to care for their horses but begrudged 200 shillings a year to the teachers of their children. But God rewards them as they should be rewarded, the author continues firmly, "For He suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, and therefore in the end, they find more pleasure in their horses, than comfort in their children."

Even ancient Greece had her share of profiteering landlords and protesting tenants for we read of the ancient law against raising rents in the middle of the year. The peevish tenant to-day who threatens to take to the park when rents are beyond his means, may find comfort in the fact that Diogenes took to his lantern and his barrel for a like reason.

As for high prices, from the translations of ancient tablets dated 301 A.D., we find the decree fixing prices of food-stuff and other commodities with the violator liable to capital punishment. Even these edicts did not check street brawls and riots—thus does history repeat itself.

And lest the ladies be forgotten, the Metropolitan Museum has recently placed on view a vanity box belonging to the period of 1950 B.C.

Much of interest, information and even amusement regarding days that have been lived may be found in poring over old advertisements of almost any period since advertising has been in vogue. Witness these want ads. of 1,700, in the reign of William III. which appeared in an advertising paper of that period.

"I want a negro that is a good house carpenter and singer."

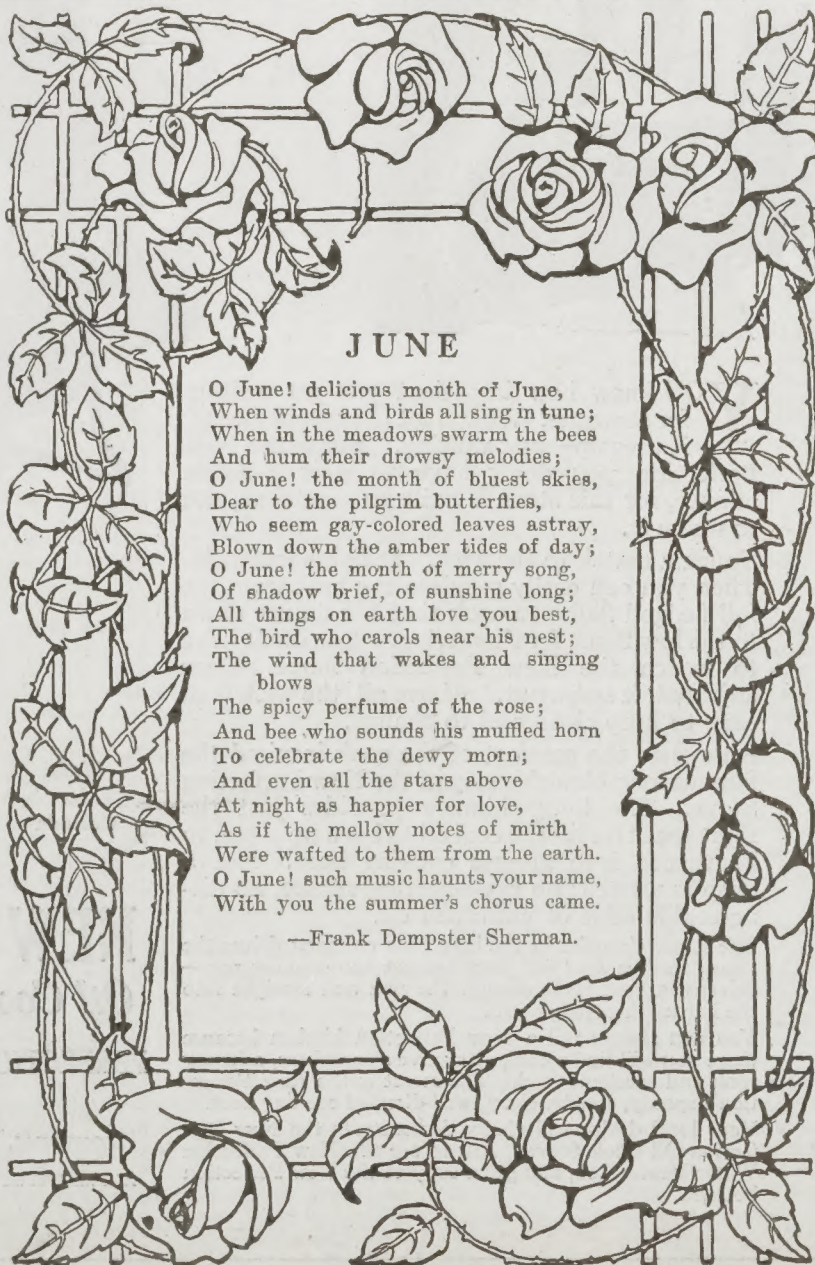
"I want a complete young man that will wear livery, to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play the flute or violin."

"If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter tenor voice I can help him to a place worth 30 pounds a year."

The man who advertises his marital difficulties in the daily papers may take heart from the fact that others have trod the thorny way before him as evidenced by the following advertisement which appeared in a Dublin newspaper early in the 18th century:

RAN AWAY FROM PATRICK McDALLAGH.—Whereas my wife, Mrs. Bridget McDallagh, has gone away with herself and left me with her four small children and her poor blind mother, and nobody else to look after home and house, and I hear has taken up with Tim Gegan, the lame fiddler, the same that was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barty Doody's gamecock, this to give notice that I will not pay for bite or sup on her account to man or mortal and that she had better never show the mark of her ten toes near my home again. PATRICK McDALLAGH.

N.B.—Tim had better keep out of my sight.



JUNE

O June! delicious month of June,
When winds and birds all sing in tune;
When in the meadows swarm the bees
And hum their drowsy melodies;
O June! the month of bluest skies,
Dear to the pilgrim butterflies,
Who seem gay-colored leaves astray,
Blown down the amber tides of day;
O June! the month of merry song,
Of shadow brief, of sunshine long;
All things on earth love you best,
The bird who carols near his nest;
The wind that wakes and singing blows

The spicy perfume of the rose;
And bee who sounds his muffled horn
To celebrate the dewy morn;
And even all the stars above
At night as happier for love,
As if the mellow notes of mirth
Were wafted to them from the earth.
O June! such music haunts your name,
With you the summer's chorus came.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

While fully sixty years ago an American newspaper carried the following advertisement for a deserting husband, inserted by his Turtle Dove:

\$100 reward for the apprehension of Lewis Turtle, a tall man about fifty years old, has considerable money and a high forehead, long face and lantern jaw, a bad man with a fist like a giant and has often beat me and I want him to end his days in the penitentiary where he belongs and he wears a gray coat with a very large mouth and one blue eye and one blind eye and a hideous looking man and he has gone off and I want him brought slap up in the law with blue pants. He ought to be arrested and he has \$100 of my money and a bald-headed rascal full of flattery and receipt.

NANCY TURTLE.

And we are willing to venture that the following is the strangest advertisement for "Boarders Wanted" seen in some time, yet it appeared in a southern newspaper during the Civil War:

WANTED.—Two or three boarders of decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash and comb their heads before breakfast; when they put on their boots to draw their pants over them and not have them rumpled about the knees, which is the sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantelpiece or on the bureau nor spit in the bread tray, and to pay their board weekly, monthly or quarterly, as may be agreed upon, with a smile upon their faces and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum up a persimmon tree.

THE SCARLET CLOAK

By Curtis May

The moonwhite dahlia hangs asleep
With edges browned by cold,
While summer's embers, blazing keep
Alit the marigold.
But, like a rare and vivid flower
That tropic heats awoke,
There gleams, though gray the clouds may
lower,
A little scarlet cloak.

It flits like some bright butterfly
Across the faded grass,
Or where the painted cup holds high
Her flame to see it pass.
Wherever Laughter winds his horn
Its color shines afar,
As passed, through martial hosts upborne,
The white plume of Navarre.

Leave to the courtly dame her lace,
Her ermine to the queen;
The beauty of a childlike face
Is fairer to be seen
As her bright petals suit the rose
And clothe her, fold on fold,
So where the little red cloak goes
It hides a heart of gold.

"ROADS"

If I were a road that lends itself out
To lure tired hearts to the restful wood,
Whose brooks and trees together sing
psalms,
And whose odors are health and drink and
food,
I'd be glad.

If I were that old Damascus road
Where the hate-racked Saul and the white
Christ met,
Where ideals were born, and visions fed,
Where a soul waked to deeds, with purpose
set,
I'd be glad.

If I were some famed historic road,
Where bugle notes were heard to resound,
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of soldier
feet
For a righteous cause had made sacred
ground,
I'd be glad.

If I were the tortuous road of the cross
That led to Calvary's hill one day,
I'd bid the dust and stones cry out,
"Hosanna! Hosanna! The King's high-
way."

And then I'd be glad.

Mary E. Baker.

TUTTI FRUTTI



Welcome for their Tutti-Frutti Flavor

Luscious Tutti-Frutti Chiclets, crammed with the glorious flavors of sun-kissed tropical fruits—no wonder they received a wonderful welcome. The pink cardboard packet contains all the goodness of Adams Chiclets—the “Really Delightful” candy-coating, the dainty size and shape, the benefit to teeth and nerves and digestion. If you prefer, you can have Spearmint Chiclets or Peppermint Chiclets. Most stores sell the three flavors in cardboard packets—ten Chiclets for 5c.



---an Adams product, particularly prepared



*From a
Kodak Negative*

Keep a Kodak Story of the Children

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada